

# *the* ARMENIAN REVIEW

**SPRING, 1953**

**SPECIAL**

**MEMORIES OF THE  
ARMENIAN REPUBLIC**

by  
**Dr. John Elder**

also

Lillian G. Murad  
Reuben Darbinian  
Dr. George P. Rice, Jr.  
P. K. Thomajan  
Leon Surmelian  
Haigak Kosoyan  
Hacob Baronian  
Nona Balakian  
James Simsarian  
Jack Karapetian

**"Armenian Life Abroad"**

**Poetry, Reviews, Stories, Articles**

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## THE ARMENIAN REVIEW

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*The* ARMENIAN REVIEW

# THE ARMENIAN REVIEW

MARCH, 1953

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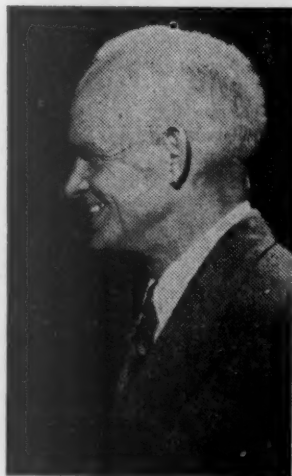
## MEMORIES OF THE ARMENIAN REPUBLIC

DR. JOHN ELDER



### AN EDITORIAL PREFACE TO DR. ELDER'S "MEMOIRS"

*In its first-hand treatment of the Independent Armenian Republic, established May 28, 1918, and destroyed by Soviet-Turkish complicity December 2, 1920, in its sympathetic detailing of conditions within that republic, of the courage and determination of the people of the free Armenian state, and of the devoted character of the leaders of Armenia of 1918-1920, the Dr. Elder "Memoirs" are unmatched in the English language. There is, to our knowledge, only one other authoritative study in the English on the Armenian Independent Republic, that which is found in the Harbord Report. The latter, however, was compiled from a strictly diplomatic standpoint, and contains very little which breathes of the real spirit of the Armenian people and the little republic they created by the sweat of their brow. Dr. Elder's "Memoirs" fill in on those important details. As such, as the statement of an American official who found and fell in love with the Armenian people, who came to understand that people and their freedom-loving nature, the present work comprehends a human document, authoritative and priceless.*



DR. JOHN ELDER

To preview what you will read is wholly unnecessary. There can be no improvement on what will follow. Yet, in order to understand better the story, its verve and spirit, one must become acquainted with the truly great man who wrote that story.

John Elder was born July 22, 1894, in Tilioute, Pa., and was a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Washington and Jefferson College, class of 1915. His early educational aspirations were in the field of law, but on the campus he became associated with the Student Volunteer Movement, and this focused his interests on the ministry. After graduation from W. and J., Dr. Elder taught at Kiski Prepatri School, but soon entered McCormick Theological Seminary, in Chicago. Service followed as a traveling SVM Secretary, in which capacity he was eventually to serve the Armenian people of the free republic. Of his contributions to Armenians, you shall judge for yourself.

After returning to the States, Dr. Elder re-entered the Theological Seminary but again, after one year of added study, left to continue his SVM work, this time in the United States. During those days, he met and married Miss Ruth Roche. Finally, after receiving his seminary degree, he and his bride left for work in the Near East.

In 1922 the Elders opened their many years of mission service in Iran, remaining in Kermanshah for six years. Returning to the States in 1928 on sabbatical leave, they yet again, in the following year, returned to their mission in Kermanshah for an additional five years. Three additional years followed in Hamadan, and after again enjoying leave in the States in 1937-38, they went back to Iran, this time taking up residence in Teheran.

In Teheran, Dr. Elder's actual work changed. Previously occupied with preaching and counseling, Dr. Elder turned to translating and the supervision of the "Nur Jahan," the church paper.

In 1951, the Elders were forced to return to the United States because of the illness of their oldest son. One year later, they were back on the high seas, this time bound for Beirut, Lebanon, to await issuance of visa entitling them to re-enter Iran. This permit was issued a few weeks after their arrival in Lebanon. Mr. and Mrs. Elder today are continuing their invaluable work in Teheran, meeting in their duties hundreds of Armenian residents of that city to whom they impart counsel and guidance.



In the Fall of 1917, several groups of American Y.M.C.A. secretaries sailed for Russia with the intention of working with and for the Russian troops. Reports of the increasing demoralization of the Russian army had reached the States, and it was felt that the organization of Y.M.C.A. clubs for the soldiers where there would be wholesome recreation, facilities for letter writing, tea rooms, religious services, lec-

tures and the like, would help maintain their morale and also bring tangible evidence to Russia that America was in the war. It was as secretaries for this organization that a party of fifteen of us left San Francisco on Oct. 11, 1917 to sail for Japan, thence to Siberia, across the trans-Siberian railway to Moscow, and from there to go to whatever portion of the

vast Russian front we might be called to serve.

When we reached Vladivostok word of the Bolshevik revolution was waiting us, and as we crossed Siberia, 13 days on the train, we heard constant tales of the Communist fight for Moscow and the eventual capture of that city. In Moscow all was uncertainty and confusion. Troops by the tens of thousands, deciding that the war was over for them, were streaming back from the various fronts, commandeering all trains and in many cases setting fire to the bazaars and looting the shops under the pretence of saving them from the flames.

We heard, however, that the Caucasus front was still holding, and a party of four "Y" secretaries and a Russian interpreter was sent to that front. We reached Tiflis on Dec. 31, 1917, to learn that while the Russians were deserting the front en masse, the Georgians and Armenians had united with Azerbaijan to form the trans-Caucasian republic and to carry on the war. From here on the account is largely excerpts from my diary, with occasional additions for the sake of clearness.

#### *December 31, 1917*

The American consul Smith gave us a hearty welcome, tells us to remain in Tiflis for a time while he makes arrangements for us to go on, and assures us we shall be able to go with the Armenian and Georgian troops in the Spring. Says he is more hopeful than he cares to say.

#### *January 4, 1918*

The consul says he thinks our big job will be down the line at Erivan but he will tell us more definitely later.

#### *January 7*

Jim Arroll and I did our bit for the consulate by helping to code a telegram to the State Department. It predicts a Turkish uprising and Armenian massacres, unless the British soon take Mosul, or send aid

here. It is the consulate's last message before pulling out and leaving.

#### *January 8*

The Armenian general<sup>1</sup> before leaving granted us buying privileges from army stores, free transportation, any men we may need, authority to requisition buildings, in fact everything in his power. Am now billed to leave the last of the week with Craig and Wells for Erivan.

#### *January 10*

Had a very discouraging talk with the British General Shore who has just come from the south. He reports that the Russians are selling guns and ammunition to the Turks, 100 Rubles for a field piece. He painted an entirely hopeless prospect for our work. Aside from the fact that there are no houses left, no wood to build new ones, no tools to make dug-outs or beams to support them, no means of transporting tools or timber, or facilities for making them if we did take it there, our prospects would be fine were it not for the fact there are no soldiers there to work with! Just had to laugh at him.

#### *January 15*

Leaving for Erivan tomorrow. At the consulate we were informed that things look very black indeed. If things break up entirely we are to go south by car if possible, and if not to come north and shift as best we can.

#### *January 17*

Erivan. After a delicious breakfast went around with Mr. Yarrow to see the relief work they are carrying on for the refugees. The method they employ is splendid. Instead of giving outright relief, they give employment to the older people, making

<sup>1</sup> A penciled notation on Dr. Elder's ms. identifies this officer as General Korkanian (Korkanov), a former high ranking Tsarist Russian headquarters and general staff officer of Armenian parentage. General Korkanov joined the Armenian Republican army and subsequently served as chief military advisor to the Armenian Delegation at the Paris Peace Conference.

the clothing which is given to the orphans. Starting with raw wool they wash it, card it, spin the thread, dye it and then weave the cloth. They employ many as carpenters and builders and use others as tailors making clothes. Orphan children are card indexed and given \$1.00 per month allowance, and clothing sent from time to time in bundles, each containing one complete outfit. At present they are short of money. Went around to see the hall they have in mind for my work. It looks good.

#### January 20

Had a talk with Aram Pasha<sup>2</sup> the head of the local government. He is a short dark man, very unemotional and poker faced, a man who has learned to keep secrets. He promises to give us everything we want, and designates Erzerum, Van and Karaklis as the most important points of work on the front, but says there will always be soldiers and work here. He stipulated only three things, no drinking, no gambling, and no political or religious propaganda. The first two, in view of our convictions, rather amused us.

#### January 21

Saw Aram Pasha and Gen. Ciliokoff.<sup>3</sup> Were promised 10 pounds of sugar and five pounds of tea, a big samovar, the rooms we want and movie machines. Saw the rooms and they are great.

#### January 23

Have been busy seeking electricians,

<sup>2</sup> Aram Manogian, one of the truly great names in modern Armenian history. He was a member of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation and one of the greatest organizers the Armenians have had. Aram, also called "Aram Pasha" by Dr. Elder, was the leader of the embattled people of Van in the defense of that city, a resistance which effected the salvation of more than 200,000 Armenians. He was vested with extraordinary powers by his admiring people during the Republic days. Aram died of typhus.

<sup>3</sup> General Silikian is meant. He too was a former Tsarist officer who later joined the Armenian Republic army. Silikian led the Armenian forces at the epic battle of Sartarabat.

calciminers, carpenters, and applicants for work. Hall looks fine. Tables prepared and working on benches. Wiring nearly completed. Saw some of the soldiers leave for the front. Marched off in great style. Appeared well drilled and disciplined.

#### February 7

Every one is very gloomy about the military situation. Many rumors of clashes between the Tatars and Armenians. A telegram to Aram Pasha brings the almost incredible news that Constantinople has been taken. I do hope it is true (it wasn't). Spent most of the day inviting celebrities to the official opening of our "Y", now set for Monday. Saw the mayor, the chairman of the Armenian Committee of Safety, regimental commander and the town commandant.

#### February 11

Opening Day. It was a great success. Aram Pasha, the political giant hereabouts, welcomed us most warmly, as did the mayor and Gen. Ciliokoff. His speech was the only one I understood as he spoke in Russian. Dr. Hagopian,<sup>4</sup> a member of the National Committee, Mr. Yarrow, and two other volunteers all spoke. When it came my turn the reception the soldiers gave me was tremendous. They cheered before I got up and clapped for about a minute before I could start, interrupted to applaud a couple of times during the talk and did it up brown at the end. Nothing like being well recommended! We were swamped with offers of assistance, men were already using the writing room and there is no doubt it will go.

#### February 26

The American consul from Tiflis sends word "the jig is up." The Georgians and Armenians in Tiflis cannot cooperate, the forces at the front are woefully inadequate. He believes that either by conquest from without or uprisings from within, perhaps

<sup>4</sup> Not otherwise identifiable.

both, the Armenians will be wiped out. If I can possibly do it I hope to stick here to the last ditch. I would be willing to shoulder a musket for these people, for I could shoot Turks who are trying to massacre Armenians with a conscience void of offence. Officers tell us the opening of the Club has made a noticeable difference in things. The post office refuses all mail domestic or foreign with no trains running either north or south, so we feel very isolated. The English say the Turks could get here in four days after taking Erzerum.

#### March 4

Had a stormy session of the club last Friday. The authorities in Tiflis had ordered the recruiting of a Tartar Armenian regiment. Result a storm of frightened indignation here. At 3:00 P. M. a huge crowd came around to the "Y" and held an indignation meeting till 5. All sorts of red hot oratory, vivid pictures of Tartar cruelty and blood thirsty threats. At 5 they left to protest to the Armenian commandant and I thought it was over for me. But at dinner Catchpool remarked on the huge crowd at the commandant's and said they had just left for the Club. So I hurried back. The place was jammed. There must have been a couple of thousand. Men yelled themselves hoarse. An officer beating on one of our trays tried to convince them it was all right, but they could make no impression. Finally, Gen. Ciliokoff came and promised there would be no arms given to the Tartars. It is rumored they are digging trenches around their quarters. From Feb. 12-28 we served 21,936 cups of tea, served 1,031 in the barber shop, 564 used the writing room for letters and altogether 21,300 used the privileges of the club. It looks as though the American women and children would be evacuated. In case of a forced retreat it will leave the men free

to help organize and save a massacre. Every time the men get together talk turns to the possibility of a massacre and what to do if and when it comes.

#### March 7

Tuesday morning firing suddenly broke out in the city on all sides. People ran madly up the streets, shop keepers banged up their shutters, soldiers ran past with guns, cavalry dashed by ordering all to take cover, children cried and women screamed. We looked out from the balcony. A block away soldiers were firing down into the Tartar quarter of the city and from all over the city came the crack of revolvers and the bang of rifles.

In the park behind the church a couple of Tartars and several Armenian soldiers were killed. Went out on the street, and saw Aram Pasha take a very daring chance and get away with it. Some 150 Tartars came up the street carrying one of their wounded in the direction of the Hospital, just as he came into the street half a block away. When the Armenian soldiers on guard saw him they shouted at him to keep away. As he is the Armenian leader, naturally the Tartars would blame him most of all for the fighting. But as we all held our breath he crossed the street, walked directly into the crowd of Tartars, shook hands with their leader, and accompanied them to the Hospital. And nothing happened to him. Firing continued most of the night.

#### March 14

News comes today that Erzerum has fallen into Turkish hands. Capt. Greacy considers this very serious and disappointing. He had hoped Andranik<sup>5</sup> might hold it indefinitely.

<sup>5</sup> General Andranik, a renowned Armenian guerilla fighter. He was conferred a Generalship by the Tsarist officials and was decorated by them for his heroism in the fight against Turkey. Andranik became best known for his leadership of a famed Armenian volunteer force. He passed away in Fresno, Calif.



*March 24*

Monday Mr. Craig came in from Tiflis with the news that Odessa, Moscow and Petrograd are all in German hands and Batum may be occupied at any time. The Armenian forces retreating rapidly from Erzerum. Consul Smith advises all Americans to leave at once, on a special train which may be the last. With considerable difficulty secured permission to stay for the present. Arrol staying also, and there are three members of the Greacy Mission. The next day the others all left, 24 in all.

*April 6*

Good news this time. The Germans are not coming, at least just now. The Armenian forces at the front are stiffening. The Georgians are organizing at Batum. So Consul Smith is glad to have us stay on and carry on both the "Y" work and the Relief work.

*April 15*

The fall of Sarakamish that might have created a panic, seems to have been the making of the country. Aram Pasha has been made "director" and enthusiastic mass meetings held. Volunteer regiments organized almost overnight and thousands have poured out to the front. We are getting into the relief work in earnest. There are about 13,000 homeless orphans on our lists, 500-10,000 spinning women in the clothes factories. Altogether I suppose we must be relieving 50,000 people a month.

*April 24*

Having been negotiating for a government contract to supply uniforms for the army, and I think it's in the bag. It will keep all our looms humming for 5 to 6 weeks, and help us find funds.

*April 30*

Word from MacDowell that Kars is to be surrendered has brought me up to Alexandropol to dispose of our supplies before this place falls. Arrived in bitter cold at 3:00 A. M. The Station was a pathetic

sight. Every inch on the inside was packed with refugees, floors, benches, window sills, with hundreds more on the platform outside. Located the committee headquarters at 4:00 A. M. and routed MacDowell out. He says that the surrender of Kars was a heartbreaking affair. The soldiers had defended it easily and could have held out indefinitely. The Turks are now 20 versts away. Went out in the morning to watch the refugees coming in. A heartbreaking sight. As far as the eye could reach up the valley towards Kars the valley swarmed with thousands of sheep, cows, horses and water buffaloes. Up from the valley road came a continuous roar, a mixture of the lowing of cattle, bleating of sheep, dogs barking, shouts of drivers and the rumble of fourgons. All day long an endless stream poured through the city, some on horseback, some on oxen or ox-carts, many on foot. All were remarkably cheerful and composed, and the gay reds, greens, yellows and blues of the women's costumes gave the scene almost a festive air. There were huge loads of household goods of all kinds, piled high on the fourgons and topped with a bay or a lamb. We saw Andranik's men march by, the cream of Armenian soldiery. Thousands of them, marching in inglorious retreat, yet with splendid spirit, marching with snap, swinging along to the tune of their marching songs. It nearly brought tears to my eyes to see them go, splendid, capable fellows, anxious to fight, but betrayed by vacillating and cowardly leadership.<sup>6</sup> It is a tragedy. With an army that could sweep the Turks opposing them into oblivion, the Armenians are betrayed by their allies and forced to watch this wonderful chance for an Armenian nation to go glimmering.

<sup>6</sup> Dr. Elder's subsequent statements make it plain that he is not here condemning Armenian leadership. He points fingers at the leadership supplied by Allied representatives.

*April 30*

Discouraging news from Tiflis. The British staff preparing to leave. We were advised to leave at once. Only 50,000 rubles sent us instead of the 150,000 we expected. Am going to Tiflis to persuade the consul to give us more support. Plans are afoot for transporting refugees to north Caucasus. Turks are reported as advancing toward Igdir, south of Erivan.

*May 5*

Had a satisfactory visit with consul. Surprised to hear I was planning to go right back and that Arroll was not coming up. Expressed himself as willing and able to keep the relief funds coming and gave me 200,000 rubles to take back with me. Saw Armenian leaders who feel certain Erivan is safe and even Alexandropol. They gave me letters for cars to move stuff from Erivan if necessary and for storing space in Dilijan.

Collected the 200,000 rubles, got needles and thread and sewed it inside my coat. Left Tiflis standing on platform between cars, got inside before morning and a chance to sit down at about 9 o'clock. Reached Erivan at 2:30 A. M.

Erivan is in something of a panic. Relief staff mostly planning to flee. Spent the day calming them down. Word from the Armenian leaders, crowded conditions of Tiflis and the high prices there, the presence there of Austrian freed prisoners and German agents, the cost of the trip up the Georgian highway, and the return of MacDowell and me to the work, all helped to quiet them down, and all seem ready to stay on. We have promised not to leave without telling them, and to be the last to leave.

*May 16*

Has the end come at last? Official telegrams report that the Turks are bombarding Alexandropol. It so happens that a truce has been signed and that the Cau-

casian, German and Turkish delegates are conferring in Batum on the peace terms, but that doesn't seem to worry the Turks. The Turks have cut the railroad on both sides of Alexandropol, which means we are cut off from funds. We shall have to close in a week if it doesn't open again. We have prepared transportation so that if they come here we can move supplies up towards the mountain along the line of retreat.

*May 21*

Blue and ever bluer! Alexandropol has fallen. The Turks demand the railroad to Julfa in order to transport their troops, and the Armenians are prepared to give it. All our stores in Alex, reported lost. For a time we were worried about MacDowell, but he turned up last night with the latest news. The Turks bombarded Alexandropol entirely without warning or ultimatum, and continued all one day. Bob spent a good part of his time in the trenches and the soldiers say he fought heroically. He reports that the soldiers and civilians fought heroically but that most of the officers only fought each other in a mad scramble to get out of danger. In the evening, the city was stormed and captured. Bob walked most of the way to Karakalis on foot and came from there by car. Friday night the consul wired us to leave and place the work in native hands. We are to be in Tiflis by Wednesday. But as he indicated there are still funds; that settled it for us. We are staying. Today we hear the wires are down, so we are absolutely cut off.

*May 23*

The storm clouds are rapidly approaching. Igdir, only 25 miles away is reported in Turkish hands, so things look desperate. Aram Pasha called us in privately and told us to leave, as the Turks will be in Erivan within three days. We have distributed most of our food supplies and cloth to our

workers to keep them from falling into Turkish hands, and are moving the rest northward to establish feeding stations along the road of retreat. Aram Pasha thinks that Nova Bayazid is the next place to stop as Dilijan, he says, is also unsafe.

*May 26*

Well you never can tell what may happen. Just as the end seems at hand the pendulum swings the other way and the terrible Turk is in full retreat. Gen. Nazarbekov<sup>7</sup> reports that he has recaptured Karakalis. After a two day battle at Sardarabad the Turks have been completely routed. The Armenians are sweeping forward confidently expecting to recapture Alexandropol. The refugees, of whom thousands and thousands have poured into Erivan this week, are already beginning to move back, and it seems that the crisis is past. But unless the way opens soon we shall have to close for lack of funds. Got some from Aram Pasha which was a temporary life saver. It is great the way the people are rallying to the cause. At last the intelligentsia are really waking up and we see them drilling everywhere. News is that the soldiers are fighting valiantly and slowly pushing back the Turks toward Alexandropol. In the recaptured territory the bodies of many slain are found, and we hear terrible stories of atrocities, ears and noses cut off and eyes gouged out.

*June 1*

A new lease of life came to us when Dr. Mandinian's<sup>8</sup> relief committee promised us 50,000 rubles. We are putting a couple of thousand spinning women back to work. The tragedy that the closing of our work here would be is just beginning to sink in. It would be awful. From all

sides we hear that people are starving to death, and we can do nothing, though with millions back of us in America. We're flooded with requests every day, applicants for work stand all around the office, crying, kissing our hands, holding up the children for whom they have no bread — and we can do nothing. But with this 50,000 rubles, and by allowing weavers to take cloth instead of money in pay, we are able at least to do a little.

*June 11*

Just back from a swift trip to Nova Bayazid. Gen. Andranik was reported to be leaving the Karakalis front and to be going to Persia to meet the British. The government has decided to make peace with the Turks but he is not ready to stop fighting. Baron Arsen Khachikian<sup>9</sup> was appointed by the local Turkish Armenians as their representative to talk with Andranik about their plans and duties.

It was decided that Bob and I should go with him to see what are his plans and what he advises the refugees to do. Left in afternoon and spent night at Sukhoi Fountain, 35 versts away. Next morning rode on to Lianovka hoping to find Andranik there but learned he had gone on to Nova Bayazid. Followed him there, arriving at 3:30, just in time for a delicious hot dinner with Gen. Andranik. He was much fitter and stronger looking than I had expected after what he has gone through. Powerful in physique, his eye keen and flashing, forceful and impetuous in speech, he is an ideal type of popular hero and leader. He is furious that the Erivan government has made peace. Says he is going to cut down to Persia to join up with the British. His advice was for the refugees to congregate about Lake Sevan and try to rejoin him later, but for the present he is

<sup>7</sup> Or General Nazarbekian, Commander in Chief of the Armenian Republican army. A former Tsarist officer, Gen. Nazarbekian was known as the hero of the battle of Dilman.

<sup>8</sup> Dr. Mandinian was an Armenian governmental official assigned to work in the government's relief and rehabilitation wing.

<sup>9</sup> Dr. Elder here refers in all probability to a veteran ARF member who today resides in Teheran, Iran. "Baron" is "Mister" in Armenian.



going too fast for them to come along. Saw him again in the evening and planned for MacDowell to go with him in order to secure funds from Tabriz. Spent the night in the home of a splendid Armenian doctor who heads the orphanage work at Nova Bayazid, named Dr. ———. Glad to see that Andranik's troops are not undisciplined and running wild as we had heard. Rode back the next day to Eriwan, 104 versts. Passed constant stream of refugees. Armenia is a nation on fourgans. What in the world will they do or live on?

Had a try at getting the loan of an airplane from the army so as to fly to Tabriz and get funds. Cilikoff is a peach. Anxious to get it for us, and most emphatic that the railroad must not be given to the Turks. But Gen. Nazerbekov seems a broken man. Woefully listed his troubles and hardships and ended up by refusing to send the airplane. Having a good portion of our weavers on the job, using cloth for payment and rice for small change. Peace seems to be an accepted fact, though no one trusts the Turks and all expect them to strike again whenever it suits them. We have finally landed the contract for uniforms, all we can make of them. It is wonderful to be able to get to work again. We do not get a high price for them but about enough to cover expenses.

We learn that the American consul has left Tabriz also, which is the worst yet, for that cuts off the last outlet for funds. The Turks told Ciliokoff to withdraw from his position in accordance with the peace treaty. He refused, unless the Turks should also fall back from their positions. Gen. Nazerbekov ordered him to fall back but he would not. But telegrams from the Committee of Safety finally overruled him and he had to fall back. We hear the Germans have reached Tiflis, have been enthusiastically welcomed by the Georgians and have recognized the State of Georgia as under

their protection. We hear they have their officers in every station down to the second from Alexandropol.

*June 23*

Having been praying a lot about the method for carrying on, and have been led to make out our own drafts on New York and sell for local currency. Last night took over some 75,000 rubles worth of Turkish, Russian, German, English and French gold pieces. Worked till midnight arguing rates of exchange and figuring out how much each coin was worth.

*June 30*

This week the relief work going at full strength again. The sale of New York drafts keeps up well. The Etchmiadzin work is re-opened, and we have a milk distributing station at Dilijan. We need to get work started at Nova Bayazid where we hear people are desperate.

*July 12*

Bob MacDowell is back. He went with Gen. Andranik as far as Khoi, and there they ran into some 10,000 Turkish troops going down to fight the British at Baku. They had a two day battle during which Bob, Andranik and one other charged the Turks all by themselves, thinking the others were following. Finally Andranik went to Shush and Bob came back here. It is a big disappointment to us not to have him bring back money, but God is providing it in other ways. But it seems very doubtful whether we can stay. We learn that one of the terms of the peace treaty was the departure of all English, French and Americans from the Caucasus. Aram Pasha has told us to get ready to leave. The leaders say they fought hard against giving such a promise but the Turks absolutely demanded it. Aram Pasha advises in disguise through Tiflis. But we are sitting tight for as long as we may. We have been helping in the harvest by sending men out to the villages who are

unemployed to help take it in.

### July 28

The German delegates arrived on the 20th and were given quite a stunning official reception. The populace was all out to see, but made no demonstrations. Prominent in the parade was a squad dressed in the Relief Committee uniforms. The Germans are being gaily feted by the Jews and Tartars in particular. We hear that both Generals Ciliokoff and Dro<sup>10</sup> refused to appear in the official parade.

One old doctor replied that he would be shot before he would allow the Germans to be quartered on him.

### August 11

I had the thrill of attending the opening session of the Parliament of the Republic of Armenia. What an exciting time it was. A free and independent Armenia for the first time in 600 years or more! There was a great crowd present, and through an interpreter I gave an address of congratulations on the historic occasion. The band played the national anthem for each government represented, and it was hard to know for which one they were playing the Marseillaise. It seems to be the national anthem for about six different countries at the moment. They have started off at a terribly difficult time. What with war, tens of thousands of refugees, no budget and the general uncertainty they will have a very hard row to hoe. But here's wishing them well.

### September 3

A large number of our best workers have left to go to America or Europe. But now the exodus is largely stopped. The news of fighting in Vladikavkaz, of the massacre of the Armenians at Armavir, and of ex-

tremely high prices in Tiflis have all helped discourage others from going. These same high prices make it possible for our factories here to pay their way. I am planning to install 80 new looms at once, and to pay bonuses to good workers to speed up production. The past month has witnessed a cholera epidemic in Erivan. For a time it was terrible. Every day going to work through the English Garden I have seen dead or dying refugees. Even on the main streets they would be seen at times dying unattended. We did what we could. Hired a doctor to devote full time to the refugees, put a squad of men to work in cleaning up the English garden, bought individual drinking cups for employees and for a time closed the spinning shops entirely. We hired a squad of grave diggers to go around and gather up the corpses off the street and bury them. Now the worst is past, as the cooler weather has checked it. We heard of one priest who conducted 33 funerals in a single day, and at the last, himself dropped dead of the disease.

### October 6

Keeping the work financed is a constant problem. Pay day after pay day looms up with practically no money in the safe, yet somehow, we are always provided with the amount of money we need, and when we need it. It's a wonderful Providence. Last week a special loan arranged by Aram Pasha was what saved us. The week before a loan from a business man, at other times it is the sale of some drafts, or of some clothing. But somehow it always comes in on time. At present our expenditures run around 800,000 rubles a month, or about \$80,000.

Sickening reports come from Baku where we learn there has been a terrible massacre of the Armenians. The Turks are reported as being drunk with blood and boasting that what they did to Baku is nothing

<sup>10</sup> General Dro Kanayan, an outstanding figure in the Armenian revolution, a member of the ARF, and the leader of an Armenian volunteer force during the days of World War I. He was decorated by the Tsarist Russians for heroism. This warrior today continues his patriotic work in behalf of his people.

to what they are going to do to Erivan. Greman officers are said to have broken down in tears as they told of their inability to restrain the Turks. On the other hand we hear unofficially that England and Turkey have made a truce, that Sofia is in English hands and Bulgaria has made peace. If this is true then Armenia is saved.

We are working on a contract for 8,000 uniforms for the Armenian army, winter uniforms this time. The new efficiency system is bringing great results. The average weekly production per loom has risen from 57 per week to 71 for all our factories, and this week in Erivan reached 99. With but 15-20 new looms our weekly output has risen 4,000 arshens. We have opened another factory, a second hospital, and another orphanage. So we have 350 orphans now.

#### *October 18*

Yesterday again we came up to pay day, with no money in hand, and paid all our workers in full. Friday Baron Dikran Abaghian,<sup>11</sup> our manager, asked whether he should make out the pay orders, for what was the use when we had no money. I told him to make them out on faith, though we did not have one copeck sure money, and no very bright prospects for any. But before Saturday was over enough had come in to pay every one with 50,000 rubles extra left over to begin next week on. The Lord will provide, is becoming one of the big facts of my experience.

#### *November 9*

Day is breaking. The menace of the Turk has gone, the coming of the English and Americans seems assured, and we all feel a new thrill of life and hope. The fall of Constantinople has sent the Turks rushing back to defend their home land, and although they are burning, looting and killing on the way, Armenia is saved. It

must be a cruel disappointment to the Turks. For months they have been dinning the ears of our leaders with promises of what they would do to Erivan. They had slaughtered 20,000 to 30,000 at Baku, and our turn was next. But the seemingly impossible has happened, and this people shall not perish from the earth.

But the Turks are slow to evacuate completely, and while they delay tens of thousands of refugees camp in the bitter cold waiting the word that will permit them to go back home. For weeks I have not gone to work without hearing the heartbreaking sobs of children, grimy, half naked, freezing and starving by the wayside. The English Garden is a village of tents. One constantly sees a bare two wheeled cart draw up by one or the other of them, wan parents placing within it the still form of the one who was once the joy and pride of their hearts. There is no service and there are no mourners.

Noisily the cart rattles away leaving behind a desolate benumbed couple to face the bitter weary hungry days ahead with aching hearts. More and more we are receiving patients in our hospital too weak to stand, so weak they merely fade out of life. And while the Turks grow fat on the wealth of the Arax valley, shipping westward tons of wheat, barley, rice and grapes, those who have sown them starve within sight of their rightful homes. No wonder that they grow mad, that they threaten the life of the Minister of Interior, that they raid the markets and steal the bread no one gives them.

At the meeting of Parliament the other night, there being no other place to put us, Jim and I were given the places ordinarily reserved for the archbishop and his party. A telegram was read out saying the United States were sending relief supplies. The Parliament went wild and gave an ovation that raised the roof.

<sup>11</sup> Not otherwise identifiable.

Had a talk with Aram Pasha about opening a new factory. He offered 500,000 rubles loan in addition to the 500,000 he has already given us, in case we need it, as we surely do.

Friday we attended the meeting of Parliament again and watched them pass unanimously and without debate the bill to loan us one million rubles for three months, the first bill they tell us that was ever passed that way.

Was terribly shocked on the 15th. I had been in to see Khachikian,<sup>12</sup> the Minister of Finance, and had a very satisfactory half hour with him during which we arranged many things satisfactorily. From there went over to see Aram Pasha. I had scarcely arrived when he came out with a terrible look on his face, and the report was passed out that the Minister of Finance had just been assassinated. I was stunned. (It developed that an officer, blaming him for the surrender of Kars, had been waiting for him out in the outer room during my call. When I left he entered and shot him four times, one of the bullets going through the cigarette lying on the desk, which he had shortly before offered to me. His funeral was today. A very sad and impressive one.

January 5, 1919

For some weeks I have been alone, as Arroll has gone to Tiflis and beyond to get money. In the meantime a war with the Georgians has broken out, and we are again cut off from Tiflis. In the meantime winter is here and the situation is desperate.

We have opened an orphanage at Nova Bayazid with definite instructions to our man to accept no more than 150 orphans.

<sup>12</sup> Minister of Finance *Karchikian*, a devoted patriot, was slain on the erroneous notion that he, as the Armenian representatives in the Transcaucasian Sejm, was also responsible for the decision to give up Kars, whereas it was Georgian insistence that was fully responsible. His assassin was incarcerated in an Armenian jail at the time the Republic fell to the Soviet. It is reported that the Communists freed the murderer.

He wires back he has taken in 300 and has no food for them. Nor do we. In Kamarlu we opened an orphanage at the request of the government for 100, but before we took over the government had accepted 300. From Dilijan the telegram comes: "Refugees are dying of cold and starvation, send money at once." But we have no money and no food for these distant places, not enough to more than touch the terrible need here. In my heart is a great ache that hurts all the way through and tears are always on my eyelids at the sight of the dirty, trembling, starved waifs wandering everywhere on the streets. Typhus is raging with deadly fury. One tenth of Erivan is stricken and the strains of the funeral march are heard daily, the chant of the priests and the sound of their passing footsteps hourly.

At the request of Khattisian<sup>13</sup> we have opened soup kitchens for the refugees returning to Kamarlu and Igdir and have been doling out about 100,000 meals per week. I went back with the refugees returning to Kamarlu. The road was covered with a long line of toiling ox carts and fourgons. One saw the same hungry faces, the same shivering figures, the same burdens as before, but there was a difference. This time they were going home, and there was hope and joy where there had been only despair. Toward 3 o'clock in the early winter twilight, we reached the head of the line. A solid mass of them, a short open stretch, then a band of soldiers, unkempt, ragged, plastered with the cold wet mud, a red flag at the head. Quietly they moved into their houses as twilight fell. Silently they filtered out into the side streets, each family finding the home that it had left so hastily months before, to rebuild the hearth fires so long dead under

<sup>13</sup> Alexander Khatisian was the second Prime Minister of the Armenian Independent Republic. See his "Memoirs" in early issues of THE ARMENIAN REVIEW.

the invaders hands. They came back in hope. Surely their troubles were over, now they were home again. But they were speedily disenchanted. The district had been swept clean. The few remnants of food left by the Turks doubled and trebled in price the first week and was soon gone. In many a village nothing of the slightest value remained.

I shall never forget the utter desolation of Davaloo. Furniture, doors, windows, everything of the slightest value had been stripped away, the gaunt abode ruins standing open to wind and rain. No wonder that immediately typhus started its deadly work. Famine has walked the streets, and thousands found in their old homes, their tombs. In the meantime the war with Georgia had added one more load to the awful burden of misery. The Armenian government treasury was in Tiflis, and all of its funds were seized on the outbreak of hostilities. It has crippled all the efforts the Armenian government has been making to meet the appalling need.

We now have five soup kitchens in the Kamarlu district and two in Igdir. At each point we have male nurses who give their time to the free distribution of medicines and the care of the sick. The degree of hunger is beyond description. One man was found dead with a piece of his leather sandal in his mouth from which he was trying to get nourishment.

#### January 16

One year in Erivan, and what a year it has been. Had any one told me a year ago that in addition to running a Y.M.C.A. I would be in charge of factories employing 7,500 people, orphanages with 350 children, and a 120 bed hospital, I would have thought them crazy. And it looks as though our days of crisis are nearly over. Three are 18,000 British in Tiflis, 120 due in here tomorrow, their advance representatives already here. Yet finan-

cially we are in the most critical position yet, with 125,000 rubles to pay out tomorrow and 3,000 on hand. Yet I am sure that somehow God will provide this time as he invariably has in the past.

We were saddened today by the murder of one of our best men. Baron Nishan, our Ashtarak manager, was in to get funds. A year back he had been riding back to Ashtarak carrying funds when he was waylaid by highwaymen: He had his Mauser revolver on his lap as he rode, and he at once fired, killed one of the assailants and wounded another, the third fled. Ever since he has been alarmed for his own safety as he kept hearing threats of revenge. This time he came here to be married, (his wedding occurred two days ago) and to get money to carry on. He always went about accompanied by an armed guard. But today, less than five minutes after he had left me, he was shot from behind and killed instantly. A few minutes after he left strong and hearty, happy and effective, I found his body lying on the muddy sidewalk stained crimson, lifeless. While the murderer is known to many, all fear to speak his name for fear that they may be next.

Sunday afternoon I was a guest at the home of Khoren, the archbishop of Erivan,<sup>14</sup> in honor of the first British delegate to arrive. Six cabinet ministers, the Englishman and his interpreter, a Russian agent, the Persian consul, and a priest were the other guests. Khoren told a fascinating story of the last days of the war and gave reason to hope that bright days are coming. There seems to be hope for all that is dearest to Armenian hearts, six villayets, independence, a foreign protectorate; official circles are highly elated.

The typhus epidemic is taking a terrible

<sup>14</sup> Archbishop Khoren was a devoted Armenian clergyman and patriot who later was elevated to Catholicos. He was strangled to death by the Soviet Cheka in 1938.



toll and many of my best friends have gone. Among the refugees it has been a holocaust. Doctors tell of coming into homes where both the father and mother were dead, leaving a hungry baby wailing by the corpses. In many families, five, six and seven persons are down with the disease.

#### January 24

Last Friday the first British arrived, three officers and 40 soldiers. At the banquet given by the Minister of War in their honor that evening, no one had thought of the need for an interpreter, so I had to make a try at it. From 9:30 to 1:30 there was a constant string of toasts and speeches. It was the hardest evening's work I ever did. The next day Shakhathuni,<sup>15</sup> the chief of police, escorted them off in great style, lighted torches, flags, cavalry and an automobile. They are to go to Nakhichivan to open up the railway to Persia and to get wheat. It is high time as the food situation here is appalling. In Alexandropol all supplies are exhausted with 150 to 250 dying daily. The Erivan supply is adequate for only three days more. If the refugees no longer get the pitiful one-fourth fund they now receive, it will be ghastly. Once again our money is exhausted, yet last week it came miraculously at the last minute. In three days God sent us 150,000 rubles, the last 40,000 at 1 P.M. from the two most unlikely prospects in the city.

A train is in from Tiflis bringing five million rubles for the government, and a hospital train organized by the Tiflis relief committee with eight doctors, 20 male nurses and 20 female nurses. It brought a letter from the acting consul saying that the Relief Committee in America had raised \$30,000 for the work, and

that 200 new workers were to leave New York this month for the work. Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

#### February 11, 1919

The war with Georgia has plunged the government into financial straits if not bankruptcy, and the press that prints the money is in Tiflis. Not a department of the government has any money and every sort of activity including our own is in the greatest difficulty. Even worse than the shortage of money, though in part at least a result of it, is the shortage of food that is sending prices soaring and spreading famine throughout the land. Imagine bread selling for \$2.50 a pound and meat for \$2.00, with other things in proportion. Typhus continues to wreak terrible havoc. Scarcely a house in the city has escaped it, and in many two, three and even five members have died. One of the saddest losses to me personally and to the country as well has been the death of the outstanding Armenian leader, Aram Pasha. Repeatedly he has helped the Committee out with timely loans at critical junctures and has been a true friend and supporter. It was with a heavy heart indeed that I walked through the mud under a cold gray sky to accompany his body to its last resting place.

Early in February I left Armenia briefly to go down to the Tartar Republic whose capital is at Nakhichevan. A party of British soldiers had gone down there some time before, and they sent up word that they had purchased 10,000 pounds of wheat in my name, and that I should come down to get it. That was great news for the wheat situation in Erivan was growing more critical by the hour.

The government provided me with a special freight train, and a small Armenian guard, and we set out. At the Tartar frontier, where the wheat was supposed to be we had a long wait. It developed

<sup>15</sup> Shakhathuni was Military Commandant of Erivan, and was Chief official Receptionist of the government. He had been a very talented actor.

that there was no wheat there. We sent a messenger over with a white flag to secure permission for the train to pass on to the city of Nakhichevan. While we waited for the answer signal fires began to rise at various points down the valley which made us a bit uneasy. The Tartars had massacred some 250 Armenians near there only two weeks before, and as all of my party but myself were Armenians, we were wondering whether they were preparing similar entertainment for us. In about three hours the messenger returned with the needed permit to pass, but also with a guard of about 25 villainous looking soldiers. We would have felt much safer without them, but there was no help for it, so I told them to get on and we would proceed. But this was too much for my Armenian friends, and for a time I had a young revolution on my hands. Finally by a mixture of threats and persuasion I quieted them down, but the engineer insisted there were four good and convincing reasons why we could not go on. I really lost my temper and ordered him to go on, and with much grumbling he agreed. Farther on he told us the train was out of fuel and we must stop at the next station to get more. When we stopped we found the station crowded with Tartar soldiers, very ugly and indignant at their leaders for proposing to sell wheat to these unbelievers. They began to discuss openly the advisability of cutting all our throats on the spot, which discussion was enough to convince the engineer that we did not need any more fuel after all, and we started right on, reaching Nakhichevan in due time.

Our reception there was very cordial. To our surprise we learned that a separate Nakhichevan republic had been organized, and that the head of it was a friend of mine, a wealthy Tartar who owns the building where our Erivan Hospital

is housed. He was sick at the time but had arranged quarters for us in the home of the Khan of Nakhichevan whom I also knew, having sat beside him at a banquet at Erivan and astonished him by refusing wine and cigarettes. He told me if I would just marry four wives I could be a good Moslem! Anyhow in Nakhichevan he received us in fine style. The wheat was promised and everything looked lovely. One day they collected a couple of hundred of their refugees in front of the house, and the upshot of it was I promised to open for them a 50 bed Hospital and an orphanage for 200 kiddies.

Well just when everything looked lovely, "war" broke out behind us on the frontier. I put it in quotation marks for it was just about a big enough war to fit in between a couple of them. But it completely ruined our chances of accomplishing anything. Letters, telegrams and finally messengers came pouring into Nakhichevan with harrowing tales of the alleged atrocities committed by the Armenians on the front. The indignation and anger was such that there was no chance of our taking a grain of wheat out for Armenia, so there was nothing to do but to get back as fast as we might.

Naturally the Armenians with me were in a tight spot and badly frightened. They came to me with faces like chalk and implored me to protect them. They said they were all married and did not want to die, which seemed reasonable enough under the circumstances, and I tried to convince them that the American flag on the locomotive was an adequate protection against Tartar bullets. In addition the British officer with a small body of soldiers offered to come along to help patch up a peace, so we felt reasonably secure.

At the border we picked up the Armenian commander and proceeded to unravel the trouble. His story was quite different

from the Tartar version. He said that Tartar villagers living in Armenian territory had started the trouble by revolting and cutting the railroad in his rear; that all the fighting he had done was to fire a few rounds with his cannon to clear the track for supplies. As it was his men had been four days without supplies and they were not feeling any to happy about that. The road ahead was being repaired and there was nothing for us to do but to sit down and wait for the job to be done. Being already four days overdue in Erivan that was trying.

Then suddenly we heard the chugging of an automobile and looked out to see our American Relief Committee car speeding toward us down the road with a party of our workers armed to the teeth. It developed that the rumor had reached Erivan that our party had also been massacred. So a party of our workers led by Baron Hagop Moodoian had armed themselves and come down through hostile territory to bring me out dead or alive. It took no ordinary courage as the whole countryside was fleeing the other direction. And so I went back to Erivan with them.

The next day was very amusing. As I walked into the office of the Minister of Finance, Dr. Sahakian<sup>16</sup> met me, with a shout of delight grabbed me by the hand and dragged me in, as though he had found his long lost son. It seemed that they had just been talking about my untimely death at the hand of the Tartars and saying the kind of nice things that one says about the dead, and then I walked in much too lively for a corpse. I apologized for disappointing them. All that day I kept seeing people on the street who stared with surprise their eyes popping out at seeing a real live corpse out for a walk. Nevertheless my return without

the hoped for wheat was not funny. Bread was by then \$3.00 a pound, milk \$3.50, grapes \$7.00 and rice \$4.00.

A few days later I went in to see Dr. Sahakian, the head of the government orphanage. He was gloomy in the extreme. He has 2000 orphans under his control and that day had given them the last bread in their store room. He said they had potatoes enough for one day, rice for three days, and then — nothing but starvation to offer. The thought of having to watch his 2000 boys die of starvation was driving him nearly crazy.

The only hope in sight was that we might be able to get wheat from Kars, where the Turks were said to have left considerable supplies. So I asked the government to let me try again, giving me a freight train to go to Alexandropol and from there to Kars where there is a British force. They agreed and again I started out. At Alexandropol the misery beggars description. The Station platform and station are swarming with the half starved refugees, little more than walking skeletons. Some 200 to 300 of them gathered on the platform and sent in delegates to talk with me. "For God's sake, give us bread." I told them where I was going and why and promised them some of the wheat if I should get it. Their report to the famished crowd outside brought a quavering cheer that wrung my heart.

There was no wheat at Kars, but some was reported at Sarakamish. We sent the train on there and it returned to Kars loaded with wheat. But here again we ran into insufferable delays. The water tower was broken and we could get no water for the engine. I chafed and fumed most of the day. Toward evening a friend came to tell me confidentially that the water tower was all right but that the Tartar mechanic on the job was holding back so we could not take the wheat to Armenia. That was

<sup>16</sup> The reference is perhaps to Mr. A. Sahakian, a prominent Armenian government official.



just too much. I started after the mechanic with my revolver. "If that water is not running in two minutes" I told him, "some one here is going to die." "Oh" he said "I just got it fixed." "Open up the stop cock and we'll see." He opened it up and sure enough the water was running. Soon the engine was filled and we were steaming down the valley with our life giving load for Armenia. We reached Erivan to find that two car loads of wheat from Tiflis had arrived in my absence, which with what I had brought, averted the crisis for the time being. My train brought in 19 car loads.

### *February 23*

Jim Arroll is back from his trip to Persia where he was able to send cables to America to let the Committee know that the work was still going on and that we need money. Now that the British are in the Caucasus they are shipping in large supplies of wheat, and we are the distributors at this end. Gen. Beach is in charge of the operations. He will turn the wheat over to Jim in Tiflis, they will send it to us with Sikh guards to keep it from being stolen en route, and the Committee will distribute it in Armenia. Mr. Maynard has arrived, and then left for Tabriz to get funds, so I am alone again. The flour is already pouring in, and will save tens of thousands of lives. It's about the happiest job I ever undertook. The misery I have been living these past few months has made me feel years older. It's impossible to describe. I feel as though some huge weight were tied to my head and pulling me down and down, until it seems as though something inside me is bound to break. If it were not that the end seems to be insight I could not keep going. I have had no letters or words from home for ten months now, which doesn't make it any easier.

### *March 2*

I believe we have crossed the great di-

vide and the work will be getting easier from now on. The wheels of industry are slowly starting up once more and hope is in the air. One trainload of rice left Tiflis yesterday, another loaded with flour is due to pull out today and from now on we look for three or four trainloads per week. It is impossible to exaggerate the need for it. The government bakeries feeding 50,000 persons a day would have closed today had it not been for fourteen tons of flour I gave them from our orphanage store rooms. Conditions in the government orphanages are appalling with death rates that are unbelievable. And bad as it is here it is worse nearly everywhere else.

A few days ago I went to Etchmiadzin. On the way we passed the carcass of a horse by the roadside, so common that for miles one is not out of the smell of their decaying bodies. But in this case we saw three peasant women tearing off the flesh with their bare hands to prepare themselves a meal. We stopped for a moment at the cemetery to watch the grave diggers at work. They showed us that day's grave, eighteen corpses piled in on huge grave, little more than skeletons, so thin that every bone seemed exposed. The day before the toll had been 30. And so it goes in every village and hamlet and city throughout Armenia. I don't know how much of this a human being can stand, moaning children on the doorsteps, starving people dying on the street, famished mobs at the office door fighting for a place in the direct relief line. I've sympathized till my nerves are numb and there is nothing left but a dumb resentment against the whole awful situation.

But there is the other side. Thank God we can do something to help even though it is far too little. We estimate that there are about 200,000 people who must be kept alive the next harvest and must re-

ceive their pound of bread a day for the next five months. One of our hardest problems is transportation. Thousands live as much as 75 miles from the rialroad, and they must be reached by ox carts or wagons. Then there is the constant stealing. When men are dying of hunger honesty ceases to have much meaning. The acting Minister of Refugees says he believes 95 per cent of those working for him are stealing supplies from him. In that respect we are lucky. We have some grand christian men working for us. The Minister has been turning over to us large responsibilities saying frankly that it is because he trusts our men more than his. It does make a difference when men have the love of God and their fellow men in their hearts.

An interesting message has come to us for transmission to President Woodrow Wilson. It was given on the occasion of the opening of our new orphanage there and reads as follows: "The Moslems of Nakhichevan and its vicinity in general, and their local chief in particular, express their heartfelt thanks to your supreme highness for the money, clothing and grain given by the American Relief workers for the aid of the pillaged and hungry orphans and poverty stricken community of Nakhichevan on the Arax River in the Caucasus. From the depth of our hearts we applaud the advance and increase of glory of the American Republic, and her manifest faitfulness and sincerity in the pathway of humanity's progress. From Almighty God we pray for long life for your Supreme Excellency.

"We are confident also that in the future, America, the Servant of Humanity, will extend to our State a guiding hand to help us. Today (March 3, 1919) in the Orphanage opened by America, in the presence of a great multitude, official prayers were offered for your Supreme Excellency and for the American Republic. We

beg that your Supreme Excellency accept our thanks offered humbly at your feet. Chief of the Nakhichevan government." Signed *Jaffar Goolie Khan*.

As they explained to us when there, the purpose of their request is that America should take over the mandate of the Nakhichevan Republic, a rather hopeless request, I expect.

#### April 21

I have just returned from Alexandropol from a trip that has left a very bad taste in my mouth. The English had given word that they were going to allow the refugees from Kars and Nakhichevan districts return to their former homes within a week, and I went down to Alexandropol to arrange for what help we might be able to render. We planned that those who were to go to Kars itself would go by train, 3000 of them each day, and that our Committee would give each one five days bread ration to use on the way and after arrival. Those living nearer would go on foot, following a division of troops from Alexandropol, also with five days bread allowances, and with soup kitchens set up along the way for additional food. We had the train tickets ordered, had found the necessary kettles for the soup kitchen and assigned the men to run them were all ready to start them back.

Then we had a conference about details with the British authorities, and I learned something that fairly made my hair stand on end. The British announced that it was their irrevocable decision to withdraw all their troops at the end of the month, and that the Armenians must have their government organized and everything ready for taking over at that time. They are to go out unarmed, into a hostile country, and then their defenses are to be removed! I have no idea of the politics back of the proposition, but it is unthinkable that the government should send the refugees back

under such conditions. The countryside is all in the hands of the Tartars. They are armed to the teeth with an abundance of supplies including even cannon. The refugees are to be disarmed "to avoid trouble," sent out into the hornet's nest of Tartars, and then the protecting force will withdraw, and they will be allowed to protect themselves. Protect themselves when half starved, when their total forces would be 3000 men where the British themselves say 30,000 are needed, and these 3000 so weak from starvation they can hardly walk. The Tartars will cut the railroad within two hours after the British go. The refugees will either starve on the spot or have to fight their way out with bare fists against gatling guns. The British officers themselves admitted they would not be willing to stay an hour after the troops leave, yet they calmly propose that 140,000 refugees should do just that.

Dr. Main, the new chief of the Near East Relief in Tiflis, was there, and an American officer representing the Hoover food commission, and we all agreed that the thing is impossible. We came right back to Erivan, laid the thing before the Cabinet, and urged them in the strongest terms to hold the refugees back until a real guarantee is given that they will be protected. Our business is not politics but refugees, and we want to have some refugees to work with. So we are immensely relieved that the government has decided to hold the refugees back until some safer plan can be worked out.

April 24

New workers for our Committee have arrived. Now we have 10 in Erivan, two in Nakhichevan, one in Igdir and three in Alexandropol. But for ten days no flour came through from Tiflis and the result of that is just too terrible to talk about. I have photographs of graves that had been opened at night and corpses that had

been dug out and the bones picked bare. People just can't believe that things like this happen, until they see it. In spite of all our letters and telegrams Gen. Thompson, the British commander said: "Why there can't be people starving to death." It was only when he came to Alexandropol and saw them actually lying dead and dying on the street that he really believed it. But when he did he gave assurance of British protection for an indefinite time and started the refugees back towards the work here in good hands and get back Kars. I am now on my way back to Alexandropol to secure permission to use some of the huge ruined barracks buildings there for an orphan city. We want to start a colony of some 8000 orphans there, and as Gen. Ciliokoff is the one to see and he is a fine friend of ours, I think we can get the buildings all right. I am travelling with Dr. Sahakian, head of the government orphanages, a cook and a porter on the private car the government has allowed me to use for the past three months. If we get the use of the barracks they will be turned over to us on May 1st and we will start the huge task of repairing them.

May 4

The government has now turned over to us all of their orphanages, so that I am now head of a family with 13,000 children, scattered throughout Armenia.

On May day the workers gave Jim and me a party that we shall not soon forget. It was held in the YMCA club which had been decorated beyond recognition for the occasion. There were about 70 invited guests including the leading workers, most of the cabinet ministers, Archbishop Khoren of the Armenian Church, newspaper men and all the local American, French and British communities. There were the sort of flowery speeches that make one wish what they said were really true, but what we prize

most are the silver souvenir cups they gave us. They are lovely examples of the Van silver works including a picture of Woodrow Wilson, the American and Armenian flags in gold and silver, and an inscription that reads: "1918. In memorial of May 24th. Erivan, capital of the Armenian Republic. In those terrible days, two young Americans J. Elder and J. O. Arroll, members of the YMCA volunteered their lives willingly for the unfortunate nation of Armenia." On the silver saucers accompanying the cups were pictures of the three great Armenian cathedrals. Etchmiadzin, Varag and Akhtamar. They also handed out souvenir place cards with our pictures on them and to complete the occasion, huge almost life sized photographs. We were quite overwhelmed with their kindness.

We have been having some distinguished visitors. One was Mr. Howard Heinz, the head of the great Heinz Pickle factories, head of food conservation in Pennsylvania, and with him Mr. Smith, president of the American Bar Association. I took them down to Igdir and what they saw they will not forget in a hurry. We just went from house to house asking how many lived there and how many there had been when they first came back shortly before. Not a house had less than two dead, some had eight or ten. The Monday they visited our cloth factories and other industries where we now employ around 11,000 people. It was wonderful to me how Heinz sized up the situation, outlined the best methods for organization and pointed out the defects in the Caucasus work. We wound up the day with a banquet at Bishop Khoren's palace.

Then Wednesday General Milne, commander of the British troops from Constantinople east paid us a visit. There was an elaborate parade, a long line of cars with an escort of cavalymen each carrying

the flag of one of the allied nations. I rode in the first car with the commandant of the city and the Minister of Charities to outline the route of march. They visited many orphanages and went over our relief centers with greatest interest. The General is a mighty fine fellow, pleasant and unassuming. He told us to ask for anything that we needed and he would do everything possible to provide it. And as Heinz promised to ship us 5000 tons of food stuffs per month we felt that the time spent showing them around was well invested.

#### May 11

The really big event of the year is the arrival of letters from home. After one year and 28 days with no news from home to get three letters all at once made me deliriously happy. I didn't know whether to shout, sing or cry. We have had a trying time of it lately owing to one of those absurd financial crises that occur every time the Tiflis train is late. No money in the bank and urgent need for hundreds of thousands of rubles on every hand. It is irritating to have millions in credit and not one ruble cash! We look for the train today and if so, money in the bank tomorrow. Generally speaking conditions are a bit better as fresh vegetables are ripening and the refugees can gather various sorts of new greens from the fields. My own schedule has settled down to one of spending from 8:30 to 2:00 P. M. each day working in the Orphanage department, then from 3:30 to 7 or 8 in the industrial department, and the evenings for meetings or working on books.

#### May 18

Have come to Tiflis as Mr. Main our director is leaving for the States and Capt. Yarrow taking over. I came up expecting to resign and start for home, as the war is over, I am dead tired, and I want to get back to school. But Yarrow pleaded so strongly for me to stay on I am doing so

for the time being anyhow. He will stay in Tiflis turning over the entire work in Armenia to me. New workers are coming in to help distribute the 5000 tons a month. Heinz is sending to us. I went to the bank to cash a check for five million rubles and came out staggering under the load of an entire large suitcase filled with bank notes.

#### June 1

The first celebration of Armenian independence day was a great occasion. It began with a religious ceremony out in the square with beautifully be-robed priests, banners and incense. Then came an inspection of the troops and a long parade by all the celebrities. The troops were drawn up all around the square while a group that included the Prime Minister, Minister of War, the English general, high Armenian officers and myself, walked by inspecting them as they stood at rigid attention. About 4,000 of our orphan children took part in the parade with school children, soldiers and a number of floats. From there we went to the Parliament Building where there was a fine display of oratorical fireworks and mutual good will and congratulations. Every one came home feeling very fine.

#### June 11

Mr. MacGeehan of our Committee has just arrived from Kars with news that makes my heart sick. I can only hope and pray that it is not true, for it is the worst news yet. It is to the effect that the funds of the American Committee are nearly exhausted that the work may soon all have to be closed and the workers sent back to the States. It seems impossible to believe that the American public has failed to respond to the need. So many inspectors and reporters have come and gone taking direct reports of the need and opportunities. And the effect here is distressing beyond exaggeration. We have just taken

over bankrupt orphanages with thousands of children in them. It has been a tremendous task to arrange without hard feelings and to reorganize on a more efficient basis. Now to announce that they must all be relinquished would be disastrous. I would not dare show my face in the streets. This news has taken all the life out of me. There are a half a dozen important matters I should take up with the government at the present moment. Matters such as supplies, building materials, finances and transportation, and I dare not go ahead with them. It may be that two or three days later I would have to go back, retract all my promises and assurances and back out the best I can.

And the effect on the refugees. Ten thousand men and women suddenly thrown out of work, 23,000 orphans dropped from our care to that of a government with no funds to support them. Our hospitals in Erivan alone have close to a thousand beds, how can we close them? Worst of all will be the feeling of bitterness and desertion on the part of the Armenians, who to the last man have felt they could trust and count on us. It will seem as though their last friend had deserted them as indeed he will have done. But cheer up. It may not be true. It just cannot be true.

Had a delightful trip last week. In company with Jim Arroll went up to a mountain village called Jalalooghli to inspect some barracks there as a possible orphanage center. It was one of the most beautiful rides I have ever taken. We wound up a long zig-zag road to the top of a mountain and then almost straight down the other side. From the top there was one of the loveliest views I have ever seen. In rich green, broad, mountain encircled plain, with picturesque white and pink villages nestled among lovely green trees — a wonderful sight. The buildings were not quite so large as we had hoped,



but are in fairly good shape and ideally located for the children. We quite fell in love with the place. We took immediate steps to put it into repair and will send up some of our more sickly orphans there to recuperate. From there we went to Alexandropol to look things over and came back by an unused road through Ashtarak to see the orphanage and industrial work we have there.

### June 22

Capt. Yarrow, our new general manager in Tiflis, has come and gone and the situation is a bit clearer. Even he did not know just what our budget will be excepting that it will not be as large as we need and had hoped for, but at any rate we are carrying on though cutting expenses so far as is possible. We are returning to the government about 6,000 orphans mostly in the Tiflis district where other benevolent organizations can carry them on. Then the government has agreed to make no charge for some of the American Food Commission supplies as we use for the orphans, and also to stand the very heavy expense of repairing the various army barracks we are taking over for orphanages. After all the buildings do belong to them and will go back to them when we are done with the orphanage work. So expenses will be considerably lowered although our work in this district will be about as before. Alexandropol and Kars are being made separate districts, so now I have charge of only 10,000 orphans in the Erivan, Etchmiadzin and Igdir districts, with the industrial work employing about 10,000 and the various hospitals. We do not know what to expect for the future. Capt. Yarrow says the Committee has only about \$1,000,000 on hand in New York, and our obligations here are that much, but we believe that God will put it into American hearts to keep us running.

Food is arriving in increasing quantities, and it is a thrill to see how the gaunt little orphans are beginning to fatten up. I could hardly have believed it, but actually when they first came to us they had forgotten how to smile. But as their health slowly comes back and color returns to their cheeks they begin to take an interest in life again and learn to laugh and play like normal kiddies. But for some reason new swarms of waifs are appearing on the streets. We have opened a soup kitchen where 1900 a day are being fed. The first day fifteen of them died at the kitchen and there are about 100 sick lying around it now. We have put a squad of keepers on the job so that now the death rate is lower, but their condition is pitiful in the extreme. Their clothing is nothing but filthy rags. Our cloth factories are now turning out about 10,000 yards of cloth per week but it is still way below the needs. We are hoping to get some from Constantinople, and if that fails from the States, but it is deathly slow in arriving.

Now that we have some doctors I have been getting injections for cholera. It seems a bit absurd after going through the worst of cholera epidemics last summer without any protection but Providence, but of course it is the sensible thing to do.

### June 30

It is summer now and summer in Erivan is a real thing. The narrow mud-walled streets fairly quiver with the heat and the dust rises in stuffy clouds whenever a breeze blows up. At this time of the year a gale blows up nearly every evening, burying the city in clouds of dust that keep nearly every one indoors.

The latest news is more encouraging. The latest arrivals report that the work is being closed up in some other places in the Near East so that they can keep the Caucasus work going for at least an-

other two years. A new big drive will be commenced in the Fall to collect funds, and receipts the last few weeks have brought in enough for some months more. The Orphanage question is getting serious and favorable consideration, and that is the biggest thing of all. If they can be kept up even for a couple more years the effect will be immeasurable. Incidentally the release of workers from other fields, should make it possible for me to leave the work here in good hands and get back to the States. Our new budget has been set at six and one-half million rubles per month, which is barely enough to cover our present recurring expenses without any extra for the large quantities of supplies we should be buying at this season. Cheese, fresh fruits, grains and vegetables are just coming in so we should be laying in large stores against the coming winter. As we cannot we shall have to count on the arrival of such supplies from abroad. In any event the country cannot possibly support itself without such supplies, despite the decrease of the population by the thousands who have starved.

Official photographers have arrived and are photographing various aspects of the work in preparation for the Fall campaign. Perhaps the best contribution I can make is to get back to the States to give a first hand account of the suffering and need to be relieved here.

#### July 14

We had a fine break and a bit of rest the week end of the 4th of July. Most of the workers went up to Lake Sevan Friday morning, the rest of us coming up Saturday afternoon. Travelling with these outworn Ford trucks and the even more worn tires is in itself quite an adventure. We had them all patched up at the beginning, but as soon as we got going, the heat of the road would melt off the patches and the tires would explode. We had two men

and a boy in the rear of one of the trucks who did nothing but put patches on the tires as fast as they melted off. Eventually however we did arrive, fired our revolvers as a signal to the ferry, and crossed out on the lake to an island monastery half a mile or so from the shore. It is an ideal place for a rest. The Monastery is located on a good sized rocky island in crystal clear Lake Sevan, which is about 6000 feet above sea level and very cold. From the island cliffs one can look down into the deep clear water and see large schools of beautiful lake trout, the Ishkan, or Prince as they are called. It fairly burned me up to see those beautiful fish just waiting around to be caught and to have not even a bent pin to offer them.

There are several church buildings there, the oldest supposedly dating from the tenth century. There are many fascinating legends which the monks related to us about these churches. In one they showed a secret room where a princess who was in love with one of the hermits, was permitted to come and watch the services. Near it is the hermit's cell, with a single narrow window built so that he looked directly out on a distant narrow promontory where the princess lived. The legend says that eventually the princess married a wealthy man, from whom she secured money with which to erect a new church building, but that she continued to love the lonely hermit. No doubt he also spent more of his hours of meditation in thinking of the lovely princess than in religious reflections.

There is also the story of the old days when the island was a stronghold for the Christians against Moslem attacks. It seems that on one occasion an old Turk, pretending to be friendly, asked permission to store his wealth in the protecting walls of the monastery. Permission being given, he brought over 40 large cases of his sup-

posed wealth, in each, however, was concealed an armed soldier. During the day one of the students misbehaved, and as a punishment was sent into the dark store room. There he was startled to hear the sound of voices coming from the cases. He reported the matter to his superiors, and the 40 cases were promptly tossed over the cliffs into the icy waters of the lake. So with romantic legends, good swimming, fine fishing (if I only had some tackle) and delightful compnay, we had the finest one day vacation the heart could wish, my first day off in 18 months.

The shrunken budget has compelled us to make painful economies in our work. Wherever possible workers are being let go, and salaries pared. All orphans who have any relatives are being sent home, where we shall for the time being, continue to provide them with flour or bread. In the Orphanages themselves, wherever possible the children are learning how to do the house work, cooking, etc., so that fewer workers need be employed. Even with all this we still have heavy liabilities that we cannot meet. I have protested to Capt. Yarrow in the strongest possible terms and hope and pray he may increase our allowance.

### July 27

At last I really have my release. About two weeks ago I sent in my third resignation, pointing out that there are now 64 American workers in the Caucasus, and naming a half a dozen persons who might take my place. Saturday I received the telegraphic answer I had asked for "Released with regret." A Mr. Spoer is coming to take my place, an older man reported to be very energetic and conscientious, so I am busy getting ready to go home.

This week I went up to Nova Bayazid for a last inspection. It is up in the mountains on the shore of Lake Sevan so it was a great relief from the heat to get up there.

The reception they gave us was something I shall long remember. We had thought it very nice when at Darachichak we walked up a flower strewn walk and steps to our orphanage there, but that was nothing to our reception at Nova Bayazid. About five miles from the city we saw a squad of cavalry on the road ahead. With bared sabres they stood at attention along each side of the road as we drove up, and our local manager Baron Arsen Khachikian, informed us that we had been welcomed by the Commandant of the city and his personal cavalry troop. We stopped the car and he rode up to welcome us in the name of the city and to express his appreciation for the work of the Committee during the previous year. From there on the cavalry escorted us until about two miles from the city we came upon the orphans, over five hundrde of them with flags in their hands and their arms filled with flowers. We stopped for another speech of welcome, this time by the Orphanage manager, and a speech of appreciation on my part for their warm welcome. The kiddies cheered us, filled the car with flowers, and escorted us into the town. The rest of the day we spent inspecting the very well runned orphanages, and had supper at the home of the Lord Mayor.

In the morning the orphans and the cavalry squad appeared again to accompany us to the edge of the city where we had speeches of good-bye. This part was not so easy. It was hard saying good-bye to people you have known and worked with for so long as I have out here, especially to ones who have worked so faithfully as has Baron Arsen. I had to swallow pretty hard as the car wound up out of the city to the echoes of the kiddies cheers, many of whom would not be cheering today if God had not sent me here to help them.

Dr. Usher is back from Paris where he went to present the needs of the refugees



to the peace conference. To every one's surprise he was able to get his message right to the top personages. He got it before Wilson, had personal interviews with Col. House, Balfour and Lansing and got most favorable responses from them all. We are quite amazed for the best we could say of his mission when he left was "Well I hope he succeeds." Of course the refugees are not back yet, but the most influential men in the world today are thinking about them, and if any one can help they are the ones. In addition the publicity given to their needs will be a great boost. In addition to all this he has brought five million rubles with him which has lifted a tremendous load from my shoulders. We were hopelessly in debt and I was spending most of my time dodging creditors. But with this we can pay all our debts and have something to run on until the end of the month.

I went to the Ministry of Refugees to talk about repaying the one million rubles we had borrowed from them. The Minister seemed very much surprised at suggesting such a thing. "Has any one asked you to return it?" he asked. When I said no one had, he said "Then forget about it. The money has been spent well, as we all know, and for our own people." So that is that.

Every one is going out of his way to overwhelm me with appreciation. I have a trunk full of farewell gifts. The Government has given me a lovely silver cup and

a fine letter of thanks, and every one has been wonderful, letters of appreciation, embroidery work, silver work, pictures and all sorts of parting gifts have rained in. A few mornings ago as we finished breakfast we heard the sound of singing on the street outside, and went out to see two long lines of girl orphans, looking lovely in their new white dresses, singing a serenade. They called me down, and escorted me toward the English Garden, or Park. On the way we were joined by thousands of other orphan children lined up along the way, singing and cheering. At the garden there were farewell speeches and more cheers as the orphans said good-bye. I was certainly proud of my populous family.

#### August 15

In Tiflis at last, on my way home. Gen. Harbord has just arrived representing the allied nations and hopes are high for a free and independent Armenia. Some think it may be an Italian mandate, but the people as a whole seem to favor an American one. It would be a terrible betrayal if nothing were done for this valiant little people who kept on fighting at hopeless odds when the great Russian empire had collapsed and they were standing alone. It was a superb exhibition of futile heroism for them to try to lick the Turkish empire single handed, and they have paid dearly for it. I hope to do my part in presenting their cause to the American people. Long life to the Republic of Armenia!



# ANANIA SHIRAGATZI

*The Armenian Mathematician of the VII century and his*

*Table of Polygonal Numbers*

LILLIAN G. MURAD

Anania Shiragatzi lived during the VII Century A.D. In early times people were named after the town or province in which they were born or where they lived. In ancient Armenia this custom was often followed. Even so, the name of Anania Shiragatzi is not an exact indication of his place of birth.

Some have stated that this great Armenian mathematician, born in the middle of the VII century, had originally come from the province of Shirak.<sup>1</sup> Others have written that Anania Shiragatzi was born in the town of Ani and lived during the second half of the VII century.<sup>2</sup>

The Academician N. Marr writes that "at the end of the VII century we encounter the name of Anania Shiragatzi, that is, from Shirak, sometimes called Ananize. If the latter name has any fundamental meaning, it still does not prove that he was born in the fort of Ani; he may have been born in the monastery of Ani. This seems to have been sufficient to have him called Aniez."<sup>3</sup>

His family name was, of course, Shiragatzi, and was not a pseudonym as it had been assumed to be. His father's name was Ohaness or Hovaness Shiragatzi as Anania himself states:

«Ես Անանիա, որդի Յովաննիսի Շիրակացիս...»

("I, Anania, son of Hovaness Shiragatzi...")<sup>4</sup>

Shiragatzi's basic education was obtained in Armenia but he was still not satisfied with its scope. He was dreaming of obtaining a wider education, of studying the sciences, especially mathematics, which in his opinion was "the mother of all learning."<sup>5</sup> We find him going to the Byzant and after a long and painful search, finding in Trabezond, a highly educated scholar and teacher whose name was Tuhik. This man was a Greek, had studied in Athens, had travelled extensively, and had a complete library which contained books on history, philosophy, mathematics, the arts, and medicine.

During eight years Anania Shiragatzi studied with Tuhik. Thanks to his talents, enormous energy and will power, he reached his goal and obtained a deep knowledge in the field of mathematics. In the year 668 A.D., Anania returned to his native land, Armenia, and there opened a school.<sup>6</sup>

Now, let us stop and review the development of the mathematical science from the

<sup>1</sup>Orbeli, Academician I. A., "Problems and Their Solution of the Vartapet Anania Shiragatzi," St. Petersburg, 1917, p. 9.

<sup>2</sup>Emin, N., "General History of Vartan the Great," 1856, Moscow.

<sup>3</sup>Marr, Academician N., "Ani," 1939, Erevan, p. 39.

<sup>4</sup>Patkanian, Kerop, "Anania Shiragatzi," 1877, St. Petersburg, p. 20.

<sup>5</sup>Ibid, p. 3.

<sup>6</sup>Toumanian, T. G., "About the Table of Polygonal Numbers of Anania Shiragatzi," Collection of Scientific Material, Archives of Ancient Manuscripts, Erevan, 1941, p. 53.

early beginning of human history to the VII century. We can state, without a doubt, that the birth of mathematics came either from Sumeria or Egypt.

The existence of a convenient Egyptian calendar devised in 4241 B.C. shows us that the Egyptians knew how to measure time.<sup>7</sup> The Rhind Mathematical Papyrus, of the First Dynasty (circa 3400 B.C.) contains complete mathematical notations, additions, subtractions, multiplications, the principles of the square and the square root, solution of equations by the simple method of trial, arithmetic and geometrical progressions, the areas of squares, oblongs, and circles are estimated, volumes of cubic figures are worked out, and Egyptian weights and measures, lengths, areas, and capacities are discussed. Also known to the Egyptians was the formula  $3^2+4^2=5^2$  with its geometrical meaning.<sup>8</sup>

Looking at the Sumerians we find a brilliant and practical application of a geometrical figure. They were the inventors of the wheel. The wheel appears here during the Late Stone Age (circa 10,000-8,000 B.C.).<sup>9</sup> These Sumerians must have known how to calculate the circumference, the diameter, and the center of a circle to have been able to construct it so well and apply it to carts which, at that time, were drawn by donkeys.

Schoolboys of the little Sumerian county seat of Shadippur, had a textbook with the solution of Euclid's classical triangle problem seventeen centuries before Euclid existed.<sup>10</sup> We also know that the scribes of Babylonian times have recorded their knowledge of a polynomial equation and its roots.

We are given  $x^2+a=by$ , and  $y^2+a=bx$ ,

where the roots are (I)  $xy=a$ ; (II)  $x+y=b$ .

They also calculated that for  $xy=a$  and  $x+y=b$ ,

$$\left. \begin{matrix} x \\ y \end{matrix} \right\} = \frac{b}{2} \pm \sqrt{\left(\frac{b}{2}\right)^2 - a} \quad A$$

and for  $xy=a$  and  $x-y=b$ ,

$$\left. \begin{matrix} x \\ y \end{matrix} \right\} = \sqrt{\left(\frac{b}{2}\right)^2 + a} \pm \frac{b}{2} \quad B$$

This algebraic equation has no reference to geometrical figures.<sup>11</sup>

The Chaldeans had a method to calculate the anomaly of the moon nineteen centuries before Alexander the Great, and we attribute to the Chaldeans the knowledge of the occurrence of the eclipses of the moon. This they had calculated for 223 eclipses comprising 18 years and 10 days ( $6585\frac{1}{3}$  days).<sup>12</sup>

To deny to the Sumerians and the Egyptians their part in the development of the sciences is to defy the testimony of the few but valuable papyri, tablets, and manuscripts in our possession. The efforts which have been made to ascribe to the Greeks the great progresses made in mathematics do not add to the glory that was Greece. Of course, it is good to see that the Greeks could follow intelligently the data which reached them.

The Ancient Armenians were also the recipients of the culture of the people of the Mesopotamian Valley. They must have received it from their forefathers and secreted it for thousands of years. As it is now assumed, they were the descendants of the Urartians, who in turn, were the descendants of the Sumerians.

During the VII century, the Armenians

<sup>7</sup>Breasted, J. H., "Ancient Times," 1916, Boston, p. 45.

<sup>8</sup>Rhind Mathematical Papyrus, British Museum, Nos. 10057 and 10059, E. Eric Peet, Liverpool University Press, 1923 Folio.

<sup>9</sup>Breasted, p. 108.

<sup>10</sup>New York Times, January 7, 1950, p. 1.

<sup>11</sup>Dangin Thureau Fr., "Observations sur l'Algebre Babylonien," *Archeion*, Vol. XIX, No. 1, March 1937, Rome.

<sup>12</sup>Sedillot, L. P., "Materiaux Pour Servir a l'Histoire Comparee des Sciences Mathematiques," Paris, 1845-1849, pp. 4-11.

had the same high level of civilization as the rest of the countries surrounding them, and it was for the same reason that an American scientist would have travelled to a hostile USSR to study the methods of Dr. Pavlov, that Anania Shiragatzi travelled to the Byzant to study with Tuhik.

From the works of ancient Armenian authors it is shown that Anania Shiragatzi wrote many valuable works on mathematics, astronomy, philosophy, grammar and rhetoric, but his original manuscripts never reached us. We have only fragments of his work, and these are with omissions and deletions. Even with the scant material on hand, we can conclude that Shiragatzi was an outstanding and brilliant scholar of his time. His views and statements often disagreed with the ideas and ideals of the ruling religious houses, therefore, the church and its dignitaries ignored his

works, and persecuted him in every way possible.<sup>13</sup>

Some of his works have been published but, unfortunately, none has yet been translated into English. Following is the list of books which have been published so far:

1. Weights and Measures<sup>13</sup>
2. Problems and their Solutions<sup>14</sup>
3. Textbooks of Arithmetic<sup>15</sup>
4. Problems for Amusement<sup>16</sup>
5. a) About the Heavens  
b) About the Earth  
c) About the Sea

<sup>13</sup>Hairapatian, S., "Life and Works of Anania Shiragatzi," Collection of Scientific Material, Archives of Ancient Manuscripts, Erevan, 1941, pp. 5-7.

<sup>14</sup>Orbeli, Academician I. A., "Problems and Their Solutions," (With Historical and Geographical Explanations), 1918, St. Petersburg.

<sup>15</sup>Abramian, A., "Textbook of Arithmetic," Scientific Works of the Erevan University, Vol. XI, 1939.

<sup>16</sup>Abramian, A., "Problems for Amusement," Scientific Works of the Erevan University, Vol. XI, 1939.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE

Miss Lillian G. Murad, the author of this informative and valuable study of the work of the Armenian mathematician Anania Shiragatzi, has been widely recognized as one of the most famed women engineers in North America. Surprisingly enough, Miss Murad early aspired to a career as a concert pianist and received a degree from the Conservatory of Music, Nice, France, where she won the Premier Prix de Piano. Her primary interests however changed and, in 1947, she received her degree from Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, where she was the first woman to obtain the B.S. in Chemical Engineering.

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Lillian G. Murad is the daughter of Levon Gondaktchian Murad, Ph. D. in Chemical Engineering, and Veronica Arvanian Murad, M.D., Long Island, N. Y. She is the grandniece of the famed Rouben Der Minassian, the Armenian intellectual and emancipatory fighter, who passed away in Paris, France, Nov. 27, 1951.



LILLIAN G. MURAD

- d) About the Sun, Stars, Moon, Halo of the Moon, and Lightning
- e) The Phenomena Between the Earth and the Sky
- f) About the North Star
- g) About the Moon
- h) About the Sun
6. Address of Anania Shiragatzi to this Students
7. About the Solution of Problems (24 problems)
8. About Numbers (The Philosophy of Numbers)
9. Geography
10. Personal Health<sup>15</sup>
11. Table of Polygonal Numbers<sup>17</sup>

Not published at this time is an abstract — a translation of Anania Shiragatzi of Euclid's "Nachel."

The books enumerated above are not his entire works. Among tens of thousands of manuscripts scattered in the libraries of Venice, Erivan, Jerusalem, and Vienna, there are many which have not been studied yet. It was in 1939 that the "Text-book of Arithmetic" was discovered. This work was found lying in the Archives of Ancient Manuscripts in the Governmental Bureau of the Armenian SSR. After its discovery it was translated and published.

Before we proceed any further, let us see what Anania Shiragatzi contributed to the science of mathematics. He was the first mathematician to use a special sign, like an

exponent, to abbreviate the writing of large numbers. And secondly, he was the first to tabulate, in column form, progression series. This tabulation has resulted in the handbooks of mathematical tables so necessary to the modern engineer, mathematician, architect, physicists, or student.

In ancient Armenia, the letters of the alphabet were used as numerals. To distinguish numerals from actual letters, it was customary to place a horizontal line over the letters, or to place a dot in front and in back of the letters designating numerals. Numbers were written by the additive method, from left to right, and beginning from the largest.

The number 10,000 was called a "biur." The sign <sup>^</sup>, somewhat like a French accent circonflexe, was always placed over the letter slightly to the right, and indicated that the number in question must be multiplied by 10,000.<sup>18</sup> This was like taking the corresponding number of "biurs." The sign was brought into use for the first time by Shiragatzi and considerably simplified the writing of the larger numerals.<sup>19</sup> In our present method we have a system of exponents which is used by scientists and students. We may thank Shiragatzi for having initiated a system of this sort.

Following is a tabulation of the Armenian alphabet with the letters corresponding to their numerical values:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Units	Ա	Բ	Գ	Դ	Ե	Զ	Է	Ը	Թ
Tens	Ճ	Ի	Լ	Խ	Վ	Կ	Շ	Չ	Պ
Hundreds	Ճ	Մ	Ծ	Ն	Շ	Ո	Չ	Պ	Ղ
Thousands	Թ	Ս	Վ	Տ	Ր	Ց	Ի	Փ	Ժ

<sup>17</sup>Toumanian, p. 55 to p. 58.

<sup>18</sup>Fazzari, G., "Short History of Mathematics," Moscow, 1923, p. 23.

<sup>19</sup>Toumanian, p. 54.



TABLE OF POLYGONAL NUMBERS<sup>20</sup>

Right Angular	Triangular	Superfuous Rectangular	Rectangular	Superfuous Pentagonal	Pentagonal	Superfuous Sexagonal	Sexagonal	Superfuous Septagonal	Septagonal	Even numbers	Sum of Even numbers	Odd numbers	Cubes	Special Cubes	Tripled	Doubled	Quadrupled
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	2	1	8	9	1	1	1
2	3	3	4	4	5	5	6	6	7	4	6	3	16	18	3	2	4
3	6	5	9	7	12	9	15	11	18	6	12	5	24	27	9	4	16
4	10	7	16	10	22	13	28	16	34	8	20	7	32	36	27	8	64
5	15	9	25	13	35	17	45	21	55	10	30	9	40	45	81	16	256
6	21	11	36	16	51	21	66	26	81	12	42	11	48	54	243	32	1024
7	28	13	49	19	70	25	91	31	112	14	56	13	56	63	729	64	
8	36	15	64	22	92	29	120	36	148	16	72	15	64	72	2187	128	
9	45	17	81	25	117	33	153	41	189	18	90	17	72	81	6561	256	
10	55	19	100	28	145	37	190	46	232	20	110	19	80	90		512	
11	66	21	121	31	176	41	231	51	283	22	132	21	88	99			
12	78	23	144	34	210	45	276	56	339	24	156	23	96	108			
13	91	25	169	37	247	49	325	61	400	26	182	25	104	117			
14	105	27	196	40	287	53	378	66	466	28	210	27	112	126			
15	120	29	225	43	330	57	435	71	537	30	240	29	120	135			
16	136	31	256	46	376	61	496	76	613	32	272	31	128	144			
17	153	33	289	49	425	65	561	81	694	34	306	33	136	153			
18	171	35	324	52	477	69	630	86	780	36	342	35	144	162			
19	190	37	361	55	532	73	703	91	871	38							

Each letter of this table is multiplied by the number (factor) found in the left column. The last letter of the alphabet represents 9000. If the number 7093 is to be written, the following expression must be used:

$$7093 = \text{հ} \text{շ} \text{դ} \text{ or } \text{հ} \text{շ} \text{դ}$$

the number 467,601 must be written

$$\text{հ} \text{շ} \text{դ} \text{ զ} \text{ ի ռ Ս}$$

Before Shiragatzi introduced the "biur" the number 203,602 was written ՄԳՌԶԶԲ, meaning  $[(200 + 3)1000 + 6(100) + 2]$ .

With the use of the "biur," the numeral appears as ՄՎՈՐ. This, in a way, illustrates to what degree the "biur" simplified the writing of the larger numbers.

Let us examine Anania Shiragatzi's Table of Polygonal Numbers now. This table is taken from manuscripts No. 1770, page 386a, found in the Governmental Archives of Ancient Manuscripts of the Armenian SSR.<sup>20</sup> The table of polygonal numbers is reproduced elsewhere, exactly as it appears

<sup>20</sup>Ibid, p. 56.

in the manuscript. The titles of the columns have been translated from ancient Armenian to modern Armenian, then into Russian, and finally to English. The numbers in the table are annotated by means of the letters of the Armenian alphabet spoken above. All basic numbers which were subject of study in ancient times are recorded in this table.

It seems natural that Anania Shiragatzi should have devised this table. He had opened a school where, among other subjects, he taught mathematics. He offered his students a hand-book, the first hand-book, which contained the series which were to be the subjects of their studies. He gave this guide to eliminate repetitious calculations and thus recorded the first book of mathematical tables which has reached us up to this time.

The greater part of this table consists of the series of polygonal numbers. Nicomachus of Geras had already written in detail about these series in his book "Introduction to Arithmetic."<sup>21</sup> His "Introduction to Arithmetic," written in the II century A.D. enjoyed a tremendous popularity and was considered a classical work for the study of arithmetic during several centuries. The philosophical arithmetic,

աբղյուդական,

of which the arithmetic of Nicomachus is a specimen, corresponds in a measure to our number theory; the subject was designed for mature students as a preparation for the study of philosophy, and was not at all intended for children. "Arithmetica" is, as the name indicates, the study of that which is implied in number. The table of Shiragatzi gives us proof that the work of Nicomachus was well known in an-

cient Armenia.<sup>22</sup>

The first column of the table is entitled "right angular" and contains a normal pattern of numbers from 1 to 19. This is an arithmetic progression with a common difference of 1. Ancient mathematicians, who have written about polygonal numbers, never use the term "right angular" in describing this particular progression. According to them, these are root numbers. At any rate, these numbers are necessary for the formation of the triangular numbers found in the second column of the table.

If we take the first term of the second column and add to it the second term of the first column, we will obtain the second term of the second column. If we now add the second term of the second column to the third term of the first column, we will obtain the third term of the second column, etc. Any triangular number is obtained by the summation of the corresponding number of the natural rank, beginning with 1. Thus, by using the formula of the arithmetic progression 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, — we will have for the  $k$ th triangular term

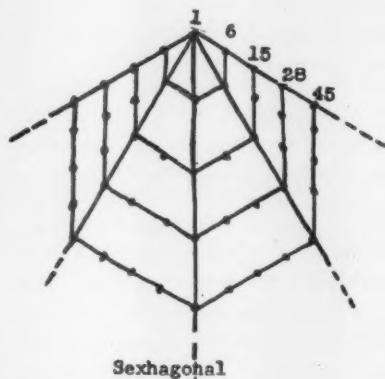
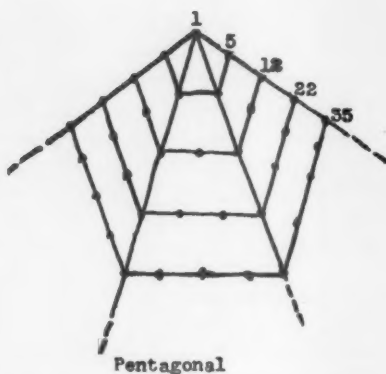
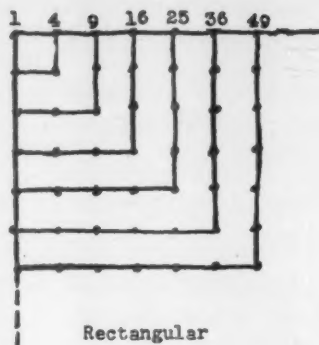
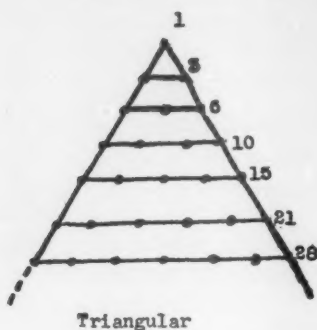
$$a_k = \frac{k(k+1)}{2} \quad C$$

when  $k$ , in formula (C) is equal to 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. By proper substitution we will obtain the corresponding triangular numbers of column two; 1, 3, 6, 10, 15, 21, 28, etc.

The third column is an arithmetic progression beginning with 1, and with a common difference of 2. This column is needed for the formation of the rectangular numbers found in the fourth column. Here again we can obtain the term of the fourth column by adding a corresponding number from the third column. The column numbers 5, 7, 9, 10, and 12 are all arithmetic progressions with a common differ-

<sup>21</sup>Nicomachus of Geras, "Introduction to Arithmetic," University of Michigan Studies, Humanistic Series, Vol. XVI, New York, 1926.

<sup>22</sup>Baschenko-Zakharchenko, M. E., "The History of Mathematics," Vol. I, Kiev, 1883, pp. 122-126.

VISUALIZATION OF POLYGONAL NUMBERS<sup>23</sup>

ence of 3, 4, 5, and 2 respectively (all beginning with unity), and a common difference of 2 in column number 10, which begins with 2. A discussion about the titles of these column will come later in this work.

We will not stop here to examine in further detail the methods of formation of pentagonal, sexhagonal, and in general polygonal or multiangular numbers and their geometrical interpretations, though a visualization of these can be found forthwith.<sup>23</sup>

In general, to obtain the  $k$ th term of an

$n$ -angular number, it is necessary to take the sum of  $k$  terms of an arithmetic progression, where the first term is equal to 1, or

$$ak = [2 + (n-2)(k-1)]k \quad D$$

where  $k=1, 2, 3, 4$ , etc., and  $n=3, 4, 5, 6$ , etc.

When  $n$  is equal to 3, in formula (D), we will obtain the results of the formula (C). When  $n$  is equal to 4, formula (D) becomes  $ak=k^2$ , the expression for the  $k$  rectangular number. When  $n=5$ , formula (D) will become

$$ak=k(3k-1)$$

<sup>23</sup>Diophantus of Alexandria, "Die Arithmetik und die Schrift über Polygonzahlen," translated by G. Wertheim, Leipzig, 1890, pp. 322-323.



the expression of the  $k$  pentagonal number. By substituting a corresponding number, we can obtain all the polygonal numbers contained in the table of Anania Shiragatzi.<sup>24</sup>

Now, as we look at the titles of the columns, we find some under the heading of "superfluous rectangular," "superfluous pentagonal," etc. These "superfluous" polygonal numbers are the arithmetic progressions mentioned above. All these progressions begin with 1, have a common difference of 2, 3, 4, and 5. As we have mentioned before, the corresponding polygonal numbers are formed from these auxiliary columns.

The author of the table had called them for the sake of brevity «ավերդ» (avelort), which means superfluous. Apparently, Shiragatzi wanted to distinguish these gnomonic terms, as they may also be called, from the polygonal. For the same reason, the numbers of the first column, that is the gnomons to obtain the triangular values, are called by the author "right angular." We can see that he wanted to distinguish these from the triangular polygonal values without trying to attribute to them any geometrical meaning.

From a mathematical point of view, it is natural and correct to include the arithmetic progressions which are essential for the formation of polygonal values.

After the polygonal numbers, we see the columns of odd and even numbers (the latter has been mentioned before as an arithmetic progression beginning with 2 and with a common difference of 2), and the sum of odd and even numbers. In ancient times these numbers were of great symbolic importance and have found themselves a place in Shiragatzi's table.

Of no less importance were the so called "heteromecic" numbers. There seems to be no good English equivalent for this term.

(Boethius called these numbers "alter parte longior"). These "heteromecic" numbers can be found in the table under the heading of "sum of even numbers."<sup>25</sup> Nicomachus describes them in great detail. It seems that the title of "sum of even numbers" suits completely the character of these terms. Actually, by adding the first two even terms we will obtain the second heteromecic term, 6. By adding the first three terms, we will obtain the heteromecic term 12. Heteromecic numbers may also be derived by multiplying the two numbers that follow each other naturally:

$$1 \times 2 = 2; 2 \times 3 = 6; 3 \times 4 = 12; 4 \times 5 = 20; \text{ etc.}$$

The general expression of the heteromecic numbers is  $m(m+1)$ .<sup>26</sup>

After the odd numbers we find a column entitled "cubes." These numbers, with the exception of 8 and 64, are not cubes of real numbers. Apparently the name used by Anania Shiragatzi for these real numbers had been changed or altered by the copyists of the original manuscript. We can also assume that the author of the table wanted to show numbers related to 2, the general expression of which would be  $2^m$ .<sup>27</sup>

The following column is called "special cubes," and the form for these terms can be expressed in the formula  $3^2m$ . These terms belong to the transitory numbers of cubic figures where all the sides of the cube are not equal to each other. Nicomachus calls these numbers "bricks."<sup>28</sup> The last three columns of the table represent geometrical progressions with common ratios equal to 3, 2, and 4 respectively. These columns indicate that ancient Armenians were familiar with geometrical progressions.

In concluding it is pertinent to state that there are no recorded statements concerning the practical application of the mathe-

<sup>25</sup>Nicomachus, Book II, Chapter XVII, p. 254.

<sup>26</sup>Ibid, Book II, Chapter XVI, p. 253.

<sup>27</sup>Ibid, Book II, Chapter XII, p. 248.

<sup>28</sup>Ibid, Book I, Chapters X and XVI, p. 200 and 221.

<sup>24</sup>Toumanian, p. 57.

mathematical knowledge tabulated in the table of polygonal numbers of Anania Shiragatzi either in Armenia or any other existing country at that time. This omission seems rather strange. Before the Arab invasion, the Armenians had built some of the most beautiful and breathtaking churches. During the VII century A.D., and in the beginning of the VIII century A.D., no less than 22 churches were erected. Some of the more famous ones are the St. Hripsimants Vank, the Cathedrals of Talin, Dvin, Mastara, Mren, Talich, and the famous Cathedrals of Zvartnots and Etchmiadzin.<sup>29</sup>

Each of these churches is a recorded witness of the cultural achievements of the people of ancient Armenia. We see the

<sup>29</sup>Khatchatrian, A., "L'Architecture Arménienne, Essai Analytique," *Voston*, Vol. I, 1948-1949, Paris, pp. 128-135.

unmistakable artistry and deep mathematical knowledge of the people who lived at that time. There is nothing haphazard in the construction of these churches. To have been able to build such edifices, the architects and structural engineers must have had a fundamental knowledge of mathematics.

A modern and time-saving device like the exponent, and a handbook of tabulated polygonal numbers could have been "invented" only by a man of genius and great foresight. Relatively little is yet known about this great mathematician of the VII century A.D., but as time goes by, and more manuscripts are found, deciphered, and translated, the name of Anania Shiragatzi will join the ranks of the immortal scientific benefactors of humanity.

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# ROUBEN DER MINASSIAN

REUBEN DARBINIAN

The year 1951 marked the extinction of two Armenian luminaries: Levon Chanth and Rouben Der Minassian. Levon Chanth, a great playwright and literary critic, was well known to the Armenians of the world through his published works, chiefly plays and novels, over a period of sixty years. This was not the case with Rouben Der Minassian who, comparatively speaking, was not so well known among the Armenians. Nor was this surprising, because Rouben was not a man of letters by profession and had little to do with the pen until the latter period of his life. Primarily he was a man of arms, a fighter who spent the greater part of his life underground, and, by virtue of his mostly underground activity, he escaped the public eye.

Only during the brief period of the Independent Republic of Armenia did the name of Rouben enjoy a certain degree of popularity. Were it not for his memoirs which were published in the Hairenik Monthly for thirty long years after the downfall of the Independent Republic, many would have forgotten who he was in his dying days. It was only after his death that freedom aspiring Armenians were moved to bring their tribute of appreciation for the great work which he had accomplished and began to sense the great loss which they had sustained by the death of an incomparable Armenian, a patriot, and a revolutionary.

It can confidently be stated that, after Aram, the hero and emancipator of Van,

no one played such a decisive role in the conversion of the new republic into a living reality as Rouben. The homogeneous population of present Armenia, even if under the Soviet rule, was in a large measure the result of Rouben's political farsightedness, his invincible will, and his resolute action which surmounted all obstacles.

Rouben was born in 1882. I knew him from his childhood days, in 1890 when he was only eight years old. I first met him in Akhalkalak where my parents had taken me to my grandparents, to learn the Armenian language before I entered Russian schools. As a pupil of an elementary school I saw him both inside and outside the school. I was both his classmate and playmate. I still vividly recall how a company of us pupils, including Rouben, planned our "flight" into "Armenia."

In those days, not only the Armenian youth of Caucasus, but even children of ten to twelve, dreamed only of going to Armenia. Although they lived on the soil of Russian Armenia, somehow they all believed that the real Armenia was on the other side of the border — Turkish Armenia. It was there they wanted to go, to help their brothers and sisters who suffered under the bloody Turkish rule.

Years later, Rouben would often remind me of our flight to "Armenia," half jokingly, half seriously. That abortive childish effort of ours had made a profound impression on his mind — an attempt which was destined to be the precursor of his future revolutionary and adventurous life.

Thereafter our paths parted. I left for Tiflis, then Ekaterinodar, to continue my advanced education in Russian schools, while Rouben proceeded to Etchmiadzin to enter the Gevorgian Djemaran (College). The next time I met him was in Moscow where I was a student at the university while he had come to the Lazarevsky Institute as a free lance student. At that time we had a group of Armenian students in Moscow who devoted their time to their "self-improvement." Rouben joined the group and showed special interest in philosophical problems.

I still remember a "thesis" which he read to us, filled with original and abstruse expressions, centering on the following thought: "What begins never ends, and what ends never begins."

It was in the days of the Russo-Japanese war. Rouben, as a reserve officer of the Tsarist army, expected to be sent to Manchuria as soon as the conscription was announced in the military district of Moscow. Being an inveterate foe of the Tsarist regime and reluctant to serve her, he had decided to avoid the conscription. For this reason, he asked me to find out the exact date of the conscription and advise him immediately, to facilitate his escape. He knew that I had contacts with military families through Russian co-eds. And indeed I succeeded in gaining the necessary information two days before the proclamation and sent him word. The same day he departed from Moscow without letting me know where he was headed for. Probably, he himself had no definite idea. Years later I learned that he had gone to the Caucasus, and from there to Turkish Armenia. From his story "In the Crucible of Kars" we learned that, after leaving Moscow, he went to Tiflis, obtained a letter of recommendation from the ARF Supreme Executive, then proceeded to Kars, the "crucible," where he would be



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welded for his chosen revolutionary work in the fatherland about which he was to contribute such imperishable memoirs in later life.

In February or March of 1909, as I was getting ready for my graduation examinations at the university, I received a letter from Rouben written from Istanbul. The letter was a complete surprise for me. Speaking of the advantages of the newly proclaimed Turkish Constitution, Rouben urged me to transfer to Istanbul which, in his opinion, offered a great field of opportunities for young men like me.

I read his letter somewhat amused because in those days I never dreamed that by the next fall I would fulfill his wish, being forced to seek refuge in Istanbul in order to escape the Tsarist persecutions. Unfortunately, by the time of my arrival in Istanbul, Rouben already had left for Geneva to resume his half finished education.

The hubbub of Istanbul left me neither the time nor the disposition to keep in touch with Rouben at least through a

correspondence. It was not until 1912, in the days of the Balkan War, that I received a lengthy letter from him in which he outlined the plan of an armed rebellion in Turkish Armenia and asked me to present it to the supreme executive body of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, and if I agreed with him, that I defend his proposition before that body.

Viewing it in the light of subsequent events, I must confess that his plan was sound, farsighted and practical, with certain assurance of success. Had the plan been implemented, perhaps the Armenians of Turkey could have been saved from the great catastrophe which later befell them. In the friendly atmosphere of Armeno-Turkish cooperation which prevailed in the early days of the Turkish Constitution, however, we were not mentally prepared as yet to adopt and to carry out such a plan of rebellion. Naturally, our Supreme Executive would not even listen to it.

And although his plan was rejected, Rouben could no longer remain in Geneva. He decided to leave at once for the fatherland to follow on the spot the decisive events which he foresaw, and to be with his people in case of an emergency.

Therefore, in the ARF General Congress held in Karin (Erzeroum), as we all know, contrary to the will of the majority, he advocated a plan for the physical preservation of Turkish Armenians far more promising than any other plan which was presented. Viewed in the light of past events, it is safe to say that Rouben's plan was more sound, more farsighted, and politically the correct one than the path which practically all Armenians followed under the leadership of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation.

Naturally, Rouben refused to go to the Caucasus, much less join the volunteer movement which was about to be launched

there in support of Russia. He stayed in the District of Mouch, and having joined that part of the people who armed themselves, fought against the Turks who already had embarked on their plan of exterminating the entire Armenian people. There is no doubt that he would have succeeded in saving the Armenians of Mouch had the Russian armies and the Armenian volunteer bands from Caucasus come to their aid in time as they did in Van.

Unfortunately, the people of Mouch, although their resistance lasted longer than that of Van, could not escape annihilation, because the Russians and the volunteers did not arrive in time to save them. For this reason Rouben, heading his company of warriors, cut his way through the Turkish chain and sought refuge in Caucasus. It is needless to speak of the devastating spiritual anguish which Rouben suffered when he arrived in Caucasus with a handful of braves, after the tragic end of his beloved people of Mouch.

Fortunately, the depressive effect of the tragedy did not last long. Having made a quick recovery, Rouben once again set himself to work, but this time in an entirely altered situation, created by the Russian Revolution. Having been elected a member of the Armenian National Council, he did not linger in Tiflis, but soon moved to Erivan where, first as a member of the Council then member of the Government, he played a memorable and decisive role in the brief history of the Armenian Republic which lasted two and a half years.

It was chiefly due to measures initiated and directed by Rouben that a substantial part of Armenia was purged of hostile alien elements which would not recognize the government of Armenia. It was due to his leadership that the May insurrection of the Bolsheviks against the young Repub-



lic was suppressed. And if Rouben did not emerge victorious from the Armeno-Turkish war, it was not because of his inefficient leadership, but because of the overwhelming superiority of Turco-Russian forces which invaded Armenia from the south and the north.

Rouben spent the last thirty years of his life in exile, away from the fatherland and his people, but that life was never empty nor fruitless. As in the homeland, so in exile, he dedicated his energies to his party, and through that party to his people and their righteous cause. He did his utmost to strengthen the organized power of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation. Through the publication of his matchless memoirs he revived and revitalized the epic generation of our contemporary history, to preserve the flame of The Armenian emancipatory struggle, and to furnish new sources of inspiration and devotion for the younger generation.

Very few Armenian revolutionaries have requited the Turk, eye for eye and tooth for tooth, as Rouben. On the other hand, very few have been so staunch proponents of Armeno-Turkish cooperation as he. Rouben wanted to see Armenia purged from all hostile, irreconcilable alien enemies, and yet he sincerely wished to establish an enduring friendship with that enemy, because he was firmly convinced that, without such friendship, the Armenian people would never be safe and free in the fatherland.

He was an inveterate foe of Communism, but his enmity was more political than ideological. In the winter of 1919, when I escaped from the Soviet Union and arrived in Erivan, I lived with Rouben for two months and for long hours I related to him the tyranny of the Soviet regime, but he, after listening to me for weeks, remained non committal. He took a definite stand only when the Communist

armies conquered Azerbaijan and threatened the independence of Armenia.

After he had comprehended the real nature of the Soviet regime, Rouben naturally could not help but vigorously oppose the plan of expanding the boundaries of Soviet Armenia during the last war, as well as the repatriation movement, because both the plan of expansion and the repatriation, in his opinion, could not possibly help the Armenian Cause but could only serve the Soviet's imperialism.

Rouben never became an ideologist, on the other hand he was never an opportunist. He was never disposed to surrender an iota of our fundamental principles or our political goal, for the sake of a temporary advantage.

Rouben had a great affection for the peasantry as a class, because he regarded the peasantry as the backbone of the Armenian people, the most healthy, clean, honest, virtuous and the most virile element. He had no great love for the so-called intelligentsia as a class, because, although himself an intellectual, he was essentially a man of work, whereas he saw in the intellectuals the exponents of mere words, and often empty words.

It is significant that Rouben had no special love for the proletariat as well, because he regarded them as the offspring of contemporary big cities with all its vices. It was the village which Rouben loved, but never the city.

Having been a student at the Gevorgian College, he was deeply attached to Etchmiadzin and the Armenian Church. I remember his violent reaction to an editorial of mine in which I had defended the view that the Armenian churches of the dispersion should sever their ties temporarily from the Catholicosate of Etchmiadzin which is dominated by Moscow, and should come under the jurisdiction of the Catholicos of Cilicia, to spare the

Armenian people from the Soviet's highly dangerous and compromising interventions during the present stormy period. It seemed Rouben loved Etchmiadzin not only from political considerations but from spiritual and religious motives.

Although he was the son of a well to do family, he was parsimonious both by inclination and deeply rooted convictions. And yet, his austerity was unlike that of Simon Zavarian. Rouben did not force his austerity on any one; he wanted to change them by his example.

With the exception of Nicol Aghbalian I have met no one among the Armenian intellectuals who was so original in his thinking, in his mode of life, and his actions. He was a shrewd observer and a born philosopher; he accepted nothing without a minute and critical examination. His was a scientific mind. He undoubtedly would have become a great scholar or philosopher had he not become a revolutionary.

In Rouben's temperament there was a strong streak of the adventurer without which he could hardly have become "Rouben Pasha" in Mouch. In this and in a number of other aspects he was highly like the noted Englishman Lawrence of Arabia who contributed so much to the liberation of the Arabs from the Turkish yoke.

It seemed Rouben also was a believer in the next life although he was bashful in speaking about it. He always referred to it jokingly. In a personal letter to me, January 20, 1937, he wrote:

"As far as I am concerned, this life brought me nothing. Let's see what the next life will bring, if it ever exists. Just now my imagination took me back to our childhood days and I remembered you when you were getting ready to move from Akhalkalak to Tiflis to enter the Russian high school. How I wish we were in Akhalkalak once again, could drink from

the waters of Koulikam, could catch the trout and broil it on the bank of the river. You know something, my friend? I suffer much from this exile; the earth is drawing me to itself, I seem to hurry as I go along. I don't know if this is a sign of approaching death, if really I shall depart . . ."

To my incessant entreaties to come to America, in his letter of February 28, 1937, he wrote:

"It seems we shall never see each other again. What business have I in America? What shall I do there? I can't reconcile my mind to it, and I don't want to come to those parts. I want to go to the fatherland, but that is not permitted to me. Therefore, there only remains the grave, after which we might meet."

And yet, despite his premonition, I met him in the fall of 1947 in Cairo, Egypt, on the occasion of the 14th ARF General Congress, and once again last October in Paris, on my way to the 15th General Congress in Cairo. When I tried to persuade him to accompany me to the Congress, Rouben said to me:

"My work with living men is ended. You and others may continue that work. Leave me alone to finish my story of the dead before my departure. I have hardly concentrated my mind on my task. Do not cut off the thread of my thoughts. Do not separate me from my world. Otherwise, I shall never be able to resume the thread of my memoirs."

Unfortunately, he was neither able to attend the Congress and for the last time to see his friends, nor was he able to complete his memoirs. The lurking death came sooner than he or we expected.

After the fall of the Independent Republic of Armenia, in the latter part of March, 1922, when I came to the United States and settled in Boston as editor of *Hairenik*, from the first day I tried to realize my cherished plan of publishing an Armenian

monthly magazine. I was sure that the United States, due to its material resources and its free climate, was the best place in those days, as it is today, for the realization of such a plan.

When I explained my plan to our Central Executive Committee, and later to our Annual Conference, it was received with general enthusiasm. One of the reasons for this warm reception was the fact that the new monthly would give our expatriated intellectuals and revolutionary fighters an opportunity to put into writing their diaries in return for a modest compensation which they sorely needed. In its decision to publish the monthly the Central Committee had also in mind the dire condition of our expatriated fellow members, and, in accordance with my proposition, decided to send some of them regular modest pensions to enable them to devote their entire time to the writing of their memoirs by way of providing constant material for the new publication. Included among these were: Levon Chanth, Nicol Aghbalian, H. Kachaznoui, and one or two others. We decided to send regular sums to several others for the same purpose. Among the latter was Rouben.

At the same time we sent letters to many of our fellow members asking them to collaborate with the monthly with their memoirs of other contributions, promising them certain remuneration for their labor. Rouben was one of those few who reluctantly accepted our offer especially in regard to compensation. It is true that as early as the summer of 1921, he had started to write his memoirs on his closest comrades in arms in Tabriz. Later, he continued his work in Geneva. But he did this simply in order to keep himself busy, and at the same time to furnish material for the ARF archives. He could not be easily reconciled with the thought of ac-

cepting remuneration for his services, nor with the publication of his memoirs.

When, at the decision of our Central Committee, we sent him a sum of 150 dollars so that he would feel easier in writing for the Monthly, in his letter of August 15, 1922, Rouben wrote modestly:

"It was depressing to me since this is the first time that I have merited the personal attention of my comrades. It is hard for me to merit such attention. At the same time I was glad, because my financial condition is far from enviable. I live from day to day, and from hand to mouth. I do not know how I shall live a few months from now."

When, upon our insistence, Rouben finally began to send his memoirs for publication in the new periodical, we found it necessary to write him an encouraging letter each time to hasten the next instalments. Not that he was indolent, but he was afraid that his writings were not interesting enough, that they were tiresome, that he better stop writing. He often expressed his doubts as to their value and always wanted to know the reaction of the readers. In his letter of October 20, 1923, he wrote:

"In a few days I will send you the continuation of my memoirs, although I had written to you that I will never send them. Simon (Vratzian) and a few other friends urged me to continue writing until I finished. I don't know if what I am writing amounts to very much. Please, write and tell me the reaction of the readers. Don't you find them boring? I wish you would write a serious literary criticism and let me read it. But don't publish your criticism as Vahan (Navasardian) did in Houssaper, because such luxuries (appreciation) effect me rather adversely than a serious criticism which will improve my writing."

In another letter written in the same

year (1923), quite encouraged by the appreciative letters he had received, Rouben wrote with his characteristic modesty of ascribing his merits to others:

"It looks like you are doing a good job of editing my writings. I have been getting quite a few letters from Iran, Syria, Egypt, and the Balkans. They all seem to be pleased with the Hairenik Monthly and my writings. They all thank me, without knowing that you are the one who is editing them. All the same, if the resurrection of the old capital will help bolster the morale of our followers, I feel contented, although I never delude myself into thinking that I am a writer."

It is true that his writings needed close editing. He was a careless writer, and his handwriting was illegible. He never respected the laws of punctuation. His grammar was faulty, and so was his orthography. His language was a mixture of the Eastern and Western Armenian, sometimes used in the same sentence. But his style was tightly knit, original and forceful. There was no extra fat in his writing, no verbosity or redundancy, not a superfluous sentence or word. His ideas, no matter how extraordinary, were always expressed with clarity and precision, and often with beauty and force. What he wrote was original, interesting, and alive, never boring. His exceptional talent for observation, his unusual capacity for penetrating the souls of men, his rare ability to appraise his characters and events with his own mind instead of relying on the opinion of others, his splendid memory, and his talent to describe his characters and events which bordered on the artistic, his philosophical approach to individuals and nations, the Armenians in particular, and finally his unprecedented and comprehensive acquaintance with the Armenian background lent weight and prestige to his word.

For that very reason it was imperative that his writings were published without any linguistic or grammatical faults. This duty naturally devolved upon the editors of Hairenik which, during the initial years, Asadour (Khederian) and I cheerfully performed. Later, when Asadour became sufficiently used to Rouben's handwriting, he cheerfully did the editing for years. Beginning with 1948, however, after an interruption of several years, when Rouben resumed his memoirs, the delightful task of editing his memoirs devolved upon my shoulders which I carried on until the February issue of the Monthly, 1952, in which was published the remainder of his manuscript after he was dead.

"Your complimentary remarks about my writings are comforting to me," Rouben wrote in one of his letters, "although I have no such high opinion. The secret of writing, in my opinion, first of all is the subject matter, but equally essential is the way of saying it, the beauty of form. It is the latter, especially, that I cannot do full justice. My misfortune is that I have neither language nor the style. And although I realize this failure of mine, but I am unable to learn well either the Armenian or any other language. How I wish I had a good knowledge of the Kurdish language, but that too, is beyond my ability. What can I do? Won't you show me a way?"

It is interesting that some of our literary men, seeing the writings of such non-literary men as Rouben, Sepouh, Sassouni, Malkas and some others published in the Hairenik Monthly, used to complain to me in their letters that the Monthly is being filled with "Kurdish" literature. Fortunately, the written and oral expression of appreciation and admiration on the part of a host of modest readers were living proof that these very same "Kurds" spoke to the hearts of the people, and that their

writings had a permanent historical and artistic value.

As to Rouben's memoirs in particular, it can confidently be stated that none of our contemporary chroniclers were able to present the character of our revolutionary generation of the latter sixty years, its psychology, its character, its strivings, its ideology, its devotion, its fanaticism, its austerity, its heroic flights, and the plethora of its salient figures and events so genuinely, so vividly, and so completely as did Rouben. We can even say that Rouben's memoirs constitute a priceless fount of source material for the historian of the contemporary Armenian epic. And, truly, they are a boundless source of material for the creative activity of present and future epic writers. "The Bride of Tatrakom," the theme of which Costan Zarian borrowed from Rouben, is but one example. There are hundreds of similar themes scattered within Rouben's pages each of which can become a masterpiece like the "Bride of Tatrakom" in the hands of an artist.

From Rouben's memoirs, more than any other writings, the reader can gain an accurate and clear understanding of that life giving fountain which gave birth to, and which still sustains the power of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, because none of our intellectuals has been able to penetrate so deeply the soul of our revolutionary generation of the past sixty years, no one has presented it to the public with such authenticity and genuineness as did Rouben.

The interest created by the publication of Rouben's memoirs in the Hairenik Monthly was so great that, in 1925, encouraged by many approving letters, I wrote to him about the desirability of publishing them in book form. In his reply of August 12, 1925, he wrote:

"I would not oppose the publication of

my memoirs in book form if they were completed. Besides, such a project would entail certain additions, such as photographs, of which I have quite a collection. This will mean a considerable expense, although I firmly believe the final product will take care of that expense. However, to spare the Party a further burden, and to spare you and me from probable criticism, I advise you to give up the idea."

A few years later, in his letter of May 20, 1931, Rouben wrote to me: "Everyone advises me to publish my memoirs in book form, but no one tells me how it can be done. It seems they all think I am a millionaire."

To this end I applied to the Central Executive of the Compatriotic Union of Taron-Tourouberan, but these rejected the idea with various excuses which now I have forgotten. It was not until the days of the last war that, at the suggestion of Drtad Kazanjian, one day Levon Hagopian wrote me a letter from Fresno promising to defray the entire cost of the printing of Rouben's memoirs and enjoying me to begin at once. I explained to Hagopian that there was some necessary preliminary work, such as revision and completion of the manuscript, as well as the illustrations. On the other hand, we had no contact with the author on account of the war. I advised him to postpone the project until after the war when we could resume our relations with Rouben. Meanwhile, I suggested, there was something he could do. We had the manuscript of Costan Zarian's book, "The Ship on the Mountain," which lay on our shelves because we had no publisher. Levon Hagopian gladly agreed to publish this book.

A few years after the war, when Rouben resumed the publication of his memoirs in the Hairenik Monthly, having moved from Lebanon to Paris, two esteemed friends from Fresno, Harry Carian and



Alex Pilibos, at the suggestion and cooperation of Drtad Kazanjian, conceived an idea which was unprecedented in our annals. They decided to establish a private press in order to publish the complete works of Rouben.

I have no doubt that, had Rouben been alive, he would have seen the publication of all ten volumes of his works in a very short time. Just now, as I write these lines, I cannot tell just how much his untimely death will affect the publication of his complete works. I know, however, that besides his memoirs, Rouben has left many manuscripts on equally valuable subjects. One of these is a study on Cilicia. It would be highly desirable that these manuscripts too were published.

Among the Armenian revolutionary leaders Rouben was the most fortunate of all, not only because it was his good fortune to have two exemplary patrons who admired him and who were devoted to his ideals, but especially because, without any effort on his part, he had many admirers who supported the publication of his works, morally and materially, with spontaneous and enthusiastic devotion. It was a unique honor which no other Armenian revolutionary has merited to this day.

I have no doubt that these volumes, published by the unusual sacrifices of Harry

Carian, Alex Pilibos and Drtad Kazanjian, will become a perpetual source of inspiration for future generations. I am confident they will become a good example for others. And once this magnificent set is published, I believe the reading Armenian public will buy it so quickly that a second edition will become necessary in a short time.

By making this set available to the public the publishers had intended to turn the entire proceeds over to Rouben to enable him to continue his work free of anxiety until his death. Unfortunately, Rouben's premature death prevented him from taking advantage of this intended comfort.

All the same, it is difficult to imagine a more fitting way of paying tribute, and immortalizing the memory of Rouben than the publication of this valuable set of volumes which now is at the disposal of the public. Not only will they serve as an inexhaustable source of material for the future historian, but for our writers and artists as well. And for this splendid legacy we are indebted not only to Rouben who supplied the precious material, but to the abovementioned three friends whose personal sacrifice was chiefly instrumental in materializing such a magnificent work.



# Poets are Vagabonds

P. K. THOMAJAN



*They are eternal meanderers relaxed to the drift of destiny.  
Quill-o'-the-wisps responsive to the mood of the moment.  
The prose of mere living disconcerts their beings . . . they must  
hop, skip and jump to quickening quirks.  
From the scum of existence they breed the fairest flowers.  
Theirs is a rhythmic all their own where two and two never  
make four.*

*These old rips live life to tatters.*

*Their noodles are a constant open house for vagrant notions.  
Dummies and rummies, rubes and boobs, cats and dogs, are  
their best pals.*

*They eat dirt or live on thin air . . . bask in cellars and  
garrets.*

*To them life is a great big loaf and they are content to live  
on its crumbs.*

*These rolling stones acquire a rare wanderlustre.*

*They cast their pearls before swine and are willing to get  
paid off in marbles.*

*Somehow these slap-happy-go-lucky chameleons manage to have  
a rainbow existence.*

*They never hesitate to swing in mid-air to catch things on  
the fly.*

*Theirs is a vice-versatility that is seldom impeded by  
inhibitions.*

*These jousting freebooters have a fervent relish for all that  
is off-color and off-the-beaten path.*

*Theirs is the flip attitude that the world is a transient  
flophouse.*

*Nothing is permanent and every set-up no more than a  
one-night stand.*

*Life is a three-ring berserkus to these serio-comic clowns.*

*These artful dodgers are truants from the university of  
hard knocks.*

*The only place they want in the sun is a park bench on  
a warm day.*

*The elixir of life comes in swallows that yield merry larks.  
These ribald-headed roustabouts love to live with a bold  
nonchalance . . . ride their untamed genius . . . bareback.  
They can dawdle with the most inane trivia . . . then disgorge  
a volcanic conception.*

*They shuffle off all labels . . . thus avoid being railroaded  
into the world's conventional pigeon-holes.*

*To them . . . ode is far more important than code.*

*They keep their brains mentally immaculate by changing  
their minds every other minute.*

*Nothing collects and grows stale in their systems for they are in  
a constant state of discharge.*

*Intoxicated with the split-second . . . they are drunk with  
evanescent phenomena.*

*How they love to wag their shaggy manes with a defiant  
roar . . . knocking the props out from under propriety.*

*These mercurial minstrels wear the ways of the world as a  
baggy garment . . . to which they eventually give the sack.*

*To be forever at their wit's end, to them . . . is the  
beginning of wisdom.*

*These pierrots of the moment never keep a watch on their  
wrists or on themselves.*

*Tomorrow's dreads hold no fear for they are satisfied with  
yesterday's bread.*

*Their raggle-taggle existences trip along on a light fantastic  
note till they stumble into oblivion.*

*Their inspirational production was merely a by-product of  
life lived to the hilt with a glad-mad tilt!*



# STEVEN DEROUNIAN—OUR FIRST CONGRESSMAN

ARAM MARKARIAN

When New York Republicans last year were confronted with the problem of seeking a successor to dynamic US Representative Hall of the Second New York Congressional District, they found their task not an easy one. A young man was wanted, one with a solid party background who intended to make Washington his career, acquire the years of service necessary for seniority committeeships. North Hempstead, Long Island, submitted the name of Steven B. Derounian, a member of its Town Board, long an ardent party worker, and a war veteran with a distinguished record. This nomination was accepted, and Steven B. Derounian, the son of immigrant parents, was elected to Congress in the November, 1952, elections.

He thus became the very first American of Armenian extraction to serve in the Congress of these United States.

An attorney, Derounian rose from a buck private to Captain in the 411th Infantry of the 7th Army's 103rd Combat Division. He was wounded in France, received the "Purple Heart," "Bronze Star" and the combat infantryman's badge. A resident of Mineola, L. I., he was graduated with honors from local schools, received his bachelor's degree from New York University (1938) and his LLB from Fordham (1942).

Congressman Derounian was born April 6, 1918. A Presbyterian by religion, he is married to the former Emily Ann Ken-



CONG. STEVEN DEROUNIAN

nard, of San Antonio, Texas, who is the holder of "Woman's Sharpshooting Awards." The Derounians have a daughter, four months of age.

When Rep. Derounian was a student at Mineola High School, he won the American Legion medal. He is now Americanism officer of the County Legion, a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and secretary of the Nassau County Reserve Officers Association. For a number of years, Mr. Derounian was chairman of the county Republican Recruits.

Elected to the North Hempstead Town

Board in 1947 and 1951, he has proved a local legislator with a keen sense of responsibility.

Congressman Derounian is a member of the Nassau County, New York State and

American Bar Associations; director, treasurer of the Nassau County Christian Council. He also served as Chairman of the North Hempstead Cancer Crusade and is a 32nd Degree Mason.

## On Wisdom

*Poor fools were ye to tear  
mine eyes in wrath from out  
their tortured rims, and then  
to hail me beggar blind,  
and cast me thus to grope  
for bread amidst a hellish  
host of foes. Poor fools!  
Did not ye leave my mind?*

*Then how could ye be blind  
to blazing coals of truth  
that burn within my soul?  
For am I not — and all —  
the image of my God?  
What need has HE for eyes  
to see, for ears to hear  
sweet angel's trumpet call!*

*Oh liken not the absence  
of mine eyes to plight  
of him who grovels e'er  
in deep'ning mire and chooses  
creed of ignorance  
and dies a living death.*

*But liken me instead  
to blessed one who loses  
not the windows of his  
soul from which to view  
the glories, joys of life,  
when loses he his eyes.*

*Poor fools, blind fools, YE are!  
And I but pity you.  
Ah — blessed man am I,  
whom pain but made full-wise.*

— PATRICIA TAFRALIAN.



# MOHAMMED FARID

LEON SURMELIAN

Reprinted from the University of Kansas City Review, Autumn, 1952,  
with the permission of both the editors and the author.

He was a fat swarthy man wearing conservative English clothes and a black bowler hat, a gold chain hanging on his ample vest, and so foreign in appearance that I walked up to him and introduced myself when the class was over. He turned out to be an Egyptian and his name was Mohammed Farid.

"*Turkje biliorsun?*" I said.

"No, I can't speak Turkish," he said to my surprise. "Just a few words. How long have you been here?"

"This is my second year. You are new?"

"I arrived last week, still feeling my way about, getting oriented."

"You'll like this college," I said.

"It has an excellent reputation. I heard about it in England."

That made me feel good. Its fame had reached England. He said he had attended an English agricultural college before coming to America. He took a card from his wallet, jotted down his address on it with a gold pencil and asked me to have dinner with him. "It's nice to meet someone from my part of the world," he said.

I didn't know how friendly I wanted to get with his man. I saw crescents and scimitars behind his smiling face — the sharp skyward thrust of minarets — ragged dervishes walking through oriental bazaars crying "Allah-hoo!" which used to terrify me when I was a child — men washing their hands and feet at old marble fountains with Arabic inscriptions on them, getting

ready for their prayers, and others prostrating themselves in the mosque, with their shoes left at the door. I recalled the Moslem creed I had refused to recite, preferring death to the renunciation of my Christian faith, those terrible words, *La ilah ill' Allah, Mohammed rassoul Allah* — "There is no God but Allah and Mohammed in his prophet."

But this Mohammed with his bowler hat and English accent looked harmless enough and I thought I'd risk a dinner with him. I tried to be diplomatic. Mussulman mobs, in Egypt as elsewhere, were in the habit of rising periodically and crying death to foreigners and infidels, and I thought a man like him might be useful in saving Armenian lives and property in Egypt.

Farid lived in the home of a professor of engineering, who opened the door when I rang the bell and took me to a room upstairs. A Moslem living in a Christian home — that in itself was something unusual. To the American professor Farid was just another foreign student and renting him a room made for "international good will and understanding." To me he was somebody who had wandered to America from the enemy camp.

Farid had been reading his Arabic newspapers, whose very sight scared me. I saw daggers and snakes in that familiar script, so strange in Kansas, so out of place.

"Make yourself comfortable," he said, offering me a chair. "I've asked a friend to

join us — an Arab from Palestine. I think you'll enjoy meeting him."

I wondered. What was this, a Moslem invasion? There were already two students from Pakistan who passed around propaganda pamphlets written by Indian apologists of Islam. One of these authors, writing in an impressive scholarly style, went as far as to say that there is no fundamental difference between Christianity and Islam, but I knew better.

A family portrait on Farid's dresser attracted my attention.

"That's my brother in London with his English wife and children," he said.

How could an English woman marry a Moslem? An Armenian woman would never do it voluntarily. She looked happy too. As a family picture it was charming, but its implications disturbed me. She had probably adopted her husband's faith, as Islamic law required.

On his bedside table Farid had two large Arabic volumes.

"They are dream books," he said. "Rather valuable. They belonged to my father, and before him to his father. Books like this aren't printed any more."

No doubt it was consulted in Yildiz palace when Abdul Hamid reigned in Turkey, and in the haremlis of Cairo, Istanbul and Trebizond, I thought.

"You believe in dreams?" I said.

"Don't you? This is a very wise old book. You tell me your dreams and we'll look them up in this book and find out what they mean."

But I was already above such oriental superstitions. I was reading Freud and Jung.

Presently his friend came in. He was younger, about my age, light skinned, with short curly black hair, who spoke perfect English through his Bedouin nose. His name was Jemal Ahmed.

"Jemal used to be my name too," I said.

"But how? You are Armenian," said my namesake.

I didn't want to tell them the story, it was too long and painful. But both became curious and I said briefly that my parents were killed in the massacre at Trebizond and a Turk had "adopted" me and named me Jemal. I wondered what their reaction would be. Would they say, "It's too bad, but when a country is at war fighting for its life such regrettable excesses happen?" Would they dismiss the wholesale murder of defenseless men, women and children as an inevitable and even justifiable measure of self-protection?

"The Armenians have suffered much," said Farid. "We like them in Egypt. Perhaps you know that we had an Armenian prime minister not long ago, Nubar Pasha."

I was glad to hear him mention that statesman, who reformed and modernized Egypt after it seceded from Turkey.

"Nubar Pasha introduced many improvements in your country," I said.

"He was an excellent administrator," said Farid.

Ahmed also spoke a few words of sympathy, after which I didn't look upon them as hereditary enemies. To me there had never been much difference between Turks and Tartars, or Kurds, Lazes, Arabs — all were suspect. In Turkish government statistics they had always been in one column together, classified as Moslems, which was synonymous with Turks, for Islam scarcely recognized racial or national divisions within its family and the Turkish government did not recognize them at all.

Farid took us to a good restaurant, and it struck me strange that I should be dining with two Moslems. I had spent most of my life in Turkey but never had any social relations with Moslems, the barrier of religion was too great, and it was here in Kansas, ironically enough, that I met Arabs for the first time. I broke bread with them, as it were, to forget our past differences.

But I couldn't bring myself to call them by their first names. It was impossible for me to say "Mohammed." My lips refused to pronounce that word. And "Jemal" brought back ghastly memories. I called them by their last names.

After dinner we went to a movie. Farid was an ardent movie fan. By the time I returned to my room I was their friend. They ate, walked, smiled or laughed like me. We had so many thoughts and sentiments in common that I almost forgot they were Moslems and Arabs.

From that day on I was their constant companion. Ahmed had attended the American University in Beirut and was already Americanized, and I didn't mind it too much that he had a Koran with him. He was studying agriculture in order to teach the Arabs of Palestine American methods of farming. He saw the salvation of his people in the adoption of modern technical and scientific skills, and was out to catch up with the Zionists, as he always called the Jews in Palestine, with their new agricultural developments, with their experts and machines. He didn't want the Arabs to be left behind, or all will be lost, he said rightly. He was a worried man. A good student, and so likeable that he became president of the Cosmopolitan Club while the only office I managed to get elected to in the Cosmopolitan Club was that of marshal, to which I gave its more military meaning when, standing erect like a soldier, I swore the new members in.

But Ahmed fell out with Farid, who accused him of using black magic on him. It was the most absurd thing I had heard, but I couldn't convince the superstitious Egyptian with his ancient dream books that his fears were imaginary, that Ahmed wouldn't harm anyone, and least of all a fellow-Arab. I tried to reconcile them, but Farid refused to speak to Ahmed any more, whom he claimed to know

better than I did.

The old East still lingered in Farid, despite his English clothes and college textbooks, and I tried to root the dark Sudan out of his mind. If an Armenian could reform and modernize the whole of Egypt I didn't see why I couldn't reform one Egyptian and make him forget his jinn and the Evil Eye.

Farid was probably the richest student in college. He lived on the income of his cotton plantations in Egypt, and in a pinch foreign students could borrow from him. He was generous with his money and always picked up the check if dining with friends in a restaurant. He moved to a two-room apartment, where he felt freer, though it wasn't in a particularly desirable building. He furnished his rooms with oriental rugs and silks.

"You live like a pasha," I said.

"I am a pasha," he said with his shy smile.

I didn't know he belonged to one of the most influential families in Egypt. I urged him to pass himself off as a prince, and on occasion, very much to his discomfort, I introduced him as "Prince Farid" and pretended to be his secretary. He was of such retiring nature I couldn't drag him to any meeting or party with me. He wouldn't even join the Cosmopolitan Club, and not because of Ahmed. He was too self-conscious. He thought everybody would be looking at him and see how ungainly he was in appearance. He exercised regularly with dumbbells and was by no means like one of those fat flabby pashas I had seen puffing along with the last Sultan's and Caliph's brougham in Istanbul, drawn by a pair of splendid horses with docked tails.

He was no scholar, though he studied hard enough. I tried to help him with his college work, but it was tough going. On Sundays we cooked pilav, green beans or

okras with lamb and other Near Eastern dishes in his kitchenette and played backgammon. He wanted me to go to Egypt with him and manage his properties there.

I was already doing some managing. I helped him make his purchase in local stores and acted as his guide and companion — and meanwhile enlightened him on America and the West.

"But I don't trust Western women," he said. "My brother was lucky, his wife is an exception. My experiences with Western women have been unfortunate. They took me, as Americans say, for a ride. They care for nothing but money and good times."

However, he was quite taken up with his chemistry teacher and took her to dinner a few times and gave her an expensive Christmas present: which tickled my Armenian funnybone. I couldn't help laughing when I saw them dining together. She was a quiet woman about his age, or a little older. He wouldn't tell me his age, but I took him to be about twenty-eight — so much older than I that he was a mature portly man in my eyes.

During the summer vacation he took a long trip, wearing a white suit and a Panama hat, in which he looked almost handsome. He was always neat and immaculate and practiced that excellent Moslem precept of cleanliness being next to godliness. I wore a white suit too — in the college dairy barn. I took care of a group of high-producing pure-bred cows, milking them four times a day, which made it necessary for me to sleep in the barn. I earned ninety dollars a month, and meanwhile went to summer school.

Farid came back in September and told me about the Grand Canyon, Niagara Falls, the automobile factories in Detroit, New York, Washington. In Washington he visited his uncle, who was the Egyptian ambassador.

Indian students living in the same building with Farid often gathered in his apartment. Their rooms were quite bare in comparison, although one or two were reputed to be rich. They argued with me about the West. I loathed Asia with its ignorance, its miseries, its cruelties, its mysticism. The leader of these Indians, a brilliant veterinarian holding a string of degrees from Indian and American universities — all of which were printed on his card — never forgave America for he had been thrown out of a train when he refused to ride in a Jim Crow car, being mistaken for a Negro because of his dark coloring. He spoke not only as an Indian, but an Asian patriot, and saw nothing good in the West. He considered Indian civilization superior to that of the West. He would take nothing from America except the knowledge he needed in his specialty, "and how to use the machine guns," as he put it. Farid took no part in these arguments, and let me slug it out with his Indian guests, and particularly with this veterinary doctor.

One day my Egyptian friend said to me, "You are going to churches all the time. Why don't you take me with you? Why are you so surprised? I'd like it very much."

"Okay," I said. "Next Sunday we'll go to the Congregational Church — and I'll introduce you as His Royal Highness, Prince Farid of Egypt."

On our way to church I told him about the Christian religion and answered his questions as best I could.

"We recognize Christ as a prophet," he said, "and honor him for it."

"He wasn't just a prophet," I said. "He was the Son of God, and He was God. He was divine — in human form. We believe like you that there is only one God, but our God is a trinity — the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Sounds compli-

cated, doesn't it? I can't say I understand it very well myself. We Christians accept these things with faith rather than reason."

"Christ was the Son of Mary and Joseph?"

"Of Mary, but not of Joseph. He was born by what we call the Immaculate Conception — Joseph had nothing to do with it. Joseph was a good man, a carpenter by trade. Christ always said, 'My father in heaven.'"

Farid listened carefully to what I said, though I didn't think it made much sense to him. Islam was a more simple and perhaps logical religion than Christianity — designed, originally, for the primitive people of the desert, as my instructor of medieval history used to say in the Armenian Central School of Istanbul. He used to dramatize the rise and military conquests of Islam — how it spread like wildfire among rude backward peoples, but could make no headway among Christians and superior pagans, and maintained its solidarity among the peoples it had subdued by the sword by making apostasy from Islam punishable by death.

"I'll tell you what Christianity is in one word: love. Forget the Trinity, the Immaculate Conception and all that stuff. Christians are still quarreling over what Christ meant, or the apostles meant, or the Fathers of the Church meant. But they all agree on one thing: love. To us, God is love. You see, Farid, ours isn't a religion to be spread or maintained by the sword. It champions the weak against the strong, the poor against the rich. We don't have *Dar-ul-Islam* and *Dar-el-Harb*. For us the world isn't divided into two — the country of peace on one side, for the believers, and the country of war on the other side, for infidels — for Goures like me. It's peace and love for all. Christ said, Love your enemies. If they strike you on one cheek, turn them the other. Resist not evil. That's the whole thing in

a nutshell. Of course, we Christians don't live up to it. It's not the fault of our religion that Christians kill, hate, have prejudices."

Farid wanted to show himself as being broadminded. He was a man of good will. He followed the simple dignified service of the church with respectful attention, sitting or standing with me in the last row. I tried to appear a better Christian than I was, singing the hymns and bowing my head in silent prayer with the rest of the congregation. When the service was over he begged me not to introduce him to anyone and we slipped out of the church before the minister could shake our hands.

"Well, how did you like it?" I asked him.

"It was very interesting . . . different from what I thought it would be," Farid said, thoughtfully.

I was absorbed in my own thoughts, and we walked on in silence for some time. A wild idea occurred to me — Christians and Moslems uniting and becoming as friendly as Farid and I were. I thought it would open a new chapter in the history of the world. Each side could keep its theology. There were some good things in the Koran also, not so different from our Christian ethics, and we could forget the past and find a common ground of cooperation and good will with them. I saw myself at the head of a movement to unite Moslems and Christians — Christians speaking in mosques, Moslems in churches, during a special brotherhood week set aside for that purpose — and myself addressing the biggest crowds of all, from Cairo to Bombay.

Maybe that Indian apologist of Islam wasn't so far off the mark. A man could be a Moslem and still be a good man, like Farid.

My Egyptian friend dropped out of



college before graduating and I lost track of him after a brief correspondence. Years later I met Ahmed in California. He was buying seeds for an agricultural project in Palestine, where he had established himself as a government expert. We spent a few days together driving up and down

the Coast and remembering our college days in Kansas.

"Have you heard from Farid?" I asked him. "I wonder what happened to him?"

"Don't you know?" said Ahmed. "Farid became a Christian."

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## *Illusion*

*When I look up at the clouds,  
... the silky mountains hung from the finger of God.  
I feel that the earth is a Valley,  
Infinite like the desires of my heart.*

*And in this valley-earth,  
Every side is a beginning as well as an end  
In every side there is the voice of time,  
That calls me through the wind, the grass and sand.*

*Since I, myself,  
A beginning and end  
Have come into this valley.  
And learned how to walk.*

*And I, wearied of this valley  
Climb the summit of a mountain  
But when I look up at the sky,  
I feel myself in the valley again.*

*And the mountains on which I stand  
Looks like a pebble in a land.*

*Every thing is with me  
... the wind and sea, the grass and trees  
Even the birds that are flying  
Over my head and over the Valley.*

—LOOTFI MINAS

# A PERSIAN STORY

JACK KARAPETIAN

## I

Teheran was larger and more exciting a city than what Pirouz and his new bride, Parvin had expected. It took them almost two hours to walk from the Bazaar to the King's Palace and from there to Istanbul Avenue where the city carries more of a Parisian breath. There were so many new and strange things to see that Pirouz felt as if he was walking in one of the fairy-lands of his childhood. He did not know where to look and in what direction to go.

Although it was the beginning of December, an unusual heat hung on the white, tall buildings, shimmering on the dark grey pavements and the city carried a pleasant festive mood. It seemed as though everybody was out to celebrate the revival of the summer. The wide sidewalks were filled with busy fashionable pedestrians, the women *a la franca* and without *chader*, spreading the seductive scent of rich Persian perfumes behind them, and the shiny automobiles were running steadily along the avenue, mixed with the caravans of exhausted donkeys and never-ending fleet of *doroshkes*. And every now and then a stream of warm exotic music came from the nearby cafes and music shops and melted in the feverish rhythm of the avenue.

Pirouz held his wife's small hand tighter and with his other hand pulled a large blue handkerchief from his belt and dried the sweat off his brown face, his short muscular neck and then his dark hairy chest. He was a young peasant in the middle of his twenties, but a hill of man,

hard, tall and clumsy. Everything about him bore a raw and mountainous quality. When walking, a certain stoop of the square shoulders, reducing his height to six feet, gave you the impression of a falling rock. Pirouz had difficulty in adjusting his strong but otherwise massive legs on the pavement. Walking in the crowd was rather a new experience for him which he disliked utterly.

"Why so many people?" His small, deep black eyes registered the naivete of a child. "There must be a wedding going on someplace in one of these big palaces." He pointed to the Central Fish Market which was decorated haphazardly with over-sized mirrors, rugs and every sort of flower pots.

"I do not know, my Master," said Parvin, "I wish we could see a city wedding." She was a small delicate creature, hardly fifteen years of age, from head to toe clad in a black *chader*.

"There must be a wedding," he concluded loudly.

Some of the pedestrians turned back for another glimpse of his biblical antics, and some of them even made jibing remarks to each other. Pirouz wore a pair of homemade leather sandals, which were tied firmly with a black cord around his ankles. A faded green wide pantaloony-like thing covered his legs and waist and a dark brown tunic hung loosely from his shoulders. He also carried a bundle on his back.

Standing and hesitating in the middle of the sidewalk, Pirouz and his wife were

more confused than surprised with the extraordinary commotion of the avenue. Several times he bumped awkwardly against the passerbys. Once, he almost knocked off the hat of a woman who turned angrily and insulted him saying: "Are you blind? You dirty peasant!" Pirouz did not mind the insult. He was too busy admiring the splendor of multicolor electric lights glittering on the facade of a big cinema.

"Another palace?" Parvin exclaimed in joy, unveiling her little round face. Her face was shining like a fresh sunflower, her lips apart like the beak of a curious canary and two dagger-like black eyebrows met each other right above her nose where a blue beauty mark was tattooed.

"Yes," confirmed Pirouz, "these are all palaces and they all belong to the *Shahins-hah*."

"*Mashallah, mashallah*, far from the evil's eye," said she and suddenly realizing her face was exposed, covered it hastily.

They were from Oshraf, a small village about a hundred miles far on the northern side of Teheran, and this was their first visit to the capital. He had promised her that after the first week of their wedding he would take her to Teheran to show her all those strange and wonderful things about which Rassoul Amou, his uncle, had told him each time he returned from the capital.

"Listen, my son," Rassoul Amou would speak philosophically to his nephew, "Village is good, mountain is good, sheep is good. They belong to us and we belong to them. We are born here, we will die here. But a man is not a man until he sees the world, and Teheran is the center of the world. Be a man, my son, go see Teheran."

Pirouz kept his promise. Early morning,

before sunrise, he turned his face to Mecca, said his Morning Prayer-*Namaz*, took one of his donkeys and his wife to the market in the nearest town with a bus line, sold the donkey, bought two tickets for Teheran and after a thrilling ride they arrived when the morning newspaper boys had just invaded the town with their lively screams: "Crisis in the Cabinet. Get all the news for five *shahi*!"

From then on Pirouz and Parvin, wide-eyed and astonished, found themselves in an enchanting jungle of infinite buildings, unending asphalt streets with innumerable cars, *doroshkes* and people. The city had enraptured them to such extent that hand in hand, they kept walking from street to street, from one *meydan* to another square, until around noon they reached the Bazaar, the dark and damp, maze-like center of Teheran's business vein.

The market was a city in itself, curving, stretching and branching forward under an old brick dome, each business or handicraft clustered together in a haphazard yet alive order. The couple had been dumbfounded. After the pastoral quietness of their small, isolated village the Teheran Bazaar had enveloped them with a sort of stupefaction. Life was moving and sighing constantly with all its multifarious wings spread forward. Hundreds of blacksmiths hammering on their anvils; a legion of shoemakers pounding their round heavy hammers on the raw leather; the carpenters sawing and nailing and all big and minor merchants, shopkeepers and bare-footed, bare-headed apprentices calling, singing, praising and bargaining their merchandise at the top of their lungs. Everybody was busy selling something. There were some eager storekeepers who grabbed and pulled any passerby within their reach into their shops, swearing in the name of all Saints that they had a special bargain for their customers. Even

the watersellers were competing feverishly.

"Water, pure water, Paradise water! Only two *shahi* a jar! Drink it and be merry forever! Water, water, Zam-zam water."

Pirouz could not concentrate his attention on one spot; he could not make head or tail out of the perpetual commotion reigning around him.

"*Allah akbar*-God Almighty!" he kept murmuring to himself.

"Would not the Prophet punish them for selling water?" asked Parvin, convinced that a man — the favorite of God — knows the answers of all enigmas in the world.

"He would if He wants to," said he with rather an authoritative air, "but the city dwellers are different. They are rich and the King looks after them."

At noon, from a smoky old pushcart they bought a large bowl of boiled red beans, ate it in the vestibule of a mosque, after which during the afternoon hours they walked from shop to shop, peering inside the windows and admiring each sparkling object. Jewelry stores were the ones Parvin was most fascinated with. She thought they were King Solomon's treasures and somehow she felt sad being a poor peasant woman, living in a faraway village.

On their way back to the Central Street thrice they got lost in the rotary section of the market where the pottery stores were located. But that was not all. Apparently the city had more troubles for them. While striding through a crowded passage, Pirouz elbowed awkwardly an enormous clay barrel which fell from the stand and broke into pieces. He got so scared that he stalled and stood there, a lost and pathetic expression on his face. He begged and beseeched the owner for forgiveness. But the man, a gregarious short fellow with a red hennaed beard raised such a fury over the damage that the poor shepherd paid the twenty *rials* and hurried

out of the market, unaware of the fact that what he had paid was twice the original price of the barrel.

## II

The sun was leaning down, all orange and gold. Pirouz put his right hand horizontally on his forehead, gathered his thick bushy eyebrows and watching the distant shadows of the poplar trees standing erect in front of the British Legation, figured that they still had two more hours for the Evening Prayer. He was a shepherd, the son of a shepherd and he could tell the time simply by checking the length of the shadows.

"Parvin dear," said he, "are you tired?"

"Yes, *Agha*," she answered.

"Let us sit down here on the edge of the sidewalk. You really must be tired."

"If my Master wishes, I will," said Parvin, looking lovingly at her husband.

As soon as they sat down, he untied the bundle which he carried on his shoulders, spread it on their laps, took a whole bread, put some scallions in it and after rolling the bread carefully he cut it into two pieces, offering the half to his wife. Then they began to eat with a great appetite.

The delicious smell of scallions reminded him of his village, his mud-made house across the creek and his sheep. It was like having his lunch on top of Devil's Hill when Crazy Ali, Akbar's younger son would join him everyday after grazing his flock. Only now instead of green pastures there were flat grey sidewalks and dark pavements; instead of hills and mountains there were these tall square buildings, and instead of the familiar bellying of cows and sheep and oxen, there were these constant rattlings of automobiles, and the strange, fearful sighs of the avenue, as if the city was laboring an unknown monstrosity.

"Look, look, Pirouz, soldiers are coming! Look at their golden buttons," said Parvin pointing at a large group of students in their grey uniforms marching in order from the middle of the avenue, each of them carrying a small tricolor.

Two tall students, leading the demonstrators held a banner which read: "We want Democracy."

Pirouz looked in the direction of the parade, his innocent childish eyes bearing a vague sign of anxiety. Inwardly he was absent; he was back in Ashraf, among the dark hills that were his.

"Parvin, Aziz," he said, "do you think Crazy Ali will take good care of my sheep?" He rolled another bread and continued eating.

"Yes, he will, he promised," answered she.

"Yes, he did," said the shepherd, "but I am afraid he will graze them in the Valley. That place is almost dry this time of the year."

A policeman made his way towards them, swinging his baton in his hand.

"No beggars in this avenue. Take your bundle and get away from here." The policeman's harsh, brisk voice frightened them. Like all the villagers they always had a secret fear of uniformed men.

"But Khan, Lord," stammered Pirouz, "we are not beggars, we are villagers. We just came this morning from Ashraf."

"I said get away immediately," repeated the policeman and suddenly stepping forward, kicked the bundle into the street.

"Oh, Allah, protect us," cried Parvin and begged the policeman to save her husband from punishment.

They gathered their belongings and humbly followed the policeman who took them to the Square of Mokhber-ed-Dowleh.

Pirouz and his wife took the incident very naturally, for they knew well that the city people have always the right to

do and say whatever they pleased. After all they were the *sahibs* and the lords of the country; they were the owners of their village and the rest of the mountains, valleys and towns.

In the middle of the round, wide, modernistic square which was the leading point to the Mejlis, the National Parliament of Iran, there stood the Obelisk, a triangular monument encircled by three bronze statues of lions, gazing regally yet pensively at the growing mass of new, lush buildings.

Pirouz and his wife wandered around the square in deep bewilderment, not daring to get close to the statues. They were simply shocked seeing how the other people walked so close to the "giants."

"See, see, they are locked in chains," finally concluded Pirouz, "I am sure they have been brought from the deep ravines of Mount Demavend where the devils live."

"I am afraid," said Parvin in a trembling voice, hiding behind him. "Let us go from here, let us go back to Ashraf. I am afraid of the city."

Just then an explosion shook the Square, rattling the windows. It was like thunder tearing the skies. Then after a few seconds it repeated several times, in different parts of the city. Struck by horror Pirouz instantly wrapped his hands around Parvin, pushed her towards the wall of a building and they both squatted there, breathless and pallid. For a second or so everybody in the Square remained motionless. There were wild deep squeals coming from a far distance. Then suddenly everybody started to run and scream and cry in a mad panic.

"Eghtelal, riot, revolution," shouted someone in a horrid yell and dozens of voices echoed "eghtelal, eghtelal."

Then pandemonium broke loose, a strange confusion domineering the Square and the adjoining avenues. Shopkeepers



hastily closed their shops, pulling down the iron safety doors, transportation stalled gradually and the gates and the windows of the apartments were locked from inside, their curtains and shades down. The terrified pedestrians, men, women and children, were running in different directions, screaming and swearing in an epidemic of frenzy.

All of a sudden, as if by magic, hundred of rioters, workers, most of them bare-footed and in their slippers, sprang out from nearby streets and back alleys, group by group, and deluged the Square with victorious roars. Some of them carried flags, some had wooden sticks in their hands and some waved their fists in the air in legendary manner.

"Down with the traitors! long live Iran!" one of the rioters shouted. Then the crowd responded, "*Zendeh bad Iran!*"

Squeezed against the wall, Pirouz had his arms around his wife, protecting her from the turbulent wave of the people, who were coming constantly from the four corners of the Square. The couple did not have the slightest idea of what was happening around them; they still did not recover from the first panic of the explosion. Several times Pirouz thought of his uncle's wondrous stories about the colorful holiday parades in the Capital when there were gun salutes and flags and soldiers. But then, he hesitated in his decision. If this was a parade why were the people so angry, why were those workers beating the gendarmes.

"Agha Jan, dear," she asked, "why is it that all the nation is here? Is this a *tamashah* — show?" In her fear and excitement she had let loose her *chader*, showing her bright green robe with red, yellow and blue ribbons around the collar.

"I do not know, Parvin, I never saw so many angry people in my life," said he, a worried look on his face.

The populace was thickening in the Square. An old Dodge truck covered with Communistic slogans moved into the *meydan* coughing and smoking. There were six men standing on the truck, two of them wearing handsomely tailored black suits, the rest were clad in blue shirts. All six of them bore very stern faces. The taller of the two leaders took the loudspeaker and began a flamboyant speech, gesticulating with his hands, leaning half way down to the people, and using all sorts of oratorical tricks and effective *pauses*. And everytime he mentioned the word "Hezbeh Toodeh" the demonstrators waved their fists vigorously and shouted, "Long live the Toodeh Party, long live the people's party!" The speaker went on in full blast, "Hey workers and proletarians of Iran, finally the day has arrived when we the people must show our unbreakable power, our iron unity against all the reactionary elements of this ancient and glorious country."

Every time the multitude burst into a feverish roar, Pirouz felt like yelling himself. There was something warm and contagious about those exclamations which quickened the pulse of his pure, primitive soul. He turned to an unshaven short man and asked him apologetically, "Agha, khan, what is this?"

The man did not seem to hear him. He was taken away by the orator's message. He was shouting energetically.

"Agha, khan," Pirouz shook the man's shoulder, "what is this?"

"Don't you dare to call me *khan*," the small unshaven man protested, "I am *comrade* Hossein. Hereafter there will be no more *khans* in Iran. Wait till we break the *Mejlis*. You will get all the land you want. Just follow the leader."

"But Agha," repeated Pirouz more confused than ever, "what is this?" His face had acquired such a stupid expression that

comrade Hossein yelled at him impatiently, "What is what?"

"This *tamashah*, *agha*," said Pirouz feeling guilty of what he had said.

"It is *shouresh*, revolution, do you not see, you dumb peasant?" shouted the small man and disappeared in the rising billows of human heads and shoulders.

"Pirouz, *aziz*, I am afraid of the city," said Parvin, fixing her tearful eyes on her husband, "I am afraid of the city people. Let us go back to Ashraf."

"We cannot. The nation is coming from all over the streets. We cannot pass through. *Allah-Taalah . . .*"

### III

After an unusually calm day for Teheran, the sudden and unexpected riot was hitting the Capital with growing rage, spreading its fiery wings all over the city. The streets, the avenues and most of the principal places were filled with thousands of demonstrators, pedestrians and professional rioters and agitators, moving steadily towards the direction of the Parliament.

No one knew what was the cause of the riot, or what political party or organization was behind it. People participated with somewhat sentimental excitement, mainly, to see and taste the first fruit of a nation which for two decades had not experienced any sort of political freedom.

Some said the riot was led by leftist Toodeh, the most well-organized party to destroy the power of the cabinet; some said it was primarily a demonstration by the Young Democrats turned into a riot by the Communists; some surmised that it was an attempt at a *coup d'etat* engineered by the prime minister to overthrow the constitutional monarchy and to seize the power; and there were others who thought that there were foreign fingers in it, that the British stirred up the revolt against the cabinet in order to anticipate

any possible oil concession that the prime minister might make to Soviets. Whatever the cause, the enigma was there, the chaos was there, and the city was electrified by rage, terror and blood.

It was not evening yet when the mob, divided into several flanks, headed for the Square of Mokhber-ed-Dowleh, flooding Saadi Avenue like a savage muddy torrent. A tall, swarthy *mullah* clad in a black *aba* was leading the rioters, a heavy staff in his hand and his head raised upward, as if he were praying to *Allah* for revenge. He was guarded by a company of theological students, one of them carrying a green flag with an Arabic inscription. They were nationalist fanatics, the guardians of Moslem traditions and the bitter opponents of all progressive movements. The mob, a veritable conglomerate of differing ages, class and sex, was singing and shouting hysterically, and every now and then, when a distant staccato of machine guns grew louder, the rabble darted forward more furiously, waving their fists and sticks and growling frantically: "Down with the prime minister, down with godless communists."

On the right side of the avenue a group of men in dirty grey shirts, apparently workers of a tobacco company, encircled a black sedan and after smashing its windows, beat up the owner, and turning the car over, set it on fire. Along the avenue there were several other abandoned cars still burning in black thick clouds of smoke, and the air smelled of an oil refinery. Two *droshke* horses gone haywire and galloping in a mad race carried the coachless vehicle through the pavements of Shahabad Avenue heading directly to the Obelisk. The panic-stricken crowd burst in an infernal uproar and rushed apart. There was a piercing animal snort. One of the horses died instantly, its head shattered in a puddle of blood. The other one,

a husky brown Magyar breed, enveloped in fury attacked the people.

A block down, five men were busy smashing the door of the Westinghouse Radio Company, pounding on it with a heavy battering ram. After a few more blows the door caved in and they began to plunder the merchandise, throwing them out on the sidewalk. Seemingly their prime intention was revenge and destruction, but then the looting began. The example was contagious. The mob broke loose and in a few minutes the demonstration turned into an orgy of brigandage. After the Westinghouse store they attacked the Singer Sewing Machine Co., they threw fire on an insurance building, after which the mob diminished and divided into small groups — each group of its own — encroached upon the stores, houses and firms along both sides of the avenue, breaking the doors, robbing or destroying the loot and burning the shops.

A young student in grey uniform standing on a box was shouting at the top of his lungs, "Brothers and soldiers of liberty of Iran! Do not follow the steps of the thieves; do not follow the slanderous propaganda of the Communist Toodeh. Do not destroy the shops and belongings of our brothers and sisters. We do not want killing, disorder or loot. All we want is liberty, brotherhood and equality."

Hundreds of youthful voices responded affirmatively.

"Long live Iran, long live democracy, God save the king!"

Suddenly a wave of dark human heads made their way towards the students, shouting and threatening them with clubs and stones. "Kill that traitor, cut his tongue out!" Their pale wasted faces carried all the signs of misery, hatred and bitterness. They were beggars and laborers, the lost and forgotten mass of the country's population. The fight began. They

clawed at each other's throats, they plunged their nails into each other's faces, they panted like thirsty animals, their eyes red and yellow, foam and blood on their mouths. Some of them fell down groaning horribly, some of the rioters deserted the fight, staggering away or passing out in a faint, blood flowing from their faces.

"Hey Mohammedans," shouted an old man sticking his long chin in the air, "those infidel Toudeyans are killing our sons! Revengel revengel!"

Like an ignited volcano the words "revenge" kindled the fury of the mob. Soon the street fight spread over the turbulent avenue and the Square. It was not a fight or civil war between the groups, classes or parties. It was a mass craze, a mob madness, a general lust and hysteria in which every person was fighting against the other person, blindly, ferociously, without cause or reason.

And still more people were invading the Square from the four sides of the avenues.

On the right wing of the Square, leaning against an enormous door of a beauty salon Pirouz stood erect, his legs apart and a heavy log in his hands, ready to strike anybody who would dare to raise a hand on him. He had Parvin well covered under his arms. The shepherd was trembling with anger, his jaw stuck out like an ape's and his black eyes shining under his thick eyebrows. He looked like Roustam Zal, the legendary hero of ancient Persia who killed the dragons with his bare hands and who single-handedly swept off the entire armies of Afrassiab, the King of Tooran.

"Curse on you, curse on your city!" he kept roaring everytime he whacked someone on the head.

"Keep away from my wife or I will kill all of you!" No one paid attention to him.

Looking down on the vast mass of dark human heads swarming around him like

a twisted, sprawling forest, he thought of Hell, of the Day of Torture when all the sinners of the world, from Chinoumachin till Mecca, would burn in a fire-belching pot as big as the Square. He remembered the words of the old *mullah* of his village telling the peasants, each Friday morning over the Koran-reading hour, of the infernal tortures, of the sharp pangs of blood and gehenna and terror. Pirouz's face was twitching, his lower lip began to tremble like a leaf, and suddenly he was seized by a dreadful fear. He saw no difference between the Hell described by the *mullah* and the one which he was witnessing. He turned fast glances over the burning and smoking buildings, he watched the crumbling walls of the shops and the clouds of dust and he exclaimed as loud as he could:

"*Allah akbar*, oh Almighty God, mercy on us!"

"Pirouz," Parvin begged through her sobs, "take me home, my heart is breaking from fear. The city people will kill us." She was pale and had the look of a wounded gazelle.

Pirouz did not hear her. His nostrils widened, the muscles of his neck turned tense and taut and he opened his mouth for breath. He only could hear the voices of the *mullah* echoing constantly with a gradual sharpness, "*In the Last Day all sinners of the world will kill each other in the infernal tortures of the burning pot.*"

Suddenly he darted forward, holding the log before his chest and began to push and shove in a strange cumulative fury.

"Stop it, stop it you sons of vipers!"

"Pirouz! Pirouz" Parvin screamed.

When he turned back someone hit him on the head with a club. Then dozens of sticks descended upon his head and shoulders. The shepherd swayed back and forth and fell down.

There were screaming sirens coming from both sides of the Square.

Soon, after a few minutes two greyish-green German-made tanks advanced slowly, heavily onto the Square, producing dreadful mechanical clamours. The tanks toured around the Place breaking the mob. But after each tour the crowd reassembled and attacked the tanks, hitting them with their hands and stones, first a bit cautiously, then with more rage and vigor. The tanks stopped suddenly, their guns upward and began to shoot simultaneously in the air. The mob broke loose and like a gigantic wave splashed apart, everybody running away in different directions. The shooting stopped for a few seconds and was resumed once again, causing more panic. Then the guns ceased firing. An officer pulled himself out of the first tank and standing on it spoke through a loud-speaker:

"Attention, attention citizens! This is an order! Stop disorder and go home. Soon the National Guard will be here and all violators of the law will be arrested and punished accordingly."

While the officer was speaking a restrained silence dominated the Square. The mob moved forward step by step, slowly steadily, in a huge circle.

"I am repeating," the officer's voice vibrated with more determination, "go home, citizens, and avoid further killing and destruction. What you have done is a shameful act to our democracy and national pride. Break it up now and go home—"

From the first row of the rioters, a square-shouldered, middle-aged worker let go a hoarse shriek, "He's lying comrades, these officers are people's enemies. Do not listen to his lies."

Someone threw a piece of brick that crashed on the officer's back. Then a rain of stones flew in the air hitting him all over the body. He made a painful attempt

to reach his revolver, but his hand swung loosely on his side, his body coiled up, and he sank to his knees like a frameless scare-crow. The rioters burst into a vicious uproar and, intoxicated with their victory, assailed the tanks with clubs and rods in their hands.

Two men threw the officer's body into the hands of the rabble. Just then the tank moved back and forth, then it began to turn around, opening a continual fire on the mob. The second tank did the same. Aghast and struck with consternation the crowd reeled back in a chaotic dismay. And the hellish cries and lamentations filled the air. The assault had turned into a bloody carnage. Men were falling down, their arms and legs mingled in a savage mass motion. The tanks pursued the mob methodically, now their guns pointed to the sky, sweeping the Square of the rioters.

Just then the National Guard arrived.

#### IV

It was getting dimmer. A chill breeze blew over the Square of Mokhber-ed-dowleh and the leaves of the poplar trees shivered in a cold murmur and the air smelled of smoke, dust and burning paper. Pirouz opened his eyes and saw the lavender blue sky above his head. His eyelids were heavy and he felt a sweet drowsiness enveloping his whole being. Then he heard moans and faint gasps coming from faraway places. Leaning on his elbow he raised his head, feeling a sharp pain on his neck and all over his shoulders. There were dozens of bodies scattered here and there on the pavement, some of them moving and crawling like awesome nightmarish creatures. He saw the broken statues of the lions and the smoke of the buildings, and then, as if through the mist of an appalling dream, he re-

membered the mutinous incident.

"Parvin, Parvin!" he called to his bride faintly, "where are you Parvin?"

No answer. For a few seconds he gazed emptily into the darkening sky, then standing on his feet he staggered about the sidewalk, a sudden anguish growing in his heart.

"Parvin, Parvin *aziz!*" he kept calling to her.

On the left corner of the Square a group of men clad in white hospital uniforms were busy giving first-aid to the wounded. Four military guards stood in the middle of adjoining avenues.

"Hey! You! Stop!" shouted one of the guards, approaching him, a rifle ready in his hands.

"Have you seen my wife Parvin?" Pirouz said in a deep gasp, looking at the guard then at the twisted bodies under his feet.

"You are wounded, what is your name and what were you doing here?" the guard continued his duty.

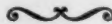
"I want my wife," Pirouz groaned and strode away, indifferent to the threatening orders of the guard. "I want to take her back to Ashraf, away from this cursed city. I promised her."

The guard saw him running from corner to corner like a lunatic, his arms spread forward and calling continually. "Parvin! Parvin!" After a few minutes he disappeared in the thickening darkness of the night.

When the guard returned to the ambulance-trucks, two army doctors were removing the body of a woman from the vehicle.

"No use taking her to the hospital," said one of the doctors, "she will die any minute."

"I do not understand," said the other, "what a peasant girl was doing in such a riot."





## II. POLITICAL AND CIVIL LIBERTY in the UNITED STATES— FREEDOM OF SPEECH<sup>1</sup>

DR. GEORGE P. RICE, JR.

Butler University

*"Liberty is the power of everyone to do whatever does not injure others."*

I

The idea of freedom joined with responsibility is characteristically American. We like to feel free to assume or reject certain obligations without penalty. Once undertaken, however, we tend to believe we have an inescapable duty to discharge the task successfully. This notion applies with particular significance to the traditional and basic rights of worship, speech, assembly, and free enterprise set down in the federal Constitution and the Bill of Rights. Time was when the problems brought to mind by the term "civil liberties" were far from the concern of the average citizen. Such issues, he believed, were raised only by misbehavior, perhaps of a criminal nature, and handled by the courts whose duty it was to determine guilt or innocence and assess an appropriate penalty. This is no longer true. The citizen is today aware of the impact of decisions on civil liberty because they affect him directly. Every organ which disseminates news or seeks to mold public opinion brings him daily reports on laws, actions, trials, and the like which will touch him or his children. He has become increasingly aware of his stake in the intelligent understanding of what civil

liberties are and what he stands to lose if they are unduly restricted by the government to which he has delegated the duty of guarding them. He has been made especially conscious of the fact that the ideological battle between free enterprise and communism has introduced new factors into the problem, such as the attempt of communists to take advantage in our courts of the civil liberties which would be overthrown if the ultimate plans of communists should succeed in the United States.

The essential difficulty for the entire field of civil liberty is that of balancing interests — of the entire country on the one hand, in harmony with reasonable grants of personal liberty to the individual on the other. Inroads upon individual freedom may be expected from a variety of sources — from other individuals, from organizations and institutions, from government itself, and from unfriendly extranational origins. Now the Founding Fathers who dedicated this nation to principles of justice, equality, and liberty believed in the ultimate victory of truth over error in the market-place of public opinion. And they realized that opportunity for free and open discussion was an essential condition for this victory. To assure it, they wrote certain guarantees into the federal Constitution and Bill of

\* This is the second in a series of articles on civil and political liberty in the U. S.

Rights, hereinafter to be discussed. By doing so they provided standards of measuring-rods applicable to particular individuals and situations. But the American concept of civil liberty is necessarily a fluid one, and by its very nature has prevented permanent solutions to problems of assembly and communication of ideas, even if the whole area of exercise of civil liberty had not been complicated by communist espionage and doctrine within our borders.

Now, a first duty of government is to protect and perpetuate itself, subject to the will of the individual citizens. But the effort of government to protect American institutions from attacks at home and from abroad has led men of informed judgment to reiterate warnings of the danger of a domestic despotism as evil as that we seek to avoid. We have heard the wise and venerable Judge Learned Hand caution against surrender to an "orthodoxy which chokes freedom of dissent." Further, the new American High Commissioner to Germany, Dr. James Bryant Conant, stressed the need to guard civil liberties, especially in our universities, by declaring: "It would be a sad day for the United States if the tradition of dissent were driven out of our universities. For it is the freedom to disagree, to quarrel with authority on intellectual matters, to think otherwise, that has made this nation what it is . . . Our industrial society was pioneered by men who were dissenters . . . The global struggle with communism turns on this very point."

Issues involving constitutional guarantees of civil liberty in regard to freedom of speech have arisen in many areas: academic freedom in our universities; fairness of governmental procedures; the right to political organization and expression; the means and extent of control over specific media of communication, such as television; and problems involving religion and

racial discrimination. We are also concerned with freedom of the arts, (and public address is reckoned a useful art), loyalty oaths, and the criminal syndicalism laws of the several states. In the light of these intricate and often conflicting associations of men and expression of ideas, it will not be amiss to re-examine the basic postulates of the instruments we rely upon to assure us continued civil liberty.

## II

The primary American source of constitutional right and limitation upon free speech is the federal Constitution and its accompanying Bill of Rights. The preamble of the Constitution sets down the values it was written to protect and foster — promotion of the general welfare, establishment of justice, provision for the common defense, and assurance of domestic tranquillity. Valuable inferences may be drawn from the order in which these aims were listed.

The federal Bill of Rights provides specific guarantees for freedom of speech and assembly, notably in the First, Fifth, and Fourteenth Amendments.

The First declares: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

The Fifth Amendment provides: "No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be com-

pelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation."

The vital "due process" clause of this amendment is reinforced in the Fourteenth which asserts: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

These rights and immunities are restated in variant language in the constitutions and bills of rights of the several states, and it would be in order for the citizen who desires to be intelligently informed of his own rights to learn the relevant parts of the constitution of his native state. The Constitution of Indiana, for example, declares in Article I, Section 9: "Free Speech and Writing. — No law shall be passed, restraining the free interchange of thought and opinion, or restricting the right to speak, write, or print, freely, on any subject whatever; but for the abuse of that right, every person shall be responsible." Observe that here the values are ordered from justice to public order to liberty.

A clear definition of the meaning of "liberty" as used in this constitution is provided in the case of *Kirtley v. State*, 227 Ind. 175: "The word 'liberty' as used in this constitution, embraces the right of everyone to be free in the use of his powers in the pursuit of happiness in such calling as he may choose, subject only to

the restraints necessary to secure the common welfare; and the privilege of contracting is both a liberty and a property right and is protected by the constitution both of the state and the nation."

The powers of the state constitutions are, of course, subordinate to those of the federal government. This assumption is confirmed by the case of *Whitney v. California*, 274 U.S. 357, in 1927. It is a basic aim of both federal and state constitutions to secure these immunities to citizens and to groups and organizations. But since neither has created nor defined the immunities guaranteed, a good deal of litigation has arisen out of the need to fit these general rights, (which might perhaps be traced back to "inherent rights of men" described so well by Volney), to specific situations.

The general immunities expressed in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights may be invaded or restricted if the government chooses to exercise police power for the general good, subject to approval by the United States Supreme Court. A number of instances of this type of restriction of free speech on the part of the individual can be cited. For example, government will not allow a citizen to express contempt for its courts and their decisions in a manner repugnant to justice. If the common danger in time of war demands it, government will forbid free exercise of speech during the period of peril. Any attempt to intimidate another through speech will be prohibited. Government employees may be restricted in speech on matters political. Any new enterprise for communications, such as television, may be subject to restrictions for the common good.

### III

Citizens everywhere are, of course, interested in important decisions of the Supreme Court as it interprets the law and

offers dicta and doctrine relevant to its opinions. In the final analysis, the enforcement of law depends upon the support of the citizens it was legislated to govern. The trend of the Supreme Court in matters of free speech may be inferred by a number of key decisions pronounced during the past thirty years.

1919. *Schenck v. United States*, 249 U.S. 47, 52.

The Supreme Court will deny liberty of speech where it is evident that the utterance represents a clear and present danger of substantive harm to the state.

1919. *Schenck v. United States*, 249 U.S. 666-668.

The Court held that the constitutional guarantee of freedom of speech does not confer an unlimited and absolute right to speak whatever one may choose while preventing punishment for the abuse of the right.

1927. *Whitney v. California*, 274 U.S. 357.

The Court approved of punishment of a person guilty of willful and deliberate assistance in the formation of an organization designed to overthrow the government by illegal means.

1937. *De Jonge v. Oregon*, 299 U.S. 353.

The Court refused to uphold a conviction under an Oregon statute of a person who had assisted in the conduct of a public meeting, otherwise lawful, because it was held under the auspices of the Communist party.

1942. *Chaplinsky v. New Hampshire*, 315 U.S. 568.

The Court restricted the right of the individual to utter offensive, derisive, or annoying words to other persons lawfully upon the streets and in other public places.

1950. *American Communications Association v. Douds*, 339 U.S. 382.

The Court approved the application of economics sanctions against an individual

whose speech was offensive to public opinion.

1951. *Kunz v. New York*, 340 U.S. 290.

The Court refused to approve ordinance which gave a city administrative official discretionary power to control in advance the right of citizens to speak on religious matters in the streets of the city.

1951. *Dennis et al. v. United States*, 341 U.S. 494.

The Court here held unlawful the action of knowingly and willfully advocating and teaching the duty and necessity of overthrowing the government of the U. S. by force and violence.

1951. *Feiner v. New York*, 340 U.S. 315.

The Court decided that a speaker should be liable at law for the effect of his words upon his audience.

1951. *Niemotko v. Maryland*, 340 U.S. 268.

The Court refused to uphold a city ordinance denying to a particular speaker the right to use a public park on the ground of his allegiance to a minority religious group.

These decisions and others affecting the exercise of speech permit the inference that the trend of the Court as presently constituted is toward imposition of more and more stringent restrictions upon speakers and speeches in order to meet the imperative need for protection of American institutions from communism. Just how far the trend may safely go is a moot question, but there is a strong and very vocal segment of opinion which feels it has already gone too far.

#### IV

Some months ago the writer distributed a questionnaire to 35 American colleges in 14 different states in an effort to obtain data which might reveal the attitudes of undergraduates and teachers of speech toward the exercise of free speech and to learn also what values they attached to its exercise. It may be that some of the

questions will stimulate present readers to inquire into their personal views and take inventory. It is for that purpose that some of them are reproduced here.

1. Do you feel you can say pretty much what you please, without fear of punishment by law? Yes No
2. Is public opinion a stronger factor than law in controlling your speech? Yes No
3. Is your speech controlled more by habits and conscience than by law? Yes No
4. Do you place a very high value on the privilege of saying what you think? (As contrasted with average or little). Yes No
5. Do you distinguish between artistic merits and political convictions of speakers, actors, singers, painters, and the like? Yes No
6. Would the constitutional guarantees of free speech discussed in this paper (in your opinion) be violated in any of the following situations:
  - a. Arrest for private advocacy, i.e., before a small group of friends, of overthrow of the United States government by force and violence? Yes No
  - b. Exercise by the President of discretionary power to restrict your speech in a peace-time emergency caused by a national utility strike? (Your speech takes a side in the strike.) Yes No
  - c. Exercise of economic sanctions against an individual whose speech

expressed views offensive to the general public opinion? Yes No

- d. An ordinance which required the city to issue a license to you in order for you to make a speech in a public park, the issuance depending upon discretionary power of an administrative official? Yes No
- e. Arrest for breach of peace caused by reaction of violence among an audience which heard a speaker utter offensive, threatening, insulting, or abusive language? Yes No
- f. An ordinance which required a license to preach a religious sermon on a street corner and gave the mayor discretionary power to decide when such licenses should be granted? Yes No

## V

Ultimate questions of serious import come to mind: Who is to decide whether or not a particular speaker's utterance and its consequences constitute a clear and present danger to the commonwealth, and hence justification for restricting him? What standard shall be applied in these determinations? How far shall the Courts go in exercising the commerce power granted by the Constitution as a means of controlling speech?

The answers to these questions will not be found easily. But an enlightened and intelligent public opinion, conscious of its laws and their purpose, which follows day by day the important decisions and their results will materially advance the solution.





# THE FIRST TASTE OF SOVIET RULE IN ARMENIA

HAIGAK KOSOYAN

Armenia was one of the first independent republics to be sovietized by the Bolsheviks. The transfer of the government was made on December 2, 1920. The Bolsheviks had come as the liberators of the Armenian people, but before a few months had lapsed, they had instituted in Armenia a veritable reign of terror. The Central City prison of Erivan was crowded with more than 1500 dissidents, mostly Dashnaks, as counter-revolutionaries. One of the saddest episodes of the Soviet regime was the massacre of a number of these prisoners. Haigak Kosoyan, a member of the former independent republic's parliament, and author of this article, was one of these prisoners and an eye witness of the horror which he describes. — Editors.

## The Period of Sovietization

Armenia was sovietized. It seemed the City of Erivan had been sprinkled over with ashes. Life had come to a standstill. The shops opened late, some of them only half opened, and closed early in the evening. Every one scurried to his family hearth. Even ordinary men had begun to exercise a sort of reserved attitude toward what had happened; when they met each other on the street they merely nodded in acknowledgement and hurried on their way, avoiding any conversation.

I was hurrying to meet a few members of our organization whom I personally knew, both to obtain some information and to decide upon our next course of action. Should we stay behind, or should we leave the country? I knocked at a few doors but was told that my friends were not at home, that they had left the city. Only the next day did I succeed in seeing Dro in his home. I reported to him that his orders had been carried out, our forces were scattered in safety. I asked for definite information and wanted to know what would be the fate of those of us who remained in the city. Dro was neither de-

pressed nor discouraged, and he gave me the following sound advice:

"The Government of Armenia, through a treaty agreement, has turned over the government to the Bolsheviks.\* The Revolutionary Committee and the Red Army will take over from now on. Yesterday, the government was ours, today it is theirs. There is no need of worrying since, according to the agreement, there will be no persecution of the Dashnaks, no one will be persecuted. He who does not wish to stay can leave. No one will stop him. Everyone should be loyal to the new government, should busy himself in peaceful pursuits and obey the government's instructions. This is the way you shall behave yourselves and I advise you not to leave your families."

When I told him about the others who already had left the city, he said: "They have done so because they were panicky. If they had consulted me I would have told them the same thing as I told you."

Dro again reassured me and I took my

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\* The Independent Republic succumbed to the combined Turco-Soviet forces in December, 1920.

leave of him, although not altogether with any easy mind and heart. All the same, I felt it my duty to convey the words of Dro to my companions in arms. I must say that not a single leading comrade of ours from Vaspourakan left the city to seek refuge in Georgia or Daralagiaz-Zangezour.

In those days we did not really grasp the true nature of the Soviet regime. We thought the thing which had taken place in Armenia was a mere change of regimes, that we should adjust ourselves to the new conditions through our loyalty, so that the new rulers, whether Armenian Bolsheviks or the Russians, would have no cause for persecuting us, or to prosecute the likes of us as revolutionaries or revolutionary agents who were born and brought up in Turkey. The way it was, we were mere refugees, deprived of our country, our homes and our property.

Our only worry was that the Bolsheviks were the friends and the allies of the Turks whom they regarded as their "revolutionized comrades of the East." We did not even conceal this anxiety in our conversations with the Bolsheviks in family meetings. We were greatly disillusioned and disturbed, however, when we heard many Bolsheviks openly confess that, as far as the world revolution is concerned, the Armenian people or the Armenian cause are as nothing, and that, if necessary, they should be sacrificed in the interest of the realization of Communism's aims. Equally amazing and painful was the fact that a number of western Armenians who had lived in Baku and various parts of northern Caucasus were infected by this Bolshevik mentality. What was worse, an even larger number of adventurers, devoid of all ideological concepts or convictions, had scurried into Armenia as Communist agents, for the infamous role of spying, informing, and betraying their people.

Beginning from December 6, 1920, grad-

ually there arrived in Erivan the first members of the Revolutionary Committee (Kasian, Avis Nouridjanian, Suleyman Nuri and others) and the Cheka with its corps of agents. The latter struck the eye with their terror-inspiring exterior, their sharp crested headgears, and the large triangular red star stamped upon their foreheads. Every citizen, man or woman, shrunk deep in his soul, viewed with terror these uniformed Chekists born of the Bolshevik womb whenever they made their entry or exit from their headquarters at the extreme end of Maliarskaya and Tarkhanian streets in order to arrest, to tail, or to search someone or some home. One felt that the heart which beat under their breast was not human, that it was the heart of a beast, and that blood reeked from their hands.

We had heard about them from a distance. And now we were seeing them in the flesh, those Chekists of the October Communist Revolution to have any dealings with whom was to play with death.

It was a pack of such beastly men which arrested a few members of the former government together with some intellectuals who had sought refuge on the Georgian border, brought them to Erivan with vain and insolent arrogance, led them to the Parliament Building and from there to the Central Prison.

I was a witness of this painful spectacle, the "parade," as the leaders of yesterday, men of high virtue and impeccable revolutionary charm, surrounded by bayonets as if they were bandits or assassins, were being driven on foot. Among them was Dr. Hamo Ohanjanian, the Prime Minister of Armenia, the topmost elect of the revolutionaries of the nation, stricken by the Red lightning, and with weary legs walking that day to his dungeon. At the moment, together with his companions in fate, he seemed to me like the son of God ascending the Golgotha for the sake of his ideals,

shouldering the cross of the Armenian revolutionary.

This was the first blow of the new masters of Sovietized Armenia, the Revolutionary-Committee-Cheka, delivered to the people of Armenia and her best children. This was the violation of the 5th article of the Dro-Legran official pact.

The second blow was not late in coming, one sinister day, a company of Chekists surrounded the Parliament Building where they had treacherously assembled the high command of the Armenian army, the entire corps of officers, numbering more than 1500. In the bleak cold of the snow and the wind, with ruthless and inexorable severity, they set out the entire corps of officers on their way to Baku and from there to distant exile, on foot. It was heart rending to see General Nazarbekov, the commander-in-chief of Armenia's armies, the victor of Dilman, and the military architect of Armenia, together with his colleagues Gen. Akhverdian and Gen. Silikian, trudging on the road to exile. Today, thirty years later, I can still vividly see the tall figure of that white-haired Commander, groaning under the weight of his ungrateful reward, as he walked with faltering steps along the Aghstavian Boulevard, leaning on the arm of his officers.

That day the spirit of Armenian knight-hood, in the person of Armenian officers, was insulted by men who bore the Armenian name. The Armenian army was battle-axed, its elect was decapitated by the hand of the same Armenians. That sting still lingers after thirty years as a blot on our history. The generation which saw the terrors of this exile still feels it, and still shudders, both in Armenia and abroad.

This was followed by the bandit's loot, as a "revolutionary necessity." They assailed the independent livelihood of the city folk and the peasantry. With a barbarism which was never heard of, they destroyed the daily bread of the common masses, both in

the cities and the villages. They plucked the morsel of bread from the mouth of the orphans, their dry bread and their milk. The stores of the orphanages and the state warehouses were emptied, to be sent to Baku, to Moscow, and elsewhere as "a gift of the Armenian people." This economic disintegration filled the cup of the people's patience, giving rise to internal uprisings against the new order.

No less revolting was the universal plan to destroy the intelligentsia from one end of the country to the other, in the name of the consolidation of the Bolshevik revolution. As the first step, there began the night arrests, terrible in their method, a ruthless terroristic atmosphere under the fatherland sky which, in its extent and depth, reminded us of the mass arrests and the deportations of the Turkish executioner.

Scarcely one month after the advent of the Soviet regime in Armenia, the Armenian began to writhe in a nightmare in his own fatherland. It seemed the Armenian Chekist, the Bolshevik, had come to finish the Turk's unfinished business.

The Armenian an enemy of the Armenian, the Armenian an executioner of the Armenian!

In January of 1921 the jails of the Cheka, the central prison of the city, and the jails of the military were seething with thousands of prisoners. Each day brought in its wake new arrests, each day we heard about the searches of the night before, with their lists and the lists of those who were about to be searched and arrested. The number of mournful families steadily was increased, the mothers and the wives of the prisoners scurried from place to place to find out the whereabouts of their loved ones, to get some scant news of their condition. The huddled multitude of women in front of the jail was a common sight.

In this tense atmosphere a number of my close friends no longer showed themselves in public. They went into hiding, as

a sort of half fugitives. And when it was learned that Dro had been dismissed from his office, his reluctant optimism and his assurances became worthless. Pessimism began to weigh on the hearts of men like a strangulating nightmare.

### The Cheka Interrogates Me

In view of this situation my close friends advised me not to show myself in public, not to stay at home at nights, but to confine myself to those places which were not suspected. Thus, until one week before my arrest, I spent my nights at the homes of my friends. The last day I spent in the attic of one of my compatriots' bakery. The next day, at dawn, I decided to drop in at our home for a few final arrangements and to supply them with some cash for current expenses. The place where I lived was on Maliarskaya Street where also was located the three story building of the Cheka with its offices and its jails. This made it rather ticklish for me.

I arrived at my rooms without any mishap, made my final arrangements and after a cup of tea I was hurrying to leave by the back door. Just as I was coming out I met my compatriot Karapet in the guest room. He was accompanied by his work mate. Being in a festive mood because it was the day of his patron saint, he would not let me leave without partaking of a glass of cognac. Despite my reluctance and insistence that I extend my congratulations on foot I could not get rid of him. He seized me by the hand and dragged me to his room. He brought from the closet a bottle of liquor and glasses. As he was trying to pull out the cork the neck of the bottle broke and part of the liquor was spilled. Instantly I jumped to my feet, saying: "This is not a good sign, I must leave at once, please do not force me, I have a bad premonition."

Karapet again resisted, ridiculing my fears. "It is a shame," he said, "it ill becomes you to put faith in such a superstition.

Please sit down. I will set you out in safety."

He ordered his wife to bring some appetizers while he filled the glasses. He offered us each a glass, then raised his glass, we clicked our glasses and suddenly the door of the room was opened and in rushed his wife highly excited. She told us the Chekists were coming in to search the house.

At once I rose to my feet and was headed for my room. I had scarcely entered in when a thick-chested Chekist crashed in, accompanied by two Russian soldiers, with bayonets. Holding a revolver in his hand he warned: "Let no one make a move, raise your hands and wait."

We raised our hands. The two soldiers kept guard at the door while the Chekist who was an Armenian from northern Caucasus, his name Toutounchev (as I later learned) turned to us.

"What are you doing here?"

"This is my home, this is the day of my patron saint, and this man (pointing to me) is my fellow worker at the factory. We are drinking to the holiday of my name," said Karapet Barseghian.

"Have you any weapons on you?"

"On my honor, no," replied Karapet.

The Chekist came closer, searched each of us, and finding nothing he ordered us to lower our hands. Then he searched the room. He looked at the table loaded with the drinks and appetizers, and asked anew:

"Why then are you gathered here?"

"I told you, this is the day of my patron saint, this man is my neighbor and this is my fellow worker," Karapet repeated.

"Who is Haigak Kosoyan in this house?" the Chekist asked, looking at a piece of paper which he pulled from his pocket.

"I am Haigak Kosoyan," I instantly replied.

"You are under arrest."

"I am ready," I said, "have you any other orders?"

He ordered one of his soldiers to search

me once again. He spoke to him in the Russian language. The soldier carefully searched my pockets, he pulled out my note book in which I kept my accounts, some ordinary papers, my pocket book, and tapped my waist in the hope of finding some fire arms. When he was through searching me, he turned to the two rooms of my neighbors which he likewise searched and then proceeded to my room. I asked to accompany him but he refused curtly. After busying himself for about a half an hour he came out holding a bundle of papers.

"All right now, follow the soldiers," Chekist Toutounchev ordered with a commanding accent. I followed the soldiers while he, revolver in hand, followed us. As we were about to emerge into the street my only son, aged seven, clinging to his mother's hand, raised a shrill cry: "Mommy, Mommy, they are taking Daddy away. Daddy, Daddy!"

Touched by my son's cries I stopped mechanically to look at him. The Chekist beside me gave me a push. "Keep going" he said gruffly. I kept on without a murmur until we were in the street. The neighbors were watching the happenings in our home. Finally we entered the yard of the Cheka Building which opens on Tarkhanian Street. From here they took us to a street floor room and closed the door upon us.

In the room there were two men who were total strangers to me. Still stunned by the suddenness and the mystery, I was desperately trying to rationalize the blow which had hit me. A few hours later the door opened and in came three new "guests." The presence of the newcomers somewhat bolstered me up. I felt a bit comforted, still I would not talk, although they asked me some questions.

The cell-room had a wooden floor with only a bench and a kerosene lamp which hung from the wall for its furniture.

It was quite cold inside, and I, wrapped in my overcoat, kept pacing the floor to keep warm. At dusk the door of our cell opened and a guard handed me a blanket, a light underwear, and a package of lunch which had been sent from our home. It was close to midnight. Wrapped in my blanket, tired as I was, I could not go to sleep. My brain was feverishly at work, trying to figure out why I had been so indiscreet in listening to my neighbor's insistence and thus falling into the Cheka's trap. What would be the end of it all, since I knew it it is not easy to get out once you are in the Cheka's grip. What an inglorious fate.

The storm which was raging in me would not let me close my eyes even for a few moments so that I could forget the whole shocking affair. And yet I felt myself powerless, my will refused to obey my mind, a result of my nervous temperament, my susceptibility to sensitiveness. writhing in my humiliation, my inner world was in a turmoil, and yet I was helpless like the falcon who has fallen into the Cheka's trap. It was the first time in my life that I was being forced to the indignity of conforming.

Suddenly the door opened and I heard a strange voice calling me. Like a murmureless sheep I came out of the door. Two soldiers with bayonets led me to the snowy courtyard and from there into a room in the opposite building. Seated before a desk was a slight, wasted man. The desk was cluttered with two bundles of papers, an inkwell, a pen, an ash tray and a dimly lit lamp. I knew that I was to be interrogated. As I sat down on the chair facing him, the investigator offered me a cigaret which I accepted. He was very polite. After glancing over a few papers he looked at me and said:

"Ah, Comrade, I have a few questions which you must answer correctly. Much depends on your accuracy."



"Gladly. I hope you will not be dissatisfied."

The first thing, he recorded my name, my family name, my age, my birthplace, my education, my occupation, together with my explanatory remarks, after which he asked:

"Now tell me, why did they arrest you?"

"I don't know. The man who gave the order for my arrest no doubt knows it."

"And what can you say about it?"

"I know nothing."

"Why did you come together in that home?"

"That is our residence. It is 5 to 6 years now ever since the exodus that I have been living in that home with my family, together with my neighbor."

"What was the purpose of your meeting?"

"We had no meeting. My neighbor's name is Karapet. We were congratulating him on his patron saint day."

"Why was the other fellow present?"

"The other fellow too is a compatriot of ours, he is Karapet's business partner."

There were other similar questions, too long to enumerate. The striking thing was the repetition of the question: "Why did they arrest you?" Finally, when it got too tiresome I lost my patience. "Comrade Investigator, pray tell me," I asked, "according to your law is it a crime, is it illegal for any man to have a different political creed, a different world outlook?"

"Of course not," he replied.

"Then I am absolutely innocent," I said.

"I am a believer in socialism; as far as the Armenians are concerned I am a believer in the ideology of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation."

"Then you are a Dashnak."

"I rather think that's the reason they arrested me."

"How many years have you been a member of the party?"

"Ever since I was a lad in Van, my birthplace."

"Were there any other parties in your home town?"

"There were Hunchaks, Armenakans, and later Ramgavars."

"Why did you become a Dashnak, instead of a member of another party?"

"Their work is more inspiring. Besides we saw that their political program more fully corresponds with the ideals and the interests of the Armenian people."

"After the exodus, what are you after in this country?"

"Personally, life in the Caucasus has very little of interest for me. My life's ambition is to see the emancipation of Turkish Armenia so that we can return home as soon as possible."

"What do you think about the Soviet regime?"

"Our knowledge of that regime is very dim. We have not seen enough of it to form a definite opinion."

This conversation (which he himself put into writing) lasted several hours. After signing the testimony I returned to my cell. It was getting dark. The lengthy interrogation had brought a slight drowsiness upon me and I had no difficulty in sleeping a few winks.

Scarcely a week later they again dragged me out for a new interrogation, this time in a new place, an upper story and with better fixtures. The investigator was a young Azeri Tartar named Suleyman Nouri. Casting an occasional glance over a large report in Russian which lay on his desk, he shot questions at me and demanded the answers. Thus, he knew that I was a Turkish Armenian from Van, had studied at Etchmiadzin, had taught at Aghtamar, had taken part in the fights of Van in 1915. After moving to Erivan, as the President of the Armenian Security Council, I had taken an active part in the May uprising. I also had been

a participant in the operations in Zangi-Basar, etc. He interrogated me in regard to all the preceding points and I gave the answers. When he was through, Nouri said by way of summing up his impressions: "I see you are one of the Dashnaks who belong to Andranik's party, those who want to massacre the Turks and create there an Armenian homeland."

I thought it the better part of wisdom to hold my tongue here so he would not get angry and prolong the conversation. Finally he asked me: "Whom can you point out among the Bolsheviks who knows you well and can give a definite opinion about you? Do you know such a person?"

"Yes. Aghassi Khanchian knows me well, likewise one or two of his comrades."

"How long since you have known him?"

"Our families had close relations in Turkish Armenia. I was a fellow teacher of his father in a refugee school. Aghassi knows me as very well."

He made a note of this then he ordered the guards to take me to my cell. After this I was never again interrogated. A few days later they moved me to the City prison of Erivan.

#### **Gevorg Atarbekov**

The prison room which fell to my lot a few days later was crowded by forty newcomers. We were packed like sardines, especially at nights. We also suffered from the uncleanness, the filth and the lice. The air constantly reeked with smoke and all kinds of abominable odors. It was in this dungeon that one day Atarbekov of Etchmiadzin came to see us.

The rumor spread among the prisoners that Gevorg Atarbekov has come to Erivan, that he will visit his birthplace, will reorganize the Cheka, and will adopt a more radical policy toward prosecuting and purging the anti-revolutionary enemies of Bolshevism. In the parlance of the Cheka he was going to execute, "Raskhod." In view of this, it was considered the better

part of wisdom to conduct oneself in accordance with the so-called "citizens' fight," following the example of Russia.

One day, about noon, we learned that Atarbekov was going to make a tour of the Cheka prison, personally to see the arrested anti-revolutionaries. I wanted to see this notorious Armenian chekist who had steeped the whole of Russia in a reign of terror, having earned for himself the enviable title of a Raskhod specialist. In the twilight of the evening suddenly the door of our prison room was opened. A high ranking Chekist ordered us in Armenian: "To your feet, all of you. Stand erect. Lower your hands, Comrade Atarbekov is coming."

A few moments later Atarbekov came in, accompanied by three of his aides. All four wore the Chekist pointed hat, stamped with the red star, with high boots and tightly buttoned long overcoats. All four held revolvers in their hands. Atarbekov passed through the prisoners with slow, deliberate steps, staring at them impassively, stopped for a few minutes scrutinizing each face with the sharp eyes of the falcon, then said, in Russian, "idiom," — Let's go. Not another word, sound, or movement. I was all eyes, watching, thinking.

Why did he come and pass like a shadow? I could not understand. I thought his soul was thirsty to see the living images of those who would be his victims tomorrow, their crunching grinding under the Bolshevik heel. He saw and went away satiated. The ingrate son of the Armenian people came to Armenia in order to stage a new Bartholomew for the children of his tortured race.

Today, thirty years later, I still vividly see on the screen of my mind the image of this Armenian Chekist, his cruel stolid face, his deliberate scrutiny, as if through a red mist. Of middle height, thin-chested, and with a delicate white skin, his

face suffused with a pale red glow which denoted his physical ill health. His chin was studded with a stubble of red beard. One could see in his eyes the trace of a hidden grief. He wore the Chekist sharp pointed hat with the red star. This was the bloody Moloch of the Bolshevik revolution, born, alas, of an Armenian mother.

Indeed, after Atarbekov's visit, a new impetus was given to Avetis Kassian's slogan who headed the Revolutionary Committee: to seize and nationalize the personal property of the citizens in the cities, and the food supply of the villagers. The Cheka intensified its arrests, night searches, the persecution and the imprisonment of all loyal Dashnaks as anti-revolutionaries. New traps were laid, on a level of the epidemic, of civil fights, fratricide, espionage, intrigue, and plots. There began an orgy of purges, the Raskhod, accompanied with all the secret methods of the Cheka.

These disastrous measures gradually created among the people a disposition to formulate the only redeeming weapon of the resistance — armed revolution — which was to consummate in open rebellion. But Atarbekov wanted to delay the revolution in order to exterminate the elect of Armenian independence, the cream of the Armenian intelligentsia, and the entire revolutionary generation in the blood bath of a civil war. Gevorg Atarbekov, Avis Nourichanian and Sarkis Kassian, and the other executioners of the Armenian people belonged to the first period of the Soviet regime.

### In The Prison of Erivan

The City Prison of Erivan is built on a small elevation on the left bank of Hrazdan River, originally erected as a fortress of the Erivan satrapate under the Persian domination. In the reign of the Tsars they built here a two story prison of stone, surrounded by high walls. Although I had spent five years in Erivan I had never

set foot in this prison. That day, led by the guards, a bundle of bedding on my shoulder, I entered this region. We passed through a long narrow street and stopped in front of a large palace building with a small door for the entrance. We passed through the narrow door and came to a halt in front of the office of a keeper who received the prisoners. Here we waited for a long time for the customary red tape. Finally an officer came, searched us anew, then led us to the sunny court on the left of the big jail. At the moment many prisoners were basking there in the sun. They began to watch me with curious eyes, their new "guest," and I watched them with equal curiosity if not more. I recognized many of them and we nodded in recognition. My attention was attracted by Hamazasp Servantziantz, Armenak Bokharian, our beloved leader and Prime Minister Dr. Hamo Ohanian and many others.

For a moment I felt a great comfort seeing this multitude. Does not the popular adage say that death with companions is like a wedding feast? Passing through a narrow corridor, the officer who accompanied me shoved me into a cell, pointing to my exact spot near the door. I was joyfully welcomed by a new acquaintance, Vardan-Bakour of Sebastia, a powerfully built, sinewy youth. We became intimate friends until the day of his death.

I still vividly recall how we, more than twenty, lay there side by side in that cell, like members of the same family, one nightmare tormenting us all that we were being incarcerated as anti-revolutionaries. It was this blood-smelling word which was stamped on the foreheads of 12,000 citizens, huddled there in the cells of the great prison.

These classless citizens were largely the elect of the great family of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, writers of great

renown, intellectuals, officers, impeccable civic leaders, volunteers of the revolution, teachers, doctors, workers and artisans. This was the legion which, in the opinion of the so-called fanatical majority (Bolshevik), was to be done to death without a trial, without a judicial procedure. It was the bloody spectre of Russian Bolsheviks' battle-axing, the executions. Armenian born executioners, as the agents of a savage ideology, were about to do their work in Armenian blood.

I shall be pardoned if I commemorate here a partial list from among hundreds of those whom I saw within the walls of the prison, like eagles in a cage.

Our first Prime Minister Hovhannes Kachaznouni, Levon Chanth, the singer of the glory of "The Ancient Gods," the inimitable Aghbalian, Dr. Hamo Ohanian, the embodiment of the Armenian Revolution, President of the Parliament Father Abraham, H. Servantrtan,\* the hero of Asgeran, the talented editor Reuben Darbinian, Dr. Hovsep Ter-Davidian, the embodiment of conscience and purity, Bashki Ishkhanian, the prolific writer, the valiant Colonel Gorganian,\* Father Khachvankian, the Priest Gevont of the Revolution, revolutionary volunteer fighters Mushegh\* and Murad\* Kadjberouni, the valiant lad Senik,\* the daring Vardan Bakour\* the Sebastian, Dr. Hovhannes Melikian, Varos Babayan, V. Afrikian, K. Isayich,\* Hacop Ter-Zakarian of Taron, Alexan of Moush, Armenak Bokharian the teacher, Armenak Maxapetian the agronomist, Garegin Hatzagortzian, Captain Shiram, H. Barthamian, Arshalouys Ter Astvatzatrian, member of the Parliament, Michael Ter Gevorgian, member of Parliament, Sergey Melik Yolchian of Zangezour, General Andreyev, Colonel Keller, Andre Keshishian, Lieutenant Yanovsky, Engineer Keshishian of

Alexandropol, Worker Serko,\* Kerasim Makarian, Aram Aghabekian, Varcho of Ikdir,\* Lieutenant Vagharshak Gasparian, and many other brave men, modest workers, intellectuals, all devoted to the fatherland and the cause of the Armenian people.

### **The Shambles of the Night of Feb. 16-17**

Although it is very painful for me to put into writing the happenings of those tragic two nights, but since it is a fact which took place in a tragic period of our history, and since I lived through that awful terror, the image of my comrades who fell victims compels me, as an eyewitness and a survivor, to fulfill this belated duty after a lapse of 30 years.

One month after the sovietization of Armenia the Central City prison of Erivan was crowded with more than 1500 prisoners, and even after that each day brought new "anti-revolutionaries" who crowded the already overflowing cells. We learned from these newcomers what was going on outside, and were convinced that there was a definite popular feeling of resentment both in the city and the outlying regions. Simultaneous with these clandestine rumors the Cheka increased its vigilance over the prisons by frequent visits. These visits were more frequent in the daytime. Something sinister was in the making and yet we could not tell what it was. They were cooking up a coup de mort in the cellar of the prison which we found out only after they deserted the prison and made their escape. Naturally we could not have surmised the plan.

Many naively believed that soon there would be a trial. Some supposed that we would be exiled to Baku or even farther, along the path of the exiled 1200 officers of the Armenian army. But no one even dreamed the awful terror which would be executed in the dark during the nights of February 16 and 17.

\* Executed by the Cheka the nights of February 16 and 17 in the cellar of the City prison.

It was not long before those nights arrived. The evening of February 16, they closed the doors of the cells much earlier than usual. The Soviet guards were replaced by new ones, including some Tartars. Toward eleven o'clock there were unusual movements in the corridors, mysterious whisperings which until then we had never heard. Hurrying steps in the upper story of the prison. Soon we became aware that they were calling out certain prisoners from their cells. And since at that late hour we heard the sounds of automobile horns coming from the main entrance of the prison we supposed that the prisoners were being taken to some distant part of the city to be liquidated. It could not have been an interrogation because they never interrogated after midnight, whereas those who were being taken out were not few, they were many.

All awake in our cell, we wanted to solve this mysterious cross word puzzle. We spoke in whispers. Suddenly the door of our cell was opened, we saw a young man, his hat tilted over his eyebrows, holding a revolver in his hands. He scanned us for a brief moment then said: "Mushegh, Murat, pick up your belongings and come out. The Cheka wants you."

The two were brothers from Arjesh, Murat was lean and nearly fifty, Mushegh was younger, tall and handsome. Both had been volunteer fighters in Andranik's army, they had told us many an anecdotes of their fights, and often were wont to sing Andranik's song, "Heros Mruldatz," . . . The Hero growled.

"Sir, I beg of you, where are you taking us this late hour of the night?" Murat pleaded.

"Oh, it's nothing. They want you for interrogated a man at this outlandish hour?"

"Very well," Murat grumbled, "do they interrogate a man in this outlandish hour?"

The two brothers walked out and the door of the cell closed tightly. In this manner, they took away twenty-four prisoners from the cells that night. They had crowded them all in the adjoining prison office, the height of a man's stature from the ground, with only two windows. Having had a premonition of the fate which awaited them, the huddled prisoners closed the door of the room and refused to open it to anyone.

Presently there began a two way contest. The Chekist wanted to persuade the prisoners to open the door while the latter did not trust them and refused to open. In our cell we heard the two way sounds but could not understand what they were saying. Gradually the voices became louder, one of our inmates rose up cautiously and opened the small window. The rest of us, snuggled in our places, listened to the conversation with tense attention. All at once we could hear clearly.

"I know your Chekist methods. Better massacre us right here."

There was a brief silence, a tense, breath-taking, deathly stillness.

We heard the sound of an automobile from the street side, no doubt bringing new men to size up the situation. Presently the conversations were resumed, a voice said, "we will not open this door until daylight."

A few more minutes passed.

Thump, thump, knock, crash. It seemed to us they were trying to break something, or the doomed men were blocking the door with the furniture. They were crashing the door, we finally learned. We heard the uniform cry of the doomed men, a loud ringing call.

"Help! Help! Men! Comrades! Armenians! They are taking us away to massacre us. Help, Comrades, Armenians, for God's sake, Help, Help, Help!"

Long moments, incessantly, more and



more piteous heart rendering cries! Another brief silence.

We who were alive, at sight of the piteous, importunate and insupportable cries of our comrades, trembling and shrunk in our corners, suffered the agonies of death at our impotence, our utter powerlessness, and our despair. We were dead souls, deader than the stone.

Once again we heard the sound of crashing against the door, sounds which were drowned in the murderous cries of the doomed.

"Why are you silent, Comrades? Hurry! Help! They are massacring us, men, people, help, help, help!"

These desperate cries were repeated periodically, with short or long interruptions, lasting perhaps a whole hour. Suddenly there was another deathly silence, the stillness of the cemetery. Outside, in the dark of the night, the light flakes of the cold snow flurried in the air and gently fell on the cold ground. The last stillness was broken by the commotion of a swarm of automobiles. We thought the Chekists had finally succeeded in persuading the prisoners to open the door, and now they were being piled in the automobiles to be taken elsewhere. Many of us wanted to believe this, but suddenly the picture was changed as we saw from our small window the leveling of a dozen rifles. They lined up in front of the prison hospital building.

"Fire," a voice commanded.

The triggers of the rifles clicked, there was a volley, then a second, a third and a fourth. With the volleys there was a crescendo of the cries of the doomed men: "Help, they are massacring us, Comrades, help, help, oh why don't you hear us?" But the world around them was silent. Only the prison arches echoed their cries. Our hearts and minds were dulled, we were like dumb animals, huddled in a slaughter

house. Still, the heartrending cries of our comrades whose hearts had been pierced by the hot lead brought them no rescue. There was no way except to beg, to importune, to cry out in despair, and then fall silent forever with the curse of the dying on their lips.

We still could hear their last words, "Oh, I've been shot." We heard Mushegh's voice, "Oh Armenians, why are you murdering us? Are we not Armenians too? You too are Armenians. Why are you doing this to us?" Meanwhile we could hear the shouts of the commanding officer: "Fire. Fire."

We heard Colonel Gorganian speaking in Russian: "You Communist pack, you hyenas of the Soviet regime, why are you shooting us down in such cowardly fashion? For the sake of the Russian fatherland I have fought on the German and Austrian fronts, I have fought against the Turks for the sake of Armenia. Was this to be my reward? You dogs! You monsters!"

These were the hapless Colonel's last words which, it seemed, he spoke with the bitterness and the anguish of a man mortally wounded and then fell silent forever.

We heard the voice of Mushegh crying to his brother, "Murad, Murad, my brother, I have been shot." And Murad called back to him, "Ah, my brother, what can I do? I too am shot."

A few more volleys and the soldiers came closer to the windows, thrust the barrels of their rifles inside and finished off the remainder of the moaning, dying wounded. During the slaughter, especially when the volleys rang, a swarm of automobiles deliberately planted on the prison street, kept an incessant din with their horns to drown the sound of the shots and to stifle the cries of the dying men, so that the people who

lived in the neighborhood would not know what was going on in the prison.

The author of this monstrous slaughter was Avis Nouridjaian. What happened to the bodies of the dead men after this horror we saw and learned only on the morning of February 18th which I shall relate later. After this heinous slaughter the rest of us who were in the prison felt as if we were in the pit of a cemetery, breathing yet dead corpses. We could only see the fate of the animals in the slaughter house, reeking with blood, stamped on one another's face and forehead, and with the language of the dumb we could read in each other's eyes abysmal despair. When the night was over a few of our inmates found their hair completely gray.

The morning of February 17 the greater part of the prisoners would not come out into the yard for the customary exercises, and although the officers made a special effort to induce them, nevertheless they kept themselves to the seclusion of their cells. The terror of the preceding night had left us despondent.

Finally, to dissipate the bad impression created by the Soviet orgy, the prison authorities resorted to deception. The prison master summoned a number of prisoners one of whom, I distinctly remember, was Armenak Maxapetian, and told them that what had happened was a pure matter of misunderstanding. Had the victims showed no resistance, had they obeyed the Cheka and gone for their interrogation there would not have been any such severe punishment. Then he assured gallantly that similar mishaps shall never be repeated in the prison, and that no prisoner shall be dragged out in the night for interrogation. He advised the summoned men to make a round of the cells and convey to the prisoners the prison master's noble assurances.

Maxapetian, accompanied by two companions, made the rounds of the cells and

told the prisoners what the prisonmaster had said. But it was a vain illusion, a vain self-deception which lasted for only a few hours. Most of us were convinced that if a popular uprising were delayed the Cheka would finish off the rest of the prisoners. Only the people's indignation and their armed force could punish the criminals and make an end of the bloody regime.

And that was exactly how we were saved. The night of February 17 was to mark the end of our terror, the dawn of our salvation. Like the preceding day the doors of the cells were closed earlier than usual and the watch was turned over to Turkish guards.

Toward midnight a new hunt for prisoners was started by constant movements in the corridors, but this time the method was different. They called out the prisoners one by one, as drawn from a Cheka list, silently took them away to the place of his execution and there they finished them off with the battle axe or the rifle. The executioners were the Tartars. In this manner they liquidated sixteen persons the night of the 17th. We could hear the footsteps of each victim as he was being carried away. Soon after we could hear the distant muffled ringing of rifle shots. After we were saved we learned that they took the victims to the edge of a ditch in the prison cellar, blindfolded them, tied their hands behind them, shot or axed them, then dumped them in the ditch.

That night they took away two men from my cell, one of whom was Vardan Bakour of Sebastia. He had escaped from the Turkish hell and had come to Armenia to serve his country as an officer of the army. This is the way they took away Vardan. A handsome youth opened the cell door and stepped inside. He wore the uniform of a chekist, holding a revolver in his hand. We stood there breath-

less, wondering whose name he would call.

"Vardan Bakour, gather your belongings," the chekist ordered surveying the entire group.

Taken by surprise and shocked, Vardan jumped to his feet, pulled his military mantle to his shoulder, put on one of his shoes but had difficulty in putting on the other. Just then the chekist approached him, seized him by the hand and dragged him out half dressed. One of our inmates said, "Why, this is the son of Lazarus Aghayan, his name is Mushegh." A few moments passed and we heard the dull muffled sound of a rifle shot. "Poor Vardan," I mumbled and burst into tears.

The last of that day's doomed was Hamazasp Servandsiantz whose cell was immediately below the cell opposite mine. When he came out into the corridor we distinctly heard his following words: "My good brother, my comrade, where are you taking me in this hour of the night?" The cowards took away Hamazasp. We heard the same dull, muffled rifle shots.

After this there was a long interval. But this was not the end. There was a third list of the doomed, nearly fifty. Because this was a hastily improvised list, the executioners did not know exactly the cell of each victim. A search had to be made to verify the victims. This operation took quite a long time but all in vain. Meanwhile it was getting dark and as they brought the lights we could hear confusing rifle shots, at first from a distance but gradually coming closer and more widespread. There was an intensification of the fire toward Zangu, and for a moment we thought it was in the precincts of the prison. There could be no doubt that it was a popular uprising. Erivan was filled with the whistle of ringing shots. Our guards pacing through the corridors warned us: "Let no one try to

come out of his cell, he who disobeys will be shot on the spot."

This command nailed us all down in our places. These were moments of crisis, of waiting. We were wondering if we would be saved or would seal off our fate with our lives.

### The Prisoners' Stand

It was the dawn of February 18. Outside our prison light was breaking while the fighting in the streets, considering the volume of the volleys, had engulfed the entire city. Quite unexpectedly a commotion broke loose in the lower corridors of our prison. They were crashing the cell doors and shouting "Come out, Comrades, come out, you are free, don't be afraid, there are no guards in the prison, they have run away, don't wait, come out."

Should we believe the glad tidings, or should we still be cautious, thinking this might be another trap. In this moment of hesitation they crashed the door of our cell, with cries of "Come out, come out!"

Instantly we scrambled into the corridor where I saw a company of soldiers.

"Here, take these rifles and come out. The city is in our hands. Don't be afraid, you are free now."

The man who brought this glad tidings was Lieutenant Aram Khachaturian of Alexandropol, the captain of the rescue squad. In this company I also recognized Mnatzakan Bagdasarian. The rescue company left us each with a rifle and departed.

Bolstered by my weapon I instantly scurried to the upper story to bring the glad news to the rest of our comrades. When they heard my voice and saw me armed with a rifle they were ecstatic with joy. They opened the doors and rushed outside. I took special pains to visit the cells of Chanth, Aghbalian, Maxapetian and many others. We all assembled at the prison court yard, ready to march into the street.

As we were coming out, an old man from Ghamarlu, shouldering a blanket, preceded me, but he had scarcely taken five steps when he was felled by a bullet. At the same moment a stalwart youth named Suren of Sebastia was struck by a bullet and collapsed in front of me.

At this we instantly pulled back inside the gate. The bullets were coming from two machine guns operating on the two sides of the narrow street. They were trying to reach the gate so company commander Shiram and I opened fire on the street. We instantly closed the gate, leaving open only a small door through which we fired periodically. The red soldiers did not dare come closer, stopped in their tracks, then they ascended the upper story of the barracks to the north, from which position they began to fire on the prisoners.

Foreseeing that the fight might be prolonged we fortified the gate from inside with pavement stones, to provide against a frontal attack. This job was done by four of us who were armed, Garegin Hatzagortzian, Shiram, Vacho of Idgir and I. In the midst of this work I received a call from a number of our leader comrades who were assembled in front of the prison hospital a little way off. Among others I remember seeing Dr. H. Ohanianian, Kachaznouni, Father Abraham, Chanth, Aghbalian, Hovhannes Boudaghian, Reuben Darbinian, Dr. Ter Davidian, Melik Yolchian, Khachvankian the priest, K. Isayich.

All were concerned with the safety of the prisoners. What to do? Father Abraham turned to me and said, "Let us listen to what Haigak has to say. He has had some experience and can show us a practical way."

I explained that apparently the fight in the city was not over yet. Obviously the reds still had control over the prison. Our only salvation lay in fortifying the

gate, stop them from rushing in, and preventing them from clambering over the walls. In this manner, with the weapons we possessed, we could hold out until the outcome of the fight in the city. We simply had to make a stand, there was no other way out. If we tried to come out into the street we would be mowed down.

There was a discussion, pro and con. Father Abraham was the first to support my proposal. Finally, Dr. H. Ohanianian settled the matter. "There is no need of debating further," he said. "Our salvation depends on Haigak's plan. We all will submit to his instructions."

Instantly they all were ordered to come over to the prison building, ascend the upper story and close the doors tight. The prisoners safely enclosed in their cells, there were only five of us with rifles to defend the fort except a few others who were busy fortifying the gate.

Shiram and I guarded the gate and the small door, Vacho watched over the south court, while Hatzagortzian guarded the entire south to prevent any intruders from coming over the walls. We kept firing intermittently to make our presence known and to keep the red machine gunners guessing. In this manner we held out for three to four hours. We owed our salvation to Lieutenant Aram Khachaturian and his soldiers who had been the first to break into the jail and had left us their mauser rifles.

In this tense situation we heard a reassuring voice from the upper story: "The trains and the armoured cars have left the station. Many are running away. The firing in the city has dwindled into a sputtering."

"We've got to wait yet," was our answer.

A few moments later we heard the sound of singing, music, and cries of Hurrah's, steadily increasing in volume. Presently we could clearly hear the singing of the Dashnak anthem, "Mer Hairenik."

We peeped cautiously through the small door in the gate. The machine guns in the street were silent. Cautiously I crawled through the little door to watch the two sides of the street. On my right was a huge multitude, jubilant and irrepressible, singing songs and with cries of Hurrah's, holding aloft the Armenian Tricolor and marching on the prison.

I pointed my rifle at them and called: "Halt! Not one step further."

Just then the bearer of the flag separated himself from the crowd and came forward. Instantly I recognized him. He was young Avetis Rushtouni of Nor Giugh, one of my pupils in the school of Aghtamar. I no longer had any doubt that this could be a ruse. I gave the signal to come on.

What joy! How many embraces! The tears of freedom and salvation flowed freely from all eyes. We lived a full century in those few moments. Just then I felt the tap of a hand on my shoulder. I turned around to see that it was Father Abraham, accompanied by Ohanjanian, Aghabalian and Chanth.

"May you live long, my children, God bless you. You have saved us all."

While they wanted to grasp our hands the crowd rushed in like a billow and hoisted Ohanjanian, Father Abraham and others on their shoulders. I cannot describe the force of the elemental surge, the jubilation and the transportation of those moments.

Stunned and dazed, our arms still in our hand, we became rooted there, staring at the milling crowd. Many were elbowing, scrambling, pressing through the crowd to get some news of their loved ones among the prisoners.

One of the newcomers was coppersmith Haro, my peerless companion in arms from the heart of Van, together with David Sarkissian.

"Where have you been, old boy?" he exclaimed fondly, "the comrades are waiting for you at your home."

We were walking in the direction of the city pestered by endless questions, especially about the prisoners. As we passed in front of the Parliament Building we saw Father Abraham addressing the crowd. There were many of our leaders in that crowd. That was the moment of our freedom, our salvation, as if we had come into this world anew.

When I entered our home they all thought I had come from the grave.

### Two Pits of Slaughter

Until the moment when, rifle in hand, we were defending the prison gates, and until our miraculous rescue and return to our homes none of us knew where the corpses of the massacred prisoners lay. With many others I believed that the authors of the massacre, to cover their tracks, had removed the bodies to an unknown spot. But the infuriated people who rushed into the prison unexpectedly stumbled onto the slaughter pit in the cellar of the same building. One of these pits was completed, the other was half finished.

Once again I visited the prison of Erivan to see the pit and the bodies of the dead men. The gigantic pits had been dug out weeks before by trusted "workers." The spot selected by the Chekist specialists was underneath the same room where the horror of the night of the 16th had taken place. A narrow passage with stone steps to the north of the corridor which opens before the prison master's office descends into a cellar. The size of the cellar is the same as the two rooms immediately above. From a margin of one meter all around the walls they had dug a deep square shaped pit, piling the dug earth along the margin in a slanting position.

With a shudder I descended into the cellar, I looked at the dead bodies in the pit. Lying topmost was the body of Hamazasp, his hands tied behind him, his face disfigured with gashes inflicted by the axe.



The gruesome sight reminded me of another massacre and a pit, the prisoners of Van who in like manner had been dumped into a pit and their bodies covered with a thin layer of earth. The week after the April fights of 1915, the bloodthirsty Djeddet had removed nearly one hundred Armenian prisoners and had executed them in a place called Calet Koulas outside the walls of the prison. They had piled the bodies of the victims in a large pit which we discovered in our searches.

These two blood curdling tragedies I saw in the land of Armenia, one in the City of Van perpetrated by the Turks, and the

other in the City of Erivan perpetrated by Armenian Bolsheviks.

Terrible is the fate of the Armenian. Yes, I saw this horror in Van, and I had the misfortune of seeing its replica in Erivan. I was guilty and a sinner, I covered my face in shame as I ascended the stone steps into the light.

At that moment a great storm was raging in my brain. It seemed to me my stricken comrades were reproaching me:

Why didn't you come to our rescue when we called you? Even the stones of the prison were crying out that day."

I had failed my comrades. I felt guilty . . .



# THE ASSEMBLY OF THE GODS

HACOB BARONIAN

*NOTE — The famous Armenian satirist, Hacob Baronian, is describing here a typical session of the Armenian National Representative Assembly in Constantinople during the latter half of the 19th century. In those days the Armenian Assembly was a sort of government within the Turkish Government which concerned itself strictly with Armenian religious and cultural affairs. The word "god," or "gods of the Assembly," satirically used by the author, of course refers to the representatives.*

. . .

Today there are four parties in the Representative Assembly of the Gods. In the opinion of the first of these parties, any independent thought, idea, or proposition which emanates from any other party is harmful to the best interest of the nation, and therefore, should be rejected. The function of the second party is to reject categorically all propositions advanced by the first party as likewise injurious to the nation's best interest. The third party goes a little farther and categorically rejects the opinions of both parties, and condemns them as the result of personal passion or greed. This party always abstains from voting. The fourth party, however, goes all of them one better. It invariably deplores the conduct of all three parties which it regards as injurious to the national cause. This party always protests.

We should not fail to mention here that all these parties, by their own admission,

think, speak, and debate solely for the nation's best interest — a motto which is abused scandalously. The minute a member of the first party takes the floor, the faces of all his colleagues become illuminated with a gratified look and signs of approval of the opinions which he is about to express. Opposed to this are the members of the second party whose facial expression instantly registers the sign of disapproval and protest against a speech which as yet they have not heard. The third party greets the expression of both parties with a look of profound contempt. As to the fourth party, it keeps staring at the chairman, as if wanting to know why he does not call the three parties to order.

And when the speaker starts to speak all the members of his party follow each other in approval of their man.

"I agree with him."

"His elucidation of the issue is splendid."

"I endorse him categorically."

"He analyses the subject with great erudition and eloquence."

"Bravo."

"Put it to a vote and let us accept it without debate. The best interest of the nation demand it."

These remarks are punctuated by the interruptions of the second party.

"I don't agree with him at all."

"He is distorting the issue."

"I shall refute his argument point by point."

"His information on the subject is pitiful."

"The nation's interest requires the exact opposite."

The third party whose function is a bit difficult because it is opposed to both parties, steps into the fight, first addressing the first party, then the other.

(*To the first*) "I don't agree with you."

(*To the second*) "I don't agree with you always either."

(*To the first*) "Your explanation is not clear."

(*To the second*) "He did not distort the issue."

(*To the first*) "I do not endorse your saying."

(*To the second*) "I refute your refutation."

(*To the first*) "Your speech is tiresome."

(*To the second*) "Why do you interrupt the speaker?"

(*To both the first and the second*) "Both of you are wrong, both opposed to the nation's best interest."

True to its mission, the fourth party now takes the floor.

"Mr. Chairman, why do you let the speaker speak? Why do you permit the second party to interrupt the speaker? And why do you let the third party disturb the order of the meeting? I urge you to call them all to order, otherwise we will protest, and we shall ask that our protest be

recorded. We are tired of listening, we protest, we have no time to listen to such jargon, the nation's best interest will suffer. Don't forget to record our protest. Our condition indeed is deplorable, and we are far from finding a remedy. Let our protest be recorded so that future generations shall be advised. The nation's best interest is not being served by either way. Clerks, see to it that our protest is registered correctly because our protest will have great weight in history."

When the speaker is thus interrupted by several parties it is easy to see the picture of the assembly, and how the best interest of the nation is defended by the gods. And yet the debate is continued.

There can be no doubt that when the first party has succeeded in passing a resolution, in the opinion of the second, the third, and the fourth parties, the nation's interest has sustained a severe setback; likewise, when the second party triumphs, in the opinion of the remaining parties, the measure is injurious and ruinous.

Hardly ever has there been a vote after which delegates admitted to themselves.

"Today we accomplished something good."

But invariably after each voting the verdict has been:

"It was very bad."

"The nation's interest will suffer."

"This resolution will ruin the nation."

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Hacob Baronian, recognized as the greatest Armenian satirical writer, flourished in the latter half of the 19th century. He delighted the readers of his generation with his brilliant lampooning of all phases of Armenian life in the city, including the parties, the benevolent unions, the eligible bachelors, the matrimonial agents, the clergy, the Constitution, the women, and what not. His essays were published in the satire magazine called *Khikar* (a sort of Oracle) in 1884-1888. Foremost among his works are: *Azgayin Chocher* (National Big Shots), *Medzabadi Mouratzkanner* (The Honorable Beggars), and *Bagdasar Aghbar* (Brother Bagdasar). The accompanying essay on Armenian parties is a sample of his satire.

Invariably always there is a majority in the Assembly whose function is to criticize, to find fault, and to point up the disadvantages of the passed resolution, and it is always the minority which, according to the Constitution, decides everything. How then does it happen that in one issue the first party will carry the day, and in another issue the second? It is because the representatives of the remaining two parties take sides? Never! The explanation is simple. The party which on the given day has the greatest number of absentees yields the victory to the opposition, because, as we have seen, of the remaining two parties, one abstains from voting while the other merely registers its protest. And since the issues in this Assembly are never resolved by elucidation and reasoning, but by the numerical superiority of the debating parties, even the eloquence of a Gladstone would not be able to muster a majority of votes if the gods of the opposing party had not gone to the public baths that day.

Thus, the members of each party are tied together with indissoluble ties, so that a member of one party never agrees with a member of the opposition even on issues which are irrelevant to the Assembly. For a test, prepare some coffee in a pot some day and offer them, and instantly you will listen to the following comments:

*First Party* — "This coffee is too sweet."

*Second Party* — "On the contrary, the sugar is too little."

*Third Party* — "As far as I am concerned, the sugar is neither too much nor too little."

*Fourth Party* — "This coffee is not fit to drink."

In a December session of the Representative Assembly one representative expressed the opinion that the weather was cold, himself, felt cold, and moved that the meeting be transferred to the Library Hall. Another representative, very naturally from the opposition, took the floor and gave a lengthy harangue that the weather was hot that day, that he was perspiring from the heat, and that there was no need at all to move the meeting elsewhere. After debating the matter for three hours a resolution was adopted which, while admitting that the weather was cold, nevertheless did not deny that it was hot. Thus, the matter was closed.

A few moments later, one of the members of the party which favored the thesis that the weather was cold, who had just arrived, took a seat beside me. That day I had immortalized myself by attending the session of the Assembly, thanks to the insistence of a noted writer.

Leaning over, the newcomer asked me: "What did they decide?"

"It was decided that, the weather, although cold, is also hot. What do you think?"

"I was not present during the debate; I have not studied the matter so I can give you an opinion."

"Are you cold, or not?"

"Well, if our party is cold, naturally I too am cold," he replied with a whimsical smile, always careful not to offend his colleagues by presuming to contravene their opinion.

(Translated by J. G. M.)



# EARLY ARMENIA AS AN EMPIRE: THE CAREER OF TIGRANES III

NOUBAR MAXOUDIAN

The regions between the Black Sea and the Caspian have so generally been dominated by powers beyond their limits — Persia, ancient and modern, Rome, Turkey or Russia — that it may be worth while to recall that circumstances once combined to the opposite effect, and for a generation the kingdom around Mount Ararat created an empire over most of what used to be called the Near East.

The Armenian race is believed to spring from an Indo-European people who invaded Thessaly at about the same time as the Hellenes, but who then crossed over into Asia Minor, settled in Cappadocia, and thence conquered the aboriginal inhabitants of Ararat, with whom they intermarried. Down to the time of the Turkish and Mongol invasions the Armenians were thus a majority population of a large area in eastern Anatolia; Armenia was an independent kingdom down to about 645 B.C. and then an important vassal State with its own rulers, among the many vassal kingdoms and satrapies of the Persian Empire.

A new page in the history of ancient Asia was opened in 334 B.C. when Alexander the Great crossed the Bosphorus with 30,000 infantry and 4,000 horsemen to overthrow the Persian empire. In its turn the Macedonian empire was vast, but it fell apart after Alexander's death. The Seleu-

cid dynasty claimed Syria, Persia and Armenia; but, after a series of rebellions, Armenia gradually achieved independence again, which was formally proclaimed in 190 B.C. under Artaxias, Prince of Major Armenia (the area about 200 miles in every direction from Mount Ararat), and Zariadres, Prince of Minor Armenia (the part of Anatolia later known as eastern Cappadocia). Artaxias established a strong kingdom and controlled all the neighboring tribes. The Hellenic influence that followed the Macedonian conquest had penetrated Armenia and had a beneficial effect. Many noble houses adopted Greek culture and their children were educated in Greek philosophy and literature. Strabo records, on what seems good authority, that Hannibal of Carthage fled to the palace of Artaxias, was welcomed like a brother, and suggested the building of a new city as the military and political capital for Great Armenia. Hannibal himself was the architect and the new city was called Artaxata, and remained a capital city until finally destroyed by the Persians in about A.D. 370, at which time its population was estimated at some 200,000.

In this connection it may be well to bear in mind that the Armenian nation was then some ten times more numerous than it is today and was a race of hardy hillmen liv-



ing in one area in the center of the ancient world: not, as now, scattered all over the globe. The ancient king of Armenia had therefore substantial resources for war behind him. Even in modern times Armenian Christian communities were in many cities of Anatolia, although the centuries of Mongol and Turkish massacres and persecution reduced their numbers from over twenty million — believed to have been the Armenian population in the early centuries of this era — to 1,300,000 by the twentieth century A.D.<sup>1</sup> besides the 1,282,000 Armenians who live in the fragment of their ancient kingdom that survives as a republic of the U. S. S. R.

Similarly, after 138 B.C., the Parthian kingdom rose to independence in Media — northern Persia — under a great king with remarkable military exploits to his credit. He made a deep impression on the Scythian hordes and enlarged his kingdom towards Bactria and India. He defeated the fourth king of the Arcasid dynasty of independent Armenia and even sent an embassy to distant Rome with the offer of an alliance.

But in 96 B.C. Tigranes III "The Great" ascended the throne of Major Armenia as fifth in succession to the illustrious King Artaxias. Not only had he received a good Hellenic education, but he had spent some years as a hostage among the Parthians and learnt from them the art of war. Though highly cultured, he was of an autocratic and arrogant disposition, with a firm belief in his own divine right to rule both Armenia and any other country that he could conquer. When he came to the throne, Armenia was divided by internal feuds, and her neighbors had filched out-

lying parts of the country for themselves. Tigranes, at the outset, obtained recognition from Parthia with the cession of seventy fertile valleys, to give himself time to organize his army. As soon as he felt himself strong enough, he attacked the sister kingdom, Minor Armenia. Ardanes, the last successor of Zariadres, was dethroned, and Tigranes III thus extended his control to the west bank of the Euphrates.

He then entered into the closest possible bore the inscription and had overturned alliance with Mithridates VI, the king of Pontus (who ruled the northern, southern and eastern shores of the Black Sea); Tigranes III married his daughter, and determined with his help to build up an empire in Asia. The first test of the alliance came when the king of Pontus asked his son-in-law to invade neighboring Cappadocia, whose king was a client of Rome. The Armenian army did its work with great success, King Ariabazanus fled and Tigranes occupied the country. Roman forces under Sulla then restored Ariabazanus, but as soon as Sulla had departed Tigranes returned. This time Ariabazanus fled to Rome and Tigranes overran not only Cappadocia but also the rich countries of Osroene and the Adiabene on the left bank of the Tigris, and he further subdued Corduene (the kingdom of the Kurds) and Atropatene (the ancient name of Azerbaijan that was taken from Persia by Russia in A.D. 1813). Tigranes now turned against Parthia, and in 84 B.C. he invaded Mesopotamia and Media, annexing that part of Media that had Ecbatana as its capital — Media Magna, which he kept until 66 B.C. The former rulers of Persia were styled "King of Kings" by right of their overlordship of Atropatene, Corduene, Adiabene and Osroene. Tigranes III of Armenia now officially assumed it as ruler of the four sub-kingdoms, and "Kings of Kings" appears on his coins.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Of this latter number it is reliably estimated that 1,110,000 Armenians were massacred or died of privation between 1914 and 1918, so the survivors have become for the most part citizens of other parts of the world. H. B. M. Stationery Office, F. O. Handbook No. 62, 1920.

During the previous sixty years the Seleucid empire had gradually fallen into decline, all its outlying portions had long since become independent and the Royal House was decadent and corrupt. At length the people of Syria, wearying of internal feuds, thought it best to invite a foreign ruler to compose their differences, and in 83 B.C., by request of its own citizens, Tigranes III entered Antioch in triumph (according to Appianus, at the head of 500,000 men), and was proclaimed King of Syria, Phoenicia, Commagene and Cilicia.<sup>3</sup>

There is no doubt that, in alliance with Pontus, all the nations of western Asia would have come under the iron rule of Tigranes had he not come into conflict with the legions of Rome.

After the death of Sulla, in 77 B.C., Tigranes again occupied the whole of Cappadocia; returning, it is recorded, with 300,000 prisoners in triumph to his capital.

<sup>2</sup>The coins of Tigranes the Great fall into three categories:

(i) Undated coins of Antioch. These bear the head of Tigranes wearing the lofty Armenian Imperial Crown decorated with a star (representing the sun) supported by two facing eagles. On the reverse the Nike of Antioch appears seated on a rock, crowned and holding a palm in her hands; at her feet the image of Fortune stands on the representation of the River-God (Orontes) swimming. Round the edge appears the Greek inscription VASILEOS TIGHRANOU.

(ii) Dated coins of unknown mint, issued between 77 and 73 B.C. These bear the same figures and ornaments as those minted at Antioch, except that on some the figure of Hercules, standing, as substituted for that of the Nike of Antioch. There is usually a circular ornamentation similar to those on Roman coins of the period, and the Greek inscription reads VASILEOS VASILEON TIGHRANOU.

(iii) The coins of Damascus, minted between 71 and 69 B.C. On these the image of the Fortune of Damascus is substituted for that of Antioch and there is no representation of a river god, while on the right there is a cornucopia to signify an abundance of everything, especially fruits and flowers. Round the circular ornamentation is the inscription VASILEOS TEHOU TIGHRANOU.

<sup>3</sup>Reinach in *Mithridates Eupator*, states: "La Syrie respira: pendant quatorze ans elle connut, avec l'humiliation d'une domination étrangère, la paix, la sécurité et la prospérité."

tal. According to Strabo, Plutarch and other historians, Tigranes enriched Armenia with Hellenic works of art, and encouraged thousands of Greeks to settle in Armenia, Media and Mesopotamia. He is also said to have welcomed Jewish immigrants. Aretas, the Arabian King of Damascus and Petra, was among the allies of Tigranes, and according to Plutarch another Arab prince called Alchaudonius was crowned king of central Mesopotamia at Atrah by order of Tigranes, whose enthusiastic supporter he thus became. In 72 B.C. Tigranes again attacked Queen Selene of Phoenicia, whom he captured at Ptolemais (Acre), and the rich maritime cities of the Mediterranean coast, Tyre, Sidon and Berytus, thus came also under his sway.<sup>4</sup>

A word of explanation is necessary here on the political situation in Asia Minor at the time when Tigranes III was at the height of his career of conquest. In 78 B.C. the western regions of Asia Minor already under Roman rule were Mysia (the ancient kingdom of Pergamos), Phrygia, Lydia and Caria. Pisidia, Rhodes, Lycia, Cilicia and Bithynia were independent States. Eastern Cilicia, Commagene, Cappadocia and Syria were dependencies of Armenia. Appianus in his *Assyria* (48, 49) considers that Tigranes dominated all the Fertile Crescent as far as the boundaries of Egypt.

<sup>4</sup>Josephus says (*Antiq.*, bk. viii, Whiston's trans.): "About this time news was brought that Tigranes, the king of Armenia, had made an irruption into Syria with 300,000 soldiers was coming against Judea. This news, as may well be supposed, terrified the (Jewish) queen and the nation. Accordingly then sent him many and very valuable presents, as also ambassadors, and that he was besieging Ptolemais (Acre) . . . . So the Jewish ambassadors interceded with him and entreated him that he would determine nothing that was severe about their queen (Alexandra) or nation. He commended them for the respects they paid him at so great a distance, and gave them good hopes for his favor. But as soon as Ptolemais (Acre) was taken, news came to Tigranes that Lucullus in his pursuit of Mithridates (of Pontus) . . . was laying waste Armenia. Now when Tigranes knew this he returned home."

This marked the zenith of his power. Tigranes was "King of Kings" and his Court became the sumptuous hub of the Armenian empire where oriental splendour and Greek culture met. He built a new capital city on the borders of Armenia and Mesopotamia which he named Tigranocerta (City of Tigranes), Artaxata remaining the metropolis of Armenia proper. Tigranes intended to make his new capital the finest in the world, and the cultural center of western Asia. The entire populations of Greek cities in Cilicia and Cappadocia were transported to Tigranocerta and the Armenian nobility were ordered to build themselves mansions and palaces to add to its splendour. The city walls were 100 feet high. In the center lay the imperial palace of the "King of Kings," and nearby were a huge imperial theatre and other magnificent buildings which made it look like a dream-city. The residences of the nobility, some of which were imposing palaces, were in the suburbs and were surrounded by terraced gardens. Tigranes here played the part of a great conqueror; according to contemporary historians, dethroned kings waited his table, and when he received foreign envoys his vassal kings stood beside his throne with their hands crossed on their breasts. Four kings ran before his chariot and he even claimed divine honors, calling himself a god on some of his coins. Yet with all his pride he also deserved his title of "the Magnanimous."

The Roman Republic, young, energetic and ambitious, could not long remain an indifferent observer of the efforts of Tigranes to create a powerful Asiatic State. As soon as his ambition and dynamic energy brought him to the shores of the Mediterranean, Rome intervened, for already she considered that sea an Italian lake.

Tigranes had scarcely occupied Ptolemias and captured Queen Selene of Phoenicia

when news was brought to him that Appius Claudius Pulcher, the envoy of Lucullus, wished an interview with him. While Tigranes had advanced his empire to the south, east and west, his father-in-law, Mithridates of Pontus, had attacked the Roman colonies and provinces of Asia Minor, had invaded Greece and had been defeated by Sulla in the first Mithridatic war. The second was inconclusive, but, after the death of Sulla, Mithridates suffered a complete defeat at the hands of Lucullus, and in 73 B.C. he fled to Armenia.

As soon as Tigranes returned to Antioch he received the Roman ambassador at his Court. When Appius Claudius entered the great palace, Tigranes was sitting under an imperial canopy on a lofty and splendid throne, while the Court was filled with satraps and generals, and four crowned kings stood facing the throne with their hands crossed.

The Roman ambassador gave Tigranes the royal salute and handed him a letter from Lucullus in which the Roman Emperor asked him to surrender Mithridates as a prisoner to Rome. The contents of the letter, in which Lucullus purposely omitted the title "King of Kings," were repeated by Appius Claudius, who informed Tigranes that unless Mithridates was surrendered he would find himself at war with Rome.

For a moment Tigranes sat silent in amazement at such a haughty message. Then he replied "No. I will never surrender my guest and father-in-law to grace the victories of Lucullus: such an act would be a breach of sacred laws. But if you want war, I am ready for it."

His reply was worthy of the descendant of Artaxias, who had similarly refused to surrender Hannibal. Tigranes handed Appius Claudius a letter in which he in return omitted the title of "Imperator" for Lucullus.

Tigranes and Mithridates then met at Tigranocerta and started preparations for war. Mithridates asked for 10,000 Armenian soldiers to help him recover his kingdom of Pontus, while Tigranes dispatched messages asking all his allies to bring their forces. The kings of Atropatene and Adiabene arrived in person, and other contingents came from all the provinces of the Armenian empire. While Tigranes was preparing to invade Cilicia and Lycaonia and confront Lucullus in Asia Minor, he suddenly learnt that the Romans had crossed the Euphrates. By this swift march Lucullus defeated Tigranes and occupied Tigranocerta on October 6, 69 B.C. Tigranes, however, fell back on the mountains and, joining Mithridates, fell upon the Roman army as it approached Artaxata; the result was an overwhelming defeat for Lucullus in 68 B.C., who retreated to Nisibin in Mesopotamia, while Tigranes, reoccupied Cilicia and Cappadocia.

Unfortunately for Tigranes, however, his son, the young Tigranes, revolted against his father and made a secret alliance with the king of Parthia.

Pompey now took over the command of the Roman legions in the east, attacked Mithridates and defeated him completely. The Romans annexed Pontus, and Mithridates this time not being given sanctuary in Armenia, fled to the Cimmerian Bosphorus (Crimea), the only part of his possessions that remained loyal to him. Pompey proposed that Parthia should assist him to invade Armenia in return for the provinces of Corduene and Adiabene (Kurdistan and northern Mesopotamia).

The old "King of Kings," seeing that his rebellious son and the Parthians were strong enemies at his rear, thought it better and more honorable to accept reconciliation with Rome. He was now seventy-five years old, and his ally Mithridates of Pon-

tus had been utterly defeated and was far away from him.

When the preliminary arrangements had been made, Tigranes the Great, wearing his imperial robes and crown, mounted his horse and, accompanied by his best generals, rode to the Roman camp to meet Pompey the Great. Pompey sent forward military tribunes and high officers to escort the great Armenian. Tigranes III approached Pompey and they saluted each other in a friendly way, kissed, and sat down to discuss the political affairs of Asia and to prepare the treaty that became known as the Treaty of Artaxata of 66 B.C.

By this treaty Cappadocia, Cilicia, Syria, Phoenicia, eastern Galatia and part of Mesopotamia passed under Roman rule. All greater Armenia, part of the ancient Assyria and upper Mesopotamia were left to Tigranes the Great. The district of Sophene was offered to young Tigranes, the treacherous son. Armenia was pronounced a State friendly to Rome, and Tigranes III was recognized as sovereign of all the Armenians.

Tigranes was overjoyed at such easy terms and gave rich presents to the Roman army: each Roman soldier received 50 silver coins, each inspector 1,000 silver coins, and each tribune a whole talent. Tigranes also presented 6,000 talents to the Roman Government, and the treacherous crown prince, who had refused the governorship of Sophene, was put in chains and sent to grace Pompey's triumph on his return to Rome.

Pompey then proceeded on an expedition to overawe Caucasia, and the Parthian king took the opportunity to try to annex Corduene (Kurdistan). But Tigranes with the Armenian cavalry soon put him to flight.<sup>5</sup>

This was the last war of Tigranes the Great, and at its close he was still ruler of

<sup>5</sup>Strabo adds that Pompey left Tigranes in control of further areas of Mesopotamia.

all of the Armenians, Armenia Major and Minor and of adjoining countries, so that he was still "King of Kings."

Before his death Tigranes the Great summoned his son Ardavasdes, a highly educated man and (according to Plutarch) the author of many plays and historical and literary works composed in Greek, and declared him king. Coins have been found on which the heads of the father and son appear together, but the inscription reads only VASILEOS TIGHRANOU. According to Lucianus, Tigranes died in 55 B.C. at the ripe old age of eighty-four. Historians comment with admiration that he kept his good looks and his energy unimpaired — he was a very handsome man; tall, with fine eyes, thick curly hair and an open and pleasant expression — and even at the age of eighty could ride on horseback at the head of his army. He was abstemious and continent in his habits, impartial, courteous and dignified in his attitude towards strong and weak alike. He was a patron of learning, as is instanced by his protection of the great Athenian Amphilarches;

Greek artists regularly visited Tigranocerta and performed at the theatre there. During his long reign of over forty years Armenia reached the pinnacle of her military and political influence, and although his empire did not survive him, his kingdom remained a leading State of western Asia until the Turkish conquests, and has never lost her independent heritage of Greek culture: king Tiridates II of Armenia was converted to Christianity in A.D. 284, some forty years before it became the religion of the Roman Empire under Constantine I.

Tigranes III, the Great, was the foremost scion of the Arsacid dynasty that lasted from 190 B.C. to A.D. 52 (it was, according to tradition, in the reign of one of the last of that dynasty that Christianity first reached Armenian Edessa). As the creator of the Armenian empire, as the ruler who did most to establish her political and cultural traditions, and on account of his personal gifts, the memory of Tigranes the Great is highly respected and honored by the entire Armenian nation even today.





# THE ARMENIANS OF SOVIET GEORGIA AND AZERBAIJAN

HERAND ERMOYAN

There are approximately 800,000 Armenians in Soviet Georgia and Soviet Azerbaijan almost equally distributed, 400,000 in each republic. The Armenian population of Soviet Armenia is a little more than a million.

We know very little about the life of these stranded Armenians except those party reports which were published in Soviet Georgian and Azeri newspapers from which I have drawn the following information.

In Azerbaijan the Armenians are chiefly located in the cities of Baku and Kirovabad (Gandzak), as well as in the autonomous region of Mountainous Karabagh. There are, of course, Armenian schools and newspapers in Armenian populated centers, but these are subject to the Azeri government and are directed by pertinent ministries or agencies, much the same as the Azeri schools and the press. This being so, however, it should be pointed out that the 400,000 Armenians in Azerbaijan are a powerful political and social factor, and the Armenians are represented both in the government and the party executive bodies. For example, an Armenian named Markarian, former secretary of Karabagh Marzkom (Regional Committee) is a minister in the Azeri cabinet. One of the undersecretaries of the Ministry of Education almost invariably is an Armenian who, apparently, has the general supervision of the Armenian schools and educational institu-

tions in Azerbaijan. An important number of Armenians hold high offices in the administration of the country's economy, especially the oil industry of Baku.

Nor have the Armenians been ignored in the party organization and even in the party leadership. They are duly represented in city and precinct councils of Baku. In the Armenian quarters of the City of Gandzag the party leadership is exclusively in Armenian hands.

Quite a few Armenians took part this year in the party conferences, according to "Bakinsky Rabochiy," the central organ of the Communist Party of Azerbaijan. Among the members of the presidium of the city conference of Baku mention is made of Dr. Rhipsime Beglarova, K. Karanian; A. Amirkhanian as member of the Editorial Commission, and Petrosov as a member of the Mandate Commission. In the Communist Party Convention of Azerbaijan A. Amirkhanian and Y. Grigorian were listed among the chairmen, A. Haroutinov as one of the secretaries, and K. Antelepian on the Editorial Committee.

The Armenians also had their rightful share of representation in the Central Committee, the Commission on Reviewing, as well as the Bureau, the supreme organ of the Central Committee, all elected by the Convention. Elected to the Central Committee were D. Avanian, E. Alikhanov, A. Amirkhanian, A. Bargramov, Y. Grigorian, and E. Abajian; alternate S.

Mirzoyev, and K. Shahverdian as members on the Commission on Reviewing. Most important of all, A. Amirkhanian, an Armenian, was reelected as member of the Bureau.

The Armenians of Baku publish an Armenian language daily entitled "Communist" which is the official Armenian organ of the Central Committee of Azerbaijan.

In the autonomous region of Karabagh the Armenians constitute a majority of the population. This piece of Armenian territory has long since been an apple of contention between Armenia and Azerbaijan which finally was incorporated with the Soviet Republic of Azerbaijan. The Azeri Tartars, however, have not merely occupied the region as the Georgians have done to the overwhelming Armenian populated region of Akhalkalak, but have made of it an autonomous region whose government and the party are controlled by Armenians. Thus, Azerbaijan has recognized the Armenian character of Karabagh and by granting her autonomy has preserved and insured her Armenian impress for the future.

The capital of Mountainous Karabagh is Stepanakert (the former Khangend).

The supreme body of the autonomous region is the Central Committee whose president is D. Avanesian. The Supreme Body of the party is called Marzkom (Regional Committee). The secretary of Marzkom is Y. Grigorian. As stated above, both of these men are members of the Central Committee of Azerbaijan. In the capital of Karabagh are published two newspapers, organs of Marzkom, one in Armenian which is called Soviet Karabagh, and the other in Russian which bears the name of Sovetski Karabagh.

The region has five districts each with a corresponding party and government body, all headed by Armenians.

In the beginning of September, 1952, there took place in the City of Stepanakert the Regional Party Conference of Karabagh. The following information concerning Armenian Karabagh is taken from an account published in "Bakinski Rabochiy," September 14, 1952. According to the report production in Karabagh has not shown the expected growth. There is mention of the silk industry and the silk factory. The principal occupation of the people is agriculture and animal husbandry. Of the five districts only Martakert cultivates cotton, the remaining districts concentrate on bread grains. Much of the discussion of the conference was devoted to the Bolshevik pet theme of the plans, their fulfillment or failure, and the question of the teaching of Marxism-Leninism — lengthy and tiresome discussions which are irrelevant to this report.

A. Alikhanian and K. Aliyev, members of the Central Bureau of Azerbaijan, took part in the conference. The Conference elected a Marzkom, which in turn elected a secretariat consisting of Y. Grigorian, Kh. Ivanov and A. Sarkisov. What business has Ivanov, a Russian national, in Armenian Karabagh is a Bolshevik puzzle which is difficult to solve.

To sum up our impression in regard to the present condition and future fate of the Armenians of Karabagh we are forced to the following conclusions. The government of Azerbaijan has no special policy of suppression or persecution against the Armenians, either in Karabagh or outside. It does not strive to assimilate, nor to get rid of the Armenians. The danger, especially for the Armenians of Baku, comes from another quarter. These are in danger of assimilation by Russian culture and influence. All the Beglarovs, the Arutinovs, the Alikhanovs and the Shirinovs are already on the road to russification, as those who before them, in the days of the Tsars, were renouncing their Ar-

menian nationality, the countless Armenian architects and oil tycoons of Baku who had expelled the Armenian language from their homes.

As to the Armenians of Mountainous Karabagh, their present and future fate is exactly the same as the fate of the people of Soviet Armenia of today.

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The condition of the Armenians who live in Soviet Georgia is entirely different than those in Azerbaijan. From the first day of the introduction of the Soviet regime, the Georgian Bolsheviks initiated a policy toward the Armenians whose aim was assimilation, to rid Georgia of the Armenians, and especially to reduce the Armenians of Tiflis to a negligible minority.

This policy which was initiated by the so-called Uklonists (nationalists) was continued until after their liquidation by Beria, and is being continued today by A. Mkeladze, the former First Secretary of the Marzkom of Abkhazia, the man who is trained by experience in Georgianizing the Abkhazes, who has become the dictator of the Communist Party of Georgia.

The Armenians of Georgia are largely concentrated in the City of Tiflis where they were the majority of nationality groups until the sovietization of Georgia, including the Georgians themselves, comparatively speaking. A large number of Armenians also are found in the villages of the Province of Tiflis, as well as in the cities of Sughnakh and Telav. Akhalkzha is another Armenian city, with an overwhelming Armenian population. Quite a number of Armenians reside in Abkhazia (the region of Sokhoum), in Batum (Ajar), and the region of Kori. A sizeable number of Armenians in Georgia have lost their mother tongue, and during the Tsarist regime they differed from the Georgians only by their religion and church, the only tie with the parent people. The Bol-

shevik persecution of the church and religion removed the last traces of this bond and by degrees they became assimilated with the Georgians. The coup de grace came with the enforcement of the Bolshevik principle, according to which, in conformity with the requirements of "democratic" pedagogy, teaching in schools should be imparted in the same language which was spoken by the pupils and their parents. With the enforcement of these "democratic" principles, an end was made to those efforts which the Armenian intellectuals made during the Tsarist regime to redeem the Georgian speaking Armenian young generation by teaching them the mother tongue through Armenian schools. Thus, the Georgian speaking Armenians were finally severed from their Armenian moorings and were engulfed in the Georgian sea.

As to those cities and regions where the Armenians who have preserved their national identity constitute the majority (Tiflis, Akhalkzha, and Akhalkalak), in the initial stages the Georgian Bolsheviks were forced to take them into account, although, we repeat, in a less degree than did the Azeris. In Tiflis, where through various measures the Georgians created a majority for themselves, a number of Armenian educational and cultural institutions were salvaged. The same is true of the region of Akhalkalak. But, all these, compared to the status which they enjoyed in Tsarist days, present a pitiful spectacle today. Thus, the famous Caucasian Armenian theater in the heart of Tiflis has been relegated to a dead end street (Havlabar), where it drags a miserable existence. The same is true of the other cultural institutions. There are, of course, elementary and secondary Armenian schools in Tiflis, there is an Armenian chair in the University of Tiflis, alongside 85 Georgian chairs, there are a few sec-

ond rate positions in the government and the party, occupied by Armenians, but that is too small a representation for a population which only recently ceded its majority to the Georgians. In the initial stages the Georgians respected to a considerable extent the imposing Armenian population. The President of the city administration used to be an Armenian, even if he had severed all ties with the Armenians. Thus, for example, in 1934, K. Aroutinov, a Georgian-speaking Armenian from Telav (Georgia) who at present is First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Armenian Communist Party, was secretary of the city party committee of Tiflis. Another Armenian apostate, one Ishkhanov, was Mayor of Tiflis and until last summer was an alternate of the Ministers' Council of Georgia. But all this is over today, as proved by the reports published in "Zaria Vostoka" in regard to the conventions which took place last September in Tiflis. Not a single Armenian was elected to the supreme bodies, neither the secretariat of the Central Committee, the Central Committee, nor the Bureau. To represent the 400,000 Armenians of Georgia, only two Armenians, Sarkisov and Poghosian, were elected alternates to the Central Committee. As we observed above, there were six Armenians elected to the Central Committee of Azerbaijan, and even one member of the Bureau, Amirkhanian.

The Armenians at present have been eliminated from government or party lead-

ership in other Armenian centers within Georgia, such as the Armenian town of Akhaltzkha, Batum, Sokhoum, and what is inconceivable, Akhalkalak.

Akhalkalak had a 75 percent majority Armenian population before the Russian revolution. Like Mountainous Karabagh, it was a disputed territory between the Armenians and the neighboring Georgia, and yet, unlike Karabagh, and despite the wishes of the majority of the people, it did not become an inseparable part of Armenia but was annexed to Georgia. The Georgians, however, unlike the Azeris, did not grant an autonomous status to this Armenian region but annexed it outright. Nevertheless, until recently the Georgian communists used to make a slight concession to the Armenians of Akhalkalak by appointing an Armenian as secretary of the Regional Committee, the most powerful post in the government. We now learn from Zaria Vostoka that the Georgian nationalist communists have shed off this "superstition" too and have appointed a man named Louarsabov as Governor of Akhalkalak.

On frequent occasions we have been receiving information that the Georgian communists are repopulating the region of Akhalkalak with newcomer Georgians to create a majority there and to insure its indivisibility in the future. The appointment of Louarsabov as Governor of Akhalkalak seems to lend support to this theory.



# ELEEZA HADIAN --TAMARA TEGOUR: A POET IN SEARCH OF HERSELF \*

NONA BALAKIAN

*Critic of modern literature on the staff of  
New York Times Book Review*

Poetry — though it costs no more than detective fiction — has become a luxury item these days. Slender, neatly packaged, books of verse are for most readers a fair thing to display on a parlor coffee-table but rarely a reading experience of immediate value. The average reader (and this is no comment on his *intellectual* capacity) is far happier with the latest best-seller about life (as it was never lived) in Biblical times or about his uninhibited contemporaries. And, in these days when news of the world occupies not only his thoughts but his living-room (via television), the reading man feels far better armed with the politician's emphatic prophecies than with the quieter prophecies of the poet. Our present reading taste indicates not a lack of intellect — the range of our reading matter suggests that we are highly curious about all aspects of life — but rather a lack of sensitivity to what lies outside the range of pure intellect. In educating our minds, we have lost the power to respond to the deeper, finer emotions, to the spiritual depths of our being — which

is the source of all beauty. Indeed, "the world is too much with us!"

It is no wonder that the practice of poetry has become a sideline; among the most celebrated American poets today, William Carlos Williams is a pediatrician by profession, Wallace Stevens has been an insurance broker most of his life and Archibald MacLeish has led an active political life. It is remarkable that despite the distractions of their prosaic careers, these poets, and many others like them, have been able to develop their finer sensibilities and give them expression in a form which is losing its mass appeal.

It is not for want of this kind of sensibility, I am sure, that Armenians in this country have so far failed to make their mark in American poetry. Though we are essentially a practical people, one need not scratch hard to discover the Armenian's poetic soul, however shyly hidden. But aside from the usual difficulties, those who aspire to become *American* poets, writing only in the English tongue, are so unobtrusive that, regardless of their talents they nearly never achieve more than an amateur standing. They almost never graduate from the Armenian Weeklies (though now and then their works appear

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\*NOW I KNOW. By Eleeza Hadian. With an introduction by Marcus Lytle, 82 pp. Price \$2.50. Apply to Mrs. Vera Bishop, 636 Portola, Glendale, California.



in the Armenian Review), and when occasionally one of the more forward ones publishes a slim volume of his verse, it is half apologetically sent to friends of the poet. Thus, to most of us, these modest Armenian poets remain simply names — until one day the death of one of them makes us realize that their frail, unpretentious verse had held more living and feeling than many of us are capable of, that in it the part-time poet had found the truest expression of himself.

For most of us, the name of Tamara Tegour is associated with such modest newspaper fame. We have read her poems singly over the years, and admiring them singly have only formed a vague impression of their particular quality. Most of us have known nothing of her unusual life or of her personality. Ironically and sadly, it is with her recent death and the publication of her verse in book form, "Now I Know" (published under her real name, Elezea Hadian), that we have discovered her as a poet of striking lyric gifts and deep insights.

Elezea Hadian was by profession a scientist who pioneered in the development of use of insulin. Born in Tigkranakert, (Diarbekir) the daughter of a Protestant minister, she came to this country in her twenties, just before the first World War, and soon after obtained her Master's degree in Science from Columbia University. The outbreak of the war made her decide to remain in America and she moved to California where she lived first in Fresno and then in Glendale. She became director of research at Harrower's Laboratory and, encouraged by her success in the scientific world, later resumed her studies toward her doctorate at the University of Pennsylvania. Unhappily, just before obtaining her degree, she suffered a nervous breakdown and was forced to return to her home in California. It was then, unable

to continue her scientific career, that she took up writing poetry. "It was my medicine," she later said — but it proved to be more than that: it became her true vocation.

It is illuminating to read these facts about Miss Hadian, as given by Mr. Lytle in his sympathetic introduction, if only because it reinforces the impression that the writing of poetry has of necessity become a sideline, isolated from the poet's mundane existence. Consequently, its demands on the poet have become greater than ever; he has had to search deeper in himself (for in modern life the spiritual self is often submerged) — and sometimes the search has been more than he could bear. The sad undertone — the irony — of much modern poetry surely has some of its roots in the turmoil of the poet who cannot *always* be a poet.

One of the recurring themes or motifs of Miss Hadian's poetry is the poet's painful consciousness of the passing of Time. In "*The Having*," she speaks of the clock eating the minutes up "like a silkworm scraping at the edge of mulberry leaves," when what she wanted was "A lighted moment to last me all forever!" In "*Hurried*" she suggests her fear of life's coming to an end, as "The seconds Raced across the path of the clock like ants . . . Unmindful of the where, the when . . . Of lurking death." But it is "*Time-Out*" that most tellingly expresses the poet's struggle in a world that begrudges him time and leisure. In the quiet and luxury of night, away from "the unsupers of time," she counts the hours stretching before her —

*Night came to me as a bridegroom to his  
love: he had delayed  
Until all tenaciously rasping cries of  
the want of day  
Were left behind, and the hounds of duty  
Were out-distanced and until the halls  
of my dwelling place*

*Had gained quietude\*\*\**

She begs night to stay with her until  
her pen has "transmitted the message of  
immortality ! ! !"

*But even now the money-lender's chariot  
is on the road*

*And I hear the clatter*

*Of wheels upon the cobblestones of my  
courtyard\*\*\**

*Now I must return*

*To a debtor's fate . . . once more prisoner  
to the laboring day.*

Miss Hadian, one feels, revered Time not for itself but for the spiritual gifts it brought her receptive soul: like a nun before the altar, she reached out to "deep tracts of silence and solitude" where "known-time Will be dissolved." For it was only then that the poet could receive the illumination that precedes creation. In "Prepare a Wilderness for the Waiting," she compares the Poet to the prophet of Sinai, waiting for "one unhralded, lighting moment,—When the silence will live and the voice speak and the Word—Descend to rest in me." And in "Poet's Wealth" she compares the poet's circumstances to his inner wealth which she holds to be a gift from heaven.

In its intense expression of personal feeling, as well as in its suggestion of the poet's self-isolation, Miss Hadian's verse belongs in the Romantic tradition. But at its best, at its most controlled, it is the Romanticism of a later day, the slightly tarnished and disappointed Romanticism of an Emily Dickinson, Christina Rossetti and Edna St. Vincent Millay. One is aware of a secret tragedy, a fatal desire, a promise unfulfilled: "Laughter is but a scarlet cloak I pulled about my heart Lest the tattered edges of pride Slip their guard," she says in one poem. Her fear of self-betrayal is expressed with beautiful restraint in "Wise Hands:"

*It is well that my hands*

*Are wiser than my heart*

*My heart would leap forward  
—With a torrent of telling words  
Affixed*

*To a page — flying to you,*

*But my hands stay idle*

*In my lap cradling a memory\*\*\**

There is more than a hint of self-denial, of retreat from life; and in the depth of her despair she seeks the self-protection of hopelessness, refusing desire, friendship and "the offering of future's bribe." Yet in the ending she is philosophically resigned in the knowledge that the sum of her experience is Wisdom, that the "wick" of her life now burns "quietly, in the sacred oil—Of pooled content and thought, and peace."

Not all of Miss Hadian's poetry, however, is of a personal nature. Scattered through the volume are poems of war and brave young hearts, of her tribute to America, of her hopes for the brotherhood of man and for "the little house" that will be "the future fortress of world peace." One can see that she was a woman with a strong social conscience; in these poems, she is the crusader — declamatory, unrestrained, self-righteous to the point of bluntness. It is a complete reversal from the retiring, self-absorbed person one might have imagined that she was.

Perhaps for want of any critical attention, Miss Hadian wrote with a disturbing unevenness of style. One could wish that she had refrained from the overuse of exclamation points (sometimes she uses as many as three together) and that she had curbed her tendency to use such over-worked abstract words as *truth*, *beauty*, *sorrow*, and *peace*.

And, on the whole, her verse lacks the discipline of form. The present volume could have been improved by excluding

some of the inferior poems and by providing a clue to the chronology of Miss Hadian's output.

The patient reader will, nonetheless, find much to admire in Miss Hadian's style. In contrast to her easy effusiveness, one is struck with the beautiful expressionistic quality of her verse with its power to suggest an inward state by the images it evokes. The intangible state of "Aloneness" is conveyed in terms of "unwanted" driftwood and a cloud hanging on "to the last bar of crimson light"; and "Needed Peace" is expressed by the image of a luna moth

sleeping undisturbed between "the scalloped edges—Of oak leaves."

And there are many other vivid and original images which, even more than the subject matter of her poetry, confirm that Miss Hadian was a poet who had not lost sight of what lies outside the range of the intellect. Her weakness and her strength, her high-spiritedness and disenchantment, and most of all her faith in the wisdom of the poet, are all in this book, which represents — if only she knew it — the true fulfillment of her life, beyond any other success or purpose she sought in it.



# UNCLE SETRAK AND HIS "OTAR" WIFE

DOROTHY KAVOOGIAN

I remember the day I learned about *otars* . . . I had just come in from playing with my Irish friend, Tommy Murphy . . . My mother was sitting on the big maroon sofa in the living room . . . the sofa with the old pillows. She never sat in the living room except when there was company from out of town or when there was a momentous occasion like a funeral or a wedding. Since my father was the only one there, I knew she must be there for the momentous occasion.

My father was talking in Armenian . . . using big words and saying something about my Uncle Setrak, his younger brother, the one with the gray spats and the black mustache and the skinny cigars. My Uncle Setrak was a tailor and that was almost as good as being a barber like my father. Neither of my parents looked too happy so I figured Uncle Setrak must have lost a lot of money on the horses as he did once before.

"Did Uncle Setrak lose on the races, Father?" I asked him.

Father fiddled with the elastics on his shirt sleeves as he always did when he didn't know quite what to say.

I repeated the question in a more demanding tone. This time my mother interrupted me.

"Grigori," she said, "go wash your hands for supper."

I knew then, there was something . . . something they didn't want to tell me . . .

something they were kind of ashamed of. I could tell by the way my mother clipped her words. I went to wash my hands.

Nobody said much at the supper table, even though we had shish kebab and fried peppers. When my little sister, Satenik, said something, they kind of hushed her up. It was like the supper after Grandmother's funeral. Then I began to think maybe Uncle Setrak was sick or hurt or even dead.

"Is Uncle Setrak sick, Mother?"

"No, son . . . no. Eat your kebab."

I thought I heard my father say 'perhaps' under his breath.

"Is he dead?" I breathed.

My father slammed his hairy fist on the oak table and the glasses shook.

"We'll have to tell him," my father said. "He'll know quickly enough anyway."

My mother nodded her head in agreement.

"Your Uncle Setrak is marrying an *otar*!"

I looked questioningly at my parents. When my big brother Martiros got married, we all laughed and sang and drank raki. We didn't wear long faces.

"Shouldn't we be happy then, Mother," I smiled.

"Your Uncle Setrak is marrying an *otar*!" my father boomed.

My mother nearly cringed when he said the word *otar*.

"She's Irish," my mother explained and

began sobbing.

"When is Derhayr coming to see them?" piped up my little sister.

We called our Armenian priest Derhayr which means Father.

"Derhayr is not coming. They will be married in her church . . . big church on First street with stained glass windows"

With that my father left the table in a huff. My mother was still sobbing a little.

"Why don't we like her, Mother . . . this lady that's going to be my aunt?"

"She's not an Armenian like us Grigor. She won't come to the Armenian Church. She can't even speak Armenian. She can't make *paklava* or *pilaf* . . . like having a foreigner in the family. Poor Uncle Setrak."

When I went outside, I sat on the curbing and fooled around with the sand in the gutter. Poor Uncle Setrak . . . I had a lump in my throat. After a while my friend Tommy came out and sat down beside me.

"Hey, Grig . . . wanta go over to the empty lot an' kick cans?"

"Nah."

"Ah, come on."

"Nah, I don't want to."

"Hey, what's eating ya anyway? Some one die?"

"Nay . . . my Uncle Setrak's going to marry an *otar*."

"An o-t-a-r . . . What's that . . . a Negro or something?"

"Nay, stupid . . . it's someone that's Irish . . . someone that ain't Armenian."

"Hey . . . Hey, then I'm one of those there *otars*, too," said Tommy, drawing his initials in the sand.

He was right . . . he was an *otar*, though I'd never thought of him that way.

"We'll still be friends though, Tom. I shook Tommy's hand like an old country

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



MISS KAVOOGIAN

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Miss Dorothy Sitinick (Satenig) Kavoogian, whose "Uncle Setrak and His 'Otar' Wife" fittingly introduces her to REVIEW readers, is a resident of Shrewsbury, Mass., just outside the city of Worcester. After graduating from Worcester North High School, she attended Worcester Junior College where she won an Associate of Arts certificate. Continuing studies at Clark University, Miss Kavoogian was graduated therefrom in 1953. She was an honor student at both Worcester Junior College and Clark. Miss Kavoogian writes the REVIEW staff that she has a number of short shorts after the fashion of that which is printed herewith.

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man . . . for about five minutes . . . felt awfully sorry for him, his being an *otar* like Uncle Setrak's wife . . .



# THE U.N. COMMISSION ON HUMAN RIGHTS

JAMES SIMSARIAN

The United Nations Commission on Human rights will proceed towards the completion of the two draft Covenants on Human Rights at its next session scheduled to be held in Geneva from April 6 to June 1, 1953.\*

The Commission reviewed sections of the two draft Covenants at its nine-week session in New York from April 14 to June 13, 1952, but did not have sufficient time at that session to complete the draft Covenants. At its request, the Economic and Social Council at its summer 1952 session instructed the Commission to proceed with the completion of its work on the two draft Covenants at its next session in 1953. The General Assembly at its fall 1952 session did not consider the two draft Covenants.

The Commission divided the previous draft of a Covenant on Human Rights into two Covenants at the request of the General Assembly — one Covenant on Civil and Political Rights and the other Covenant on Economic, Social, and Cultural Rights. The Commission rejected a proposal submitted by the Union of Soviet

Socialist Republics to combine the two documents into a single Covenant. The Economic and Social Council at its summer 1952 session rejected a similar proposal of the USSR to combine the two documents. The United States has consistently urged that two separate Covenants be drafted, one Covenant on Civil and Political Rights and the other Covenant on Economic, Social and Cultural Rights.

The two Covenants are being drafted in the form of treaties, to be opened for ratification or accession by Governments after they are finally drafted by the Commission on Human Rights and approved by the General Assembly. Each Covenant will come into force when it is ratified by 20 countries and will apply only to countries which ratify it. The Covenants are in contrast to the Universal Declaration of Human Rights (approved by the General Assembly on December 10, 1948), which was drafted not in the form of a treaty but as a declaration without legally binding force.

As Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the U. S. representative on the Commission on Human Rights, pointed out at the close of the 1952 session of the Commission:

*The drafting of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and of the Covenants on Human Rights are part of an international effort designed to acquaint the world with the ideas of freedom and of the vital necessity for their preservation and extension. Such an effort is indispensable in this day when totalitarian*

\*Mr. Simsarian's article is reprinted from "Department of State Bulletin," July 7, 1952 (Department of State publication 4669; International Organization and Conference Series III, 85) upon specific permission given The Armenian Review by Mr. Simsarian. Those readers wishing to have on hand the texts of the "Draft Covenant on Economical, Social and Cultural Rights," which appeared in the "Bulletin" along with Mr. Simsarian's article, may do so by asking for reprints from the Superintendent of Documents, US Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.

concepts are being spread vigorously not only by Communists but also by the remnants of nazism and fascism. The UN campaign for the promotion of human rights must be continued and prosecuted successfully if our free way of life is to be preserved.

Mrs. Roosevelt stressed the point that:

*Neither of the Covenants as now drafted contains any provisions which depart from the American way of life in the direction of communism, socialism, syndicalism or statism. When such provisions have been proposed, the United States has opposed them; every proposal by the Soviet Union and its satellites to write "statism" into the Covenant has been defeated . . . In its approach to the economic and social articles, as well as the civil and political articles, the US delegation has been guided by our Constitution and by existing statutes and policies approved by the legislative and executive branches of the Federal Government.*

#### **Covenant on Civil and Political Rights**

The Commission on Human Rights retained in the Covenant on Civil and Political Rights the basic civil and political rights which have been included in the draft Covenant since it was first considered by the Commission in 1947. They have been reviewed and revised by the Commission and its Drafting Committee in 1947, 1948, 1949, and 1950, as well as at its sessions in New York this year. These basic civil and political rights are well-known in American tradition and law. They include the right of life, protection against torture, slavery, forced labor, arbitrary arrest or detention, freedom to leave a country, freedom to return to one's country, right to a fair and public hearing by an independent and impartial tribunal, right to be presumed innocent until proved guilty, protection against *ex post facto* laws, freedom of religion, expression, as-

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## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

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Mr. Simsarian, the author of this article, is Officer in Charge, United Nations Cultural and Human Rights Affairs. He was born May 13, 1907, in Union City, N. J. He graduated from the University of California at Los Angeles in 1930, received an M. A. from Columbia in 1934, an LL. B. in 1937, and became a Doctor of Philosophy two years later. He has served as an Attorney with the United States Housing Authority (1938-1941) and was connected with the Office of Price Administration (1941-1945). In that year, he entered the Department of State, with which he has been active ever since. He was Assistant Chief, Division of Economic Security Controls 1945-46, and was with the US Delegation to Council of Foreign Ministers, London, 1946, and was Special Assistant to the US Delegation to Inter-Allied Reparation Agency, Brussels, 1946-47. Dr. Simsarian, again in 1946-47, served as the American Member, Committee of Experts on Custodial Questions, Inter-Allied Reparation Agency. In 1951-52, he was a member of the US Delegation to the United Nations General Assembly, Paris and, since 1948, has been Adviser to US Representatives to United Nations Commission on Human Rights.

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sembly and association, and equality before the law.

#### **Union of Soviet Socialist Republics**

As at previous sessions of the Commission, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics sought to weaken the provisions of the Covenant but these efforts were rejected by the Commission. For example, in the consideration of the article on freedom of expression, the USSR proposed that this freedom be limited "in the interests of democracy." The USSR has repeatedly sought to distort the term "democracy" by claiming that it is descriptive of the Communist State. In line with its usual practice, the USSR was obviously seeking by its amendment to insert language so that it could later claim that this freedom did not go beyond the limited scope of the Soviet Constitution which allows the right of expression only to those supporting the Communist State. This effort of the USSR to negate the provision on free-

dom of expression in the Covenant was rejected, with only three members voting for it, the USSR, and its two satellites, the Ukraine and Poland. The USSR submitted a similar amendment in an effort to limit the provisions of the Covenant on freedom of assembly and association, but this amendment was also rejected, with the same three being the only members of the Commission voting for the amendment.

In the case of the article of the Covenant calling for a fair and public hearing by an independent and impartial tribunal, the USSR proposed the elimination of the term "impartial" by an amendment it submitted to the Commission. The Commission, however, rejected this amendment.

#### **Complaint and Reporting Procedures**

The Commission had only sufficient time at its 1952 session to review the substantive articles relating to civil and political rights and economic, social, and cultural rights. The Commission accordingly did not review the complaint machinery drafted at previous sessions with respect to the consideration of alleged violations of the articles on civil and political rights. The draft Covenant has thus far provided only for the filing of complaints by countries ratifying the Covenant. Such complaints may be filed only against countries which have ratified the Covenant. The Commission has rejected proposals submitted by some members of the Commission to authorize individuals, groups, or non-governmental organizations to file complaints. These issues will no doubt be considered again by the Commission at its session next year. The Commission will also no doubt consider at that time the reporting procedure proposed for the Covenant on Economic, Social, and Cultural Rights.

#### **Covenant on Economic, Social, and Cultural Rights**

The draft Covenant on Economic, So-

cial, and Cultural Rights sets forth provisions relating to employment, conditions of work, trade-unions, social security, motherhood, maternity, children, young persons, the family, food, clothing, housing, standards of living, health, education, science, and culture.

#### **Differences Between Two Covenants**

In drafting the Covenant on Economic, Social, and Cultural Rights, the Commission recognized that the provisions of this Covenant differed in a number of respects from the Covenant on Civil and Political Rights. These differences were set forth in the Covenant on Economic, Social, and Cultural Rights in a number of ways:

(1) The economic, social, and cultural rights were recognized as objectives to be achieved "progressively." In the case of the civil and political rights, countries ratifying the Covenant will be under an obligation to take necessary steps to give effect to these rights. A much longer period of time is clearly contemplated under the Covenant on Economic, Social, and Cultural Rights for the achievement of the objectives of this Covenant. The term "rights" is used in both the civil and political articles and the economic, social, and cultural articles. This term is used, however, in two different senses. The civil and political rights are looked upon as "rights" to be given effect immediately. The economic, social, and cultural rights, although recognized as "rights," are looked upon as goals toward which countries ratifying the Covenant would undertake to strive and to achieve these objectives to the extent permitted by available resources.

(2) It was recognized that economic, social, and cultural rights were to be achieved by many means and methods, private as well as public, and not solely through legislation. Article 2 of the Covenant on Economic, Social, and Cultural Rights expressly states that the rights

recognized in that Covenant are to be achieved "by other means" as well as by legislation. The members of the Commission acknowledged that the reference to "other means" was a recognition by them that the rights set forth in this Covenant could be achieved through private as well as governmental action. The obligation of a country ratifying this Covenant will be to take steps to promote conditions for economic, social, and cultural progress and development.

The USSR repeatedly urged this year, in the same manner that it urged last year in the Commission, that economic, social, and cultural rights be stated in terms of state legislation only, but other members of the Commission rejected this approach.

(3) The economic, social, and cultural rights were necessarily drafted in general terms as contrasted to the articles on civil and political rights. It was felt by the Commission that since the economic, social, and cultural rights were stated in terms of broad objectives, general language would be adequate.

#### **Covenants Are Non-Self-Executing**

There is appropriate language in both Covenants to assure that they are non-self-executing.

Article 2 of the draft Covenant on Civil and Political Rights provides that where the rights recognized in the Covenant have not already been "provided for by existing legislative or other measures, each (Contracting) State undertakes to take the necessary steps, in accordance with its constitutional processes and with the provisions of this Covenant, to adopt such legislative or other measures as may be necessary to give effect to the rights recognized in this Covenant."

This article makes it clear that the provisions of the Covenant would not, themselves, be enforceable in the courts as "the supreme Law of the Land" under

article VI of the US Constitution. The United States, however, when it becomes a party to the Covenant, would, together with other contracting countries, have a firm obligation to enact the necessary legislative or other measures to give effect to the rights set forth in the Covenant to the extent such measures have not already been enacted. Such legislative or other measures which are enacted would, of course, be enforceable in the courts of the United States.

Article 2 of the draft Covenant on Economic, Social, and Cultural Rights similarly ensures the non-self-executing character of its provisions. Under this Covenant, each contracting country undertakes to take steps "with a view to achieving progressively the full realization of the rights recognized in this Covenant by legislative as well as by other means." There is a recognition by this phraseology of the need for affirmative action for the achievement of the rights set forth in this Covenant. The provisions of this Covenant would not, themselves, be enforceable in the courts as "the supreme Law of the Land" under article VI of the United States Constitution.

#### **Covenants Not to Lower Existing Standards**

Provision is included in each of the Covenants to make it expressly clear that "there shall be no restriction upon or derogation from any of the fundamental human rights recognized or existing in any Contracting State pursuant to the law (of that State) . . . on the pretext that the present Covenant does not recognize such rights or that it recognizes them to a lesser extent." The Commission included this provision in the Covenants to stress the point that under no circumstances should either Covenant be utilized as a pretext for any decrease in the higher standards existing in some countries (such

as the United States) with respect to fundamental human rights accorded to persons in these countries because of any other reason.

At the same time, the Commission changed the word "shall" to "may" in the provisions on exceptions in the articles on freedom of religion, expression, assembly, and association to make it entirely clear that the exceptions to these rights are permissive only and not in any sense mandatory. In no instance is any country called upon to apply these permissive restrictions.

With the inclusion of these provisions and changes, the members of the Commission sought to avoid the possibility of the Covenant lowering any existing higher standards of freedom in any country. They stressed the fact that the objective of the two Covenants is to raise standards in countries not so advanced as other countries with respect to human rights and freedoms.

#### Federal-State Article

The Commission did not have sufficient time to consider the inclusion of a Federal-State article in the two Covenants. The US delegation, together with the delegations of Australia and India, however, submitted a new draft of a Federal-State article to the Commission; it will doubtless be considered at its 1953 session. The US delegation has insisted on the inclusion of such an article in the Covenants since the earliest UN consideration of the Covenant in 1947. The Federal-State article would ensure that the constitutional balance between the powers delegated by the Federal Constitution to our Federal Government, on the one hand, and the powers reserved to the States, on the other, would not be altered by the proposed Covenants on Human Rightst.

Under the proposed Federal-State article, the United States, upon its ratification

of a Covenant, would undertake the same obligations as other ratifying countries with respect to rights set forth in that Covenant which fall within the constitutional jurisdiction of the Federal Government. With respect to provisions which are wholly or in part within the jurisdiction of the several states, the only obligation of the United States would be to bring these provisions to the notice of the appropriate authorities of the individual states with a favorable recommendation and a request for information as to the law of the states in relation to these provisions of the Covenant. The United States would transmit this information to the United Nations.

The Federal-State article as now proposed expressly provides that the Covenant "shall not operate so as to bring within the jurisdiction of the Federal authority of a Federal State . . . any of the matters referred to in this Covenant which independently of the Covenant, would not be within the jurisdiction of the Federal authority." The Federal-State division of powers in the United States would be preserved by this provision; the national power would not be increased. The proposal for a Federal-State article makes it clear that the obligations undertaken by the United States under the Covenant would be limited to matters which under the Constitution of the United States are within the Federal jurisdiction independent of the coming into force of the Covenant itself.

#### Self-Determination

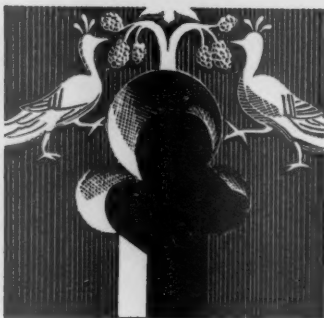
The Commission approved three paragraphs of an article on self-determination for inclusion in both Covenants. The first two paragraphs were along the lines of language adopted at the sixth session of the General Assembly on February 5, 1952. The third paragraph was added by the Commission. The United States Dele-



gation voted for the first two paragraphs but opposed the third paragraph. In voting for the first two paragraphs, the United States delegation explained that it, however, reserved its position to propose changes in these paragraphs in the future.

The first paragraph recognizes that "All peoples and all nations shall have the right of self-determination, namely, the right freely to determine their political, economic, social and cultural status." The second paragraph calls on all countries to promote the realization of the right of

self-determination in all their territories and to respect the maintenance of that right in other countries in conformity with the provisions of the United Nations Charter. The third paragraph, which the US delegation opposed, provides that "the right of the peoples to self-determination shall also include permanent sovereignty over their natural wealth and resources. In no case may a people be deprived of its own means of subsistence on the grounds of any rights that may be claimed by other States."



# A NOTE ON ARMENIAN ARCHITECTURE

Architect H. KAZANJIAN

What is the origin of Armenian architecture? What is its place in the art of temple building? What and to what extent has been its influence on the West?

For certain valid reasons it is impossible to make a definite statement in answer to these questions. The history of Armenian architecture is obscure in spots for the lack of factual proof. By virtue of her historical and geographical position Armenia has been subject to political upheavals, in addition to the ravages of nature, which have swept off many things from the land of Armenia. It is a wonder that even today some temples have survived, erect or half demolished, which have endured the shock of those ravages. Had traces of pagan Armenia, its pagodas, its cities and towns survived, today Armenian architecture could safely rely on a rich and magnificent past.

All the same, the City of Ani alone — that museum of churches — together with other ruins, is enough to reconstruct the image of Armenian architecture.

It goes without saying that this page of Armenian art was a closed book for long years and it was the foreign scientists who have anticipated us the Armenians in this field. The first among these was Schulz, as well as architect Texier (1802-1871) who, during his travels in Asia Minor in the middle of the last century also visited Armenia and stirred up quite a little interest in Armenian archeology. Other scientist travelers, however,

having completely ignored the chronological order of Armenian monuments, have disseminated erroneous and confusing opinions and have ascribed the Armenian architectural style to Greek, Byzantine and Arab influences.

Professor Marr's excavations in Ani, and especially Professor Stzygowsky's researches have contributed no little to the correction of these misconceptions. The latter's two volume work entitled "Armenian Architecture and Europe," published in 1918, completely revolutionized the question, restoring Armenian architecture to its proper historical eminence. We cannot forget here Prof. Marr's associates, especially architect Thoramanian who became one of the best connoisseurs of Armenian architecture.

These many sided explorations and research studies have brought to light first that architecture has been the most developed branch of the arts among Armenians, and, coupled with Armenian poetry, it has been the greatest exponent of the originality and the genius of the race.

Secondly, in Christian architecture, long before the Byzantine West, the Armenians succeeded in developing a unique and powerful style, and long before many other Christian peoples they erected magnificent temples whose form, the style, and the characteristics had a definite influence on foreign art, especially the Greek and the Rumanian.

Thanks to the piety and patronage of

Armenian kings and princes, the Armenian architects sought and found a distinct dress which suited the Christian religion. Even from the Fourth and Fifth centuries, the newly built churches, such as the temple of Tekor, demonstrate a certain maturity in the arts.

Thus, during the heroic period of Christianity, while the Greco-Roman culture was extinguished in the West and the artistic taste of the people was distorted, at the very time when the Christianity of Byzantium was searching a new architectural language, under the Armenian skies already were flourishing magnificent metropolises, such as, Artashat, Vagharshapat, Armavir, Dovin, and Armenian architecture was living in its Golden Age. Armenian churches were capped by the dome and the cupola which was to open a new page in the art of sacred structure.

The Fourth Century has left what is called Tiridates' Monument (Karni). During the Fifth Century were raised the cathedrals of Tekor and Ererouk. And lastly, the Armenian art was reaching the apex of its glory in Ani, the city of one thousand and one churches.

The piety of royal families and the profundity of Armenian Vardapets have enriched the City of Ani. Each Bagratouni king or queen has left a trace in that city. Gagik the First (Seventh century) built the superb cathedral of St. Gregory the Illuminator after the style of the Church of Zvartnotz, and his queen so beautifully completed the structure of the Church cupola, begun by King Sumbat.

The taste for the beautiful, however, was not the monopoly of the royal families; the common people had an equal understanding and appreciation of the arts. The magnificent has reliefs on the doors and hearths of the most obscure homes is testimony of this fact.

One outstanding proof of the people's

taste and the stature of their aesthetic comprehension is the Church of Hoviv (The Shepherd). A shepherd, pasturing his sheep outside the walls of Ani, watched the three story Cathedral of St. Gregory whose pinnacle was three times taller than the walls of the city.

The shepherd wished and vowed to erect a similar church outside the city, and behold we have the three story chapel of Hoviv, with an exquisite interior the like of which scarcely was executed in the Gothic art of the Sixteenth century with the aid of wood and iron.

All these monuments attract attention for their durability. The thick walls and the stone tops of the Armenian churches partly give them the appearance of a fort, for the Armenian architects took into account the demands of nature and history. In Armenia, the land of earthquakes and invasions, nothing could endure the ravages of men and nature. Therefore the churches had to be sturdy buildings.

Even during the first centuries of Christianity the Armenian architects were distinguished by their individuality. Their influence infiltrated also outside of Armenia. In the authoritative opinion of Strzygowsky the Armenian architectural style, with its cupola top, became a prototype, which was copied by the Byzantines. The same influence is seen in the original stages of Rumanian art, according to Strzygowsky.

It is likewise certain that in the days of the Arabs the Armenian architects offered their services to foreign countries. That which has been ascribed to the Arabs, the originals were furnished by the Armenian architects who carried out the orders of the rulers. In the Eleventh century an Armenian apostate architect of Akhlat erected the dome of the Alladin Mosque of Konia, as well as the inner pulpit whose top is crowned with an Armenian octangular

cupola. Likewise it is an indisputable fact that the reconstruction of the dome of St. Sophia of Constantinople which had been

shattered by the earthquake of 986 was entrusted to the Armenian architect Trdat (Tiridates).

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## *The Nightingale*

LOOFTI MINAS

I shall never forget the bird who had made his nest in our apple tree. He would come every morning to awaken me by his song, and I without wiping the dreams off my eyes would run out to hear him. I was surprised that I could not sing like him, go up in the air and fly far away. When I said this to my mother, she assured me that some day I would be able to get up on the very same tree and go from branch to branch like a nightingale.

Years passed and I grew older.

One day in order to see him in his nest and understand his tongue I climbed, secretly, into the apple tree. But alas! he was afraid even of my breath and flew away, with a song in his beak. I became angry and destroyed his little nest and broke down the branch on which he had made it. Down below, my mother, troubled at my cruelty, began to weep.

Since that time I have not heard any more songs around our home. The flowers of our garden faded before the autumn came. My mother, in order to punish me, did not kiss me any more as usual, and I became a sort of orphan.

Thereupon, one day I departed, forever, from that ruined home. I don't know whether the nightingale made a new rest for himself or became a wanderer like me.

# TAYA MAMA'S ROAST

KIRK MINASIAN

On Saturday afternoons, the small Armenian bakery ceased its ordinary functions and devoted the resting oven to the needs of the community. There were no charges and no restrictions to those who would use this service. The oven would not be fired again till the following day and rather than let the heat dissipate, it was generally calculated that it would be best to give this heat to the people as a gesture of good will. The entire community would file in with their roasts, usually large sides of beef or a whole lamb. No comment was ever made on the shrinkage through roasting, and the good people would close their eyes to the missing morsels taken from a choice part. No one was ever surprised to find a missing filet, and rather than admit that it was purloined, agreed to the phenomena that none existed in the first place. The courtesy extended both ways, the baker asking no fee and the roast bringer asking for no account of weights and measures. The baker was a man of huge appetite and moderate discretion.

On a particular Saturday afternoon, the oven was empty and diffused its heat to no apparent purpose. By two o'clock not a single roast had been entered and the baker remained in a state of strained anticipation at the threat of a meatless day. His own larder had never been stocked on week-ends. There had been no necessity for it. Time went on and still there were no roasts to attend to. The baker was in a rage and at complete loss for the

sudden boycotting of the oven. He recalled the last week end when the oven had been filled. It had been a special day for the grocer had roasted a whole pig made fancy with an apple decorated in the mouth, though the pig had been taken away less whole than when it came into the oven.

At four o'clock, a tiny woman known as Taya Mama, entered timidly and produced from beneath her apron a small container which she put into the furious baker's hand with some apologies and a blessing or two. She had been known to live on nothing, having never been seen to walk into the grocer's well stocked store. No one had ever inquired about her activities and she was regarded as a shrub which certainly no one ever had concern for. Her hours were confined mostly to rocking herself in a decrepit chair and nodding a pleasant nod to whoever beheld her. Her slight frame seemed capable of being sustained by air and water. Meat was out of the question.

"What is it mam?" the baker asked, peering at the specimen handed to him.

"It is meat, praise heaven — a roast that I would like to have done in your oven."

"Meat!" cried the baker, looking more closely. His eyes were accustomed to whole lambs and sides of beef.

"It is a roast — of lamb. The shoulder cut, you know."

"Mama," the baker said with no delicacy of feeling, "surely you cannot call this a roast. Where is the substance, the dimen-



sions? That trifle would shrivel with the first blast of heat."

The old woman seemed to shrink even more and humbly apologized, reaching for her pot.

"Please mama, don't be offended. It is just that I've never seen so small a piece before that was called a roast. It's a matter of identification. If you want to broil a chop, it would be understandable. Call it what it is and it stops being absurd."

The old woman had lost her desire for roast meat and implored the baker to let her take back her goods. She would boil it at home and have broth for soup.

"Come mam," cried the baker. "Curb your temper and receive my apologies. You call it a roast. Very well then, it is a roast. It is a small one, but all the same, if it tastes better as a roast than a chop, we will cook it as a roast. Same method, same ceremony, same love and care. Tonight you will eat roast shoulder of lamb. It is obvious that you will dine alone."

The old woman was consoled finally and agreed to her original purpose.

"I am a small woman. It is enough for me."

"Yes mama, I understand."

"When will it be done?"

The baker looked again into the pot and then at the huge mouth of the oven which stood half open.

"Is it to be rare or well done?" he asked, feigning seriousness.

"I would like it just right" the old lady replied timidly.

"In that case we must let the oven cool for another hour. Come back in an hour and a half."

Taya Mama thanked him profusely and shyly admonished the baker to use due care in the preparations. Her final direction was uttered from the doorway and in a moment she had disappeared. The huge

baker, half amused and half enraged, began a torrent of the most abusing cussing ever directed towards a bit of meat.

"How can I take a portion of that which is itself but a portion? he asked in confusion. "One from one is nothing. It is as simple as that. But I cannot perform purely in charity. It is my time and my oven. If there were other roasts, I would forget this. But this seems to be meatless Saturday. No roasts. The meat-eaters are fasting and this old lady is having a fling."

By five o'clock the situation had remained unchanged. It seemed the neighborhood had taken to roasting their own meat. The baker at last resigned himself to the tragic situation. He seized the old lady's pot, clicked his tongue in disgust, and with an oath sailed the pan into the farthest corner of the oven. A half hour later, he extracted the pot, peered into it, and concluded that all was done. Though very small in size, the meat gave off a delightful aroma which in penetrating the baker's nostrils, fairly sent him into a frenzy.

"Is it possible," he cried, "that such a tiny bit of meat can have such an effect on one? It has shrunk almost to nothing, the substance has all but disappeared, yet it has the fragrance of a dozen lambs."

He leaned over the bowl as if by some magical charm, was drawn closer and closer until his huge red nose was no longer master of his wits. The aroma had unsettled his reason, and a moment later he recoiled with a burnt nose.

"A curse on this black day," he shouted. "Two ounces of a pauper's roast and I am burnt on the nose."

He applied a bit of lard to the inflamed organ and once again turned to the pot of meat.

"I shall dip a little bread in the juice. There is no harm in it. The roast will remain." So saying, he dipped a piece of

Armenian bread into the juice and placed it in his mouth. Never had he tasted such gravy. The old lady had apparently applied secret herbs for this was a witch's concoction. The baker was set into an uncontrollable motion and in a moment the gravy had disappeared. In another moment, the meat followed. There remained only the bone. Though the baker was a caloused man, he stood aghast at the results. How to explain the disappearance of Taya Mama's roast?

At six o'clock the old lady walked in. Great anticipation shone in her eyes. She spied the baker who was now talking to himself.

"Is my meat ready?" she inquired.

The baker signaled for her to come closer to the oven and cautioned her to prepare for a shock.

"As I warned you in the beginning, so it has happened. The roast has evaporated — completely."

Taya Mama's thin legs seemed insufficient to support her negligible weight. She sat down in wonder.

"How can that be possible? It is not possible. To burn, yes, but to evaporate. I do not understand."

The old lady rocked herself back and forth in utter dejection, trying to reconcile herself with her loss. She made no accusations. She didn't even hint that any sus-

picion was present in her mind. Her grief was simply expressed in her rocking. The baker, fortified with the stolen roast, had returned to his senses. Unmoved by the pangs of hunger he gave sage advice on the trifling importance of meat. He comforted Taya Mama — that all was for the best, that it was better the roast had disappeared where it did than to burden her delicate body. He spoke of the poisonous effect of meat on the organs of the aged, conceding that Taya Mama had passed her sixtieth year and had entered the dangerous age. As the meat settled deeper into his vitals, his sound reasoning and good logic poured forth in greater torrents until finally the old lady stopped rocking. She regained her composure and accepted the situation with a philosophy born of a hopeless situation.

"It was not meant," she said resignedly. "It is God's will."

The baker, as a final gesture of appeasing the old lady, gave her two loaves of stale bread, explaining the moral obligation to do so in view of the fact that the tragedy had taken place in his establishment. As he wrapped the bread, he spoke of the virtue of eating stale bread. As far as is known, Taya Mama never again came into possession of a roast of any size. As for the baker, he was moved by his conscience to explain to all who would listen, the story of Taya Mama's roast.



# I OFFENDED MY COMMUNIST MASTERS

(Part II)

ARMEN SANINIAN

This series, the diary of an escapee from the Soviet Union whose real name we withhold for very understandable reasons, was started in the Spring, 1950 issue of the Armenian Review under the title of "I Committed an Error." Like countless other escapees who have written before him, Saninian's diary is an additional authentic testimony of the grim rule which prevails in the Soviet Union. We continue the series under a new title which is most expressive—"I Offended My Communist Masters."—ED.

From the shock of the blow I had received and the knock of my head against the wall, I lay there prone on my back for a long time. I did not want to rise to my feet. My hurt, so uncalled for and so unearned, had shackled my resistance, my anger was verily devouring my heart.

My head shattered, lying there on my back with my mouth agape, I was registering my protest against the injustice which had been inflicted upon me and was waiting for a redress. It was not the temperament of the novelist in me which insisted on an immediate redress, but the instantaneous instinct, the moral reflex, which inevitably accompanies all those who have been unjustly accused. In my simple mindedness I thought that soon the door of my cell would open and someone would tenderly raise me to my feet, saying, "Forgive us, Comrade Vardanian, forgive us for what happened and forget the incident. The whole thing was the result of a misunderstanding. You are free to go now."

But the door of my cell never opened, no one came in, at least to beat me up once again.

That was intolerable. I thought I was dreaming, writhing in a nightmare. The

thing which surprised me was that I did not awake and fly into the air as it often happened to me in similar dreams.

I tried to straighten up. And when with great difficulty I sat up and stretched my legs, the latter struck against the iron door with a dull thud. Instantly I came to my senses. I heard the sound of a light rustle behind my door and a human eye peering at me from the small opening in the upper center. It was a small, motionless eye, hardly one and a half kilometers away, but seemingly peering through the distant mists.

Suddenly the eye disappeared, and with it, the door opened. Someone, whom I had never seen before, entered in.

"Why did you knock on the door?" he asked menacingly.

I turned my face to the door, without answering him.

"I am talking to you, speak up," he snapped, kicking my foot.

It surprised me that I answered him so calmly, without looking at him:

"I did not knock on the door. My foot touched it accidentally."

"See that it don't happen again, otherwise you will be chucked in a place which even has no doors."

And he shut the door on me.

My body was shivering, my teeth were chattering from the cold. I had a fierce desire to smoke. The door of my cell creaked open and I saw a small piece of bread, the size and thickness of the palm of a hand, stuck in through the slit. I guess that it was meant for me.

I seized the bread, but since I had no appetite, I put it in my pocket. Once again my door opened and a filthy hand stuck in a tin receptacle which resembled a pail. At first I did not grasp its meaning, but when I approached it, I recoiled with nausea. After that, this receptacle was the sole furniture of my cell until I came out.

I cannot say precisely how long after my arrest it was that they brought me something to eat. The bearer apparently was another prisoner, thin, pale, and shabbily clad. He handed me the aluminum plate and a spoon, without looking at me. The guard who opened the door was attentively following our movements, leisurely playing with a bunch of keys which he held in his hand. My food consisted of boiled water, with a few shreds of cabbage which gravitated to the bottom of the plate.

After I finished off my meal which was a matter of only a few minutes, I thought of settling down more comfortably in my newly acquired quarters. The floor was wet, and therefore, I could not sit down. On the other hand it was impossible to stand upright all the time. After much thought, finally I made a discovery. I took off my shoes, used one of them as a seat, and the other for a pedestal under my feet to prevent them from getting wet. Being inexperienced, I began to wonder how long I would last because no one could live in such an impossible position for long. Later, when they took me out, I learned that my cell was a sort of purgatory where they kept the prisoners for

only a few days, generally known as solitary confinement.

One night a guard removed me from my cell. He pushed the barrel of a revolver in my back and ordered me to keep going: "Straight ahead." "To the right." "To the left." "Stop." And each time he ordered me right or left I twisted my body in a labyrinth of corridors. Finally he forced me into a room where two chekists, seated side by side, were indulging in a friendly conversation. One of them, without paying the slightest attention to me, signed the paper in the guard's hand and handed it back to him. The guard left us.

The man who received me reached out and picked up a questionnaire consisting of several pages, then, stopping his conversation, turned to me:

"Your name?"

"Your surname?"

During the interrogation the other chekist was smoking silently, playing the while with a box of matches. I was watching attentively the face of my interrogator which, curiously enough, was extraordinarily indifferent both to the questions he asked and the answers he received. And, what was stranger still, it seemed to me he was not seeing me, since the expression of his face was such as if he was talking to himself and not with a second person.

This seemed all the more strange to me because yesterday's interrogator had talked to me not so much with his tongue as he did with his fixed glance. Only afterwards did I learn that the completion of his interrogation was a mere formality, a tedious duty which took up the chekists' precious time. During examinations such a completed questionnaire has no significance because the answers received are voluntary and unobjectionable. The chekists do not relish such peaceful occupation. That was the reason why my interrogator was bored with his questioning at the very moment when I was trembling in my boots for fear

I would get another blow on the head as I had done the day before.

"Sign it," he spoke in the air, and without waiting for my signature, he turned to his companion:

"I told him, stop thinking the way you do."

At this, his companion interrupted him: "One moment, what shall we do with him?" — meaning me.

My interrogator turned to me attentively, as if he was seeing me for the first time. "Are you the agriculturist Vardanian?" he asked me, looking at the questionnaire.

"Yes," I replied.

"Let's go," he said, jumping to his feet.

The two chekists had drunk a little too much. We again stopped in front of my former prison. I trembled with fear. Again they are going to beat me up I said to myself and decided to defend myself. Seated in front of the desk was the giant whom I had seen the day before, talking with another chekist who was pacing the floor. The unknown chekist was a slight thin man, pale faced, with small blue eyes and a woman's strident voice.

"The agronomist Varadian," my escort announced and left the room.

"Ahh, Vardanian! How are you Vardanian?" the chekist greeted me cordially as if we had been old acquaintances.

I was so confused that I could not answer him.

"Come closer," he ordered me as he took his seat, while I stood before him. I threw a swift backward glance to see if the chekist who had interrogated me the day before was there while he fixed me with a sharp penetrating look of his small piercing eyes.

Our eyes met and I shuddered that a man like this would conduct my examination. He was a chekist in the true sense of the word, cool, cunning, and cold blooded. Later I learned that he did not treat his prisoners like articulate objects but like

men who possess a soul with whom, if the examination so demands, he can become quite friendly and even affectionate and not crude and course, to pretend at first to be friendly and then turn around and thrash him within an inch of his life. He seldom beat his prisoners with his own hand, but only ordered others to inflict the punishment, himself specifying only the mode of the torture. He prescribed the specific mode of torture quite coolly, almost indifferently, much the same as the physicians of people's hospitals prescribe for their patients: "Nurse, give the patient a dose of quinine; give the other a laxative."

He was still scrutinizing me critically as he turned to Chumakov and said: "Get to work, Comrade Chumakov."

Chumakov, although a powerfully built man, dreaded the chekist, so he smiled like a guilty man: "I am ready, Comrade Voronov."

"Tell me, Comrade Chumakov, what is the charge against the prisoner Vardanian?"

Thus, I had received a new title. The foxy Varonov was playing a comedy. It was plain that he knew why I had been arrested, himself had drafted the charges, but pretended not to know anything about it.

Voronov and Chumakov were different types of chekists. When Chumakov turned into a wolf, Voronov was a veritable hyena.

"Agronomist Vardanian did not justify his high calling of Soviet agricultural expert and abused the confidence of our government," Chumakov began.

"Just how?" I burst out with impatience. "How did you figure that one out?"

"Do not interrupt him," Voronov chided me. "Have a smoke," he said, handing me his pack of cigarettes.

On another occasion I would have been ready to roll myself down a precipice for the sake of one cigarette, but I did not accept Voronov's offer, restraining myself



with a superhuman effort. "Thank you, I don't smoke," I declined.

He again fixed me with that sharp look and grimaced. "Continue, Comrade Chumakov," he ordered.

"In the village," Chumakov continued, "instead of supporting the increase of socialistic production, he sabotaged, he incited the kolkhozniks to strike. We have sufficient material on our hands to prove this charge and we are accumulating evidence." Chubakov showed Voronov a pile of papers which were lying on the table, saying, "This is part of the evidence."

I was stunned. Was this a joke, or unconscionable diabolism? Sabotage? But why? Where? And why such a charge? For whom was I needed?

"Permit me to defend myself, Citizen Voronov," I pleaded.

He pushed aside the papers. "Your only defense," he said, "will consist of a clean breast. You must realize that the Soviet Government has always been tolerant and forgiving to its citizens."

"Citizen Voronov, you put the question in such a way as if I am really a saboteur. But I am not a saboteur, I have not even thought of sabotaging," I protested.

"You are talking folly, your record is open."

"Where is it? I do not see it."

"Is that so? Call Yegorov," he ordered Chumakov irritably; turning to me he asked: "Do you know Yegorov, the Manager of the kolkhoz?"

"Yes, I know him," I confirmed.

"He will prove right now that you are a saboteur."

It seemed Yegorov was waiting in the adjoining room, because he instantly came in with Chumakov. He gave Voronov the military salute but did not even look at me, as if I were not there. Chumakov cordially invited him to be seated.

"Comrade Yegorov, Vardanian denies

that he was engaged in sabotage in Krushko," Voronov said.

Yegorov looked at me as if he were seeing me for the first time. "Akhi!" he sighed, "is he still alive? I thought he departed to the next world last night."

"Why? Comrade Yegorov?" Voronov encouraged him, and turning to Chumakov he ordered, "Comrade Chumakov, please put down what is said."

"Agronomist Vardanian made anti-Soviet propaganda in the Village of Krushko, with the intention of destroying the kolkhoz. But he never succeeded because I instantly exposed and nullified his effort."

"The proof, I want the proof," I shouted.

"The counterrevolutionary wants proof," Yegorov interjected sarcastically. "Is not what he wrote about the famine in Krushko proof enough?" he blurted foolishly.

Voronov and Chumakov became uneasy, they coughed and interrupted each other. Finally Voronov rebuked Yegorov:

"We are not talking about the famine, Comrade Yegorov. You are out of order. We are talking about the sabotage."

Yegorov instantly sensed his error, he became penitent, he reddened, then turned pale. He was so terrified that he nearly fell from his seat. He was breathless.

"Sabotage? Yes, of course, sabotage," he stuttered. "Right now, this minute." And he started to rummage his pockets thinking he could conjure up sabotage by searching his pockets. Voronov fixed him with a withering look, and rising to his feet, he said:

"Comrade Chumakov, take the prisoner to his cell. That will be all for today."

On our way out I felt that Yegorov would receive a sound thrashing, and just for that reason I looked back. Like a pupil who has committed a mischief, Yegorov was standing before Voroshov, chagrined, crestfallen.

"Fool!" Voroshov shouted at him.

Chumakov pushed me on. "Get going," he ordered.

"Straight ahead. To the right. To the left," my guide kept ordering me, punctuating his orders with a rough push in the back.

In my cell I took stock of my situation and came to the conclusion that there was no salvation for me. It was plain that I never should have noticed the famine in Krushko, but once having made the mistake of noticing it I had to be removed.

But why this comedy-farce when the Cheka easily could have shot me or doomed me to hard labor in Siberia? Who needed those manufactured charges and false testimonies since I was not to be tried before a court to be cleared or convicted? Later I understood how naive and inexperienced I had been by busying myself with such questions since the Cheka had its own traditions, its accepted mode of procedure, and the requisite tenacity to achieve its aim.

After the boner of Yegorov they never again interrogated me. One morning, immediately after I had received my daily ration of bread, my guard opened the door of my cell and ordered me to get ready to move at once. The prospect of my liberation from my insufferable den filled me with sudden joy. Wherever they were going to move me could not be any worse, I thought. Presently I found myself in the prison yard where some fifty prisoners, standing in rows of two's and surrounded by bayonets, were waiting for the command. A few guards around a table directly under the prison walls were keeping watch, holding by the collar huge German hunting dogs who were tugging at the leash. The dogs were eyeing the prisoners fiercely and could have torn us to pieces the minute the signal was given. Behind the table was seated the tall Captain of the guards, tightly buttoned in his fur coat and his narrow waist encased in a

broad belt. His face dripped with surly malevolence.

Each guard brought his prisoner before the desk while the Captain verified his identity from a sheaf of papers before him. During this procedure the soldiers brought their dogs to catch the scent of each prisoner.

"Your name? Family name? Age?" Then the prisoner was searched. Two soldiers dragged each prisoner aside, forced him to raise his hands, searched him without stripping him, then they made him stand in line with the others. The prisoners were silent and motionless. They were so frightened that they did not even dare turn their heads to see who was standing beside them. They were a herd of miserales who were born to live a free life but who had been converted into slaves. I was sure that they all were innocent like me, because the Cheka never deals with criminal offenders. Their faces had the color of the soil, their eyes filled with terror. Unshaven for months, their mustaches and beards formed a tangled blotch on their homely, shattered faces. Their clothes were tattered and thick with filth.

It started to rain. Having been confined in my cold damp cell for days, where I had squeezed my teeth to keep myself from coughing, now that I was in the clear open air, an uncontrollable spasm seized me. The soldiers looked at me quizzically, perhaps suspecting some sinister intention in my coughing.

"Perestayn" — Stop it — one of the soldiers shouted at me. But you cannot stop a cough by commanding, so, I continued to cough. All this time the soldier never dropped me from his sight, and as I watched his venomous face I wondered how any man could be so hateful. What boundless, inexhaustable hatred!

Finally the last prisoner was identified, searched, and set in line. The Captain tucked the papers in a leather brief case,

lined the guards all around us and ordered them to make a final check on their rifles. Then he paced the entire length of the line and with his hand counted the pairs of prisoners. When he was through counting, he about faced and addressed the prisoners:

"Attention prisoners! One step to the right or one step to the left will be regarded as an attempt to escape and the offender will be shot on the spot. Likewise forbidden are to look aside, to greet another, etc. Pay heed to your guards and obey their orders without any hesitation."

Then he turned to the guards: "Guards! Ready! March!"

When the prisoners started to march the watch dogs accompanied the procession with a low, joyful growl. As I kept pace with my companions in fate I could not help marveling at the monstrosity of the Captain's order. How could a step to the right or to the left be interpreted as an attempt to escape? How could a man who took a wrong step be shot on the spot? What am I now? What is my social and civic status? What is my spiritual status? I asked myself. My one week's confinement under insufferable conditions, my two beatings did not make me feel so strongly that I was unfree as did the cold command of this tall captain: "One step to the right, one step to the left."

Why can't I step one step to the right or one step to the left? Or, generally speaking, why can't I walk as I want, or where I want? What happened that I became unfree. And really, what does it mean to be unfree?

Before we had taken one hundred steps I found the explanation with a shudder, that to be unfree means to be a slave. It is easy to pronounce that word, but to live it means spiritual hell. Why a slave? Am I not a man of the twentieth century, a citizen of a government whose banner carries the proud inscription: "Down with

slavery! In our country every man is free." Am I not free born, and that no one can take my freedom away from me? That which God hath given, God alone can take away. I am free and must remain free.

And yet I was not free. I was walking, surrounded by killer dogs and soldiers with bayonets; I could not take a step either to the right or left because I was unfree, namely a slave. Forcibly enslaved.

And from that day, from that very moment, there came about in me a great spiritual revulsion, a revolution, completely destroying in me the implicit understanding that the individual is an insignificant particle of the state, a nonentity which serves the whim of its legal or illegal rulers in the realization of their aim presumably in the best interest of the state.

The truth is the exact opposite of this concept. It is the individual which is the state, while the state is the fatherland of the free individual. To enslave the individual means to enslave the fatherland, and vice versa. If a government enslaves the individual and the fatherland it no longer is a legitimate government but a tyranny. Happy is the people which maintains a happy balance in the interrelations and the rights of the individual, the fatherland, and the government.

These were my meditations as I kept pace in the dull march of my fellow prisoners.

When we came into view of the Regional Committee Building, Yegorov's stenographer was watching us from the window. She seemed to enjoy the procession.

"Get lost," one of the soldiers shouted at her and she instantly disappeared terrified.

The streets of the village were deserted. Random pedestrians, when they learned who we were, made a dive for the side streets to avoid meeting us, but those who could not avoid us made believe that they did not see us. In the Soviet Union,

for a man to watch the prisoners passing through the streets means he is looking for a friend or an acquaintance among them, or is a sympathizer, therefore no one takes the risk.

But, a relative is always a relative. We had hardly made the turn to enter the main street when we heard sounds of wailing after us. A woman, poorly clad and bare footed, and holding two urchins by the hand, suddenly made a dash for our lines. The children could not understand why their mother was wailing so piteously and dragging them behind her. They were frightened children, hardly able to keep pace with their mother, dragging their feeble naked feet ankle deep in the mud.

By the time the guards caught on, it was already too late. The woman reached one of the prisoners, dropped the children, and embraced the man:

"Stephen, Stephen, my darling!"

The children recognized their father and hugged his feet: "Daddy, Daddy!"

All this hardly took one moment when the guard seized the woman by the hand, separated her from her husband, and gave her a powerful push. The woman whirled around comically and came to a dead stop on her seat in the mud. As we passed her by she still was seated as if petrified, her mouth agape, her eyes fixed in the distance. The children were crying, pulling her up by the hand: "Mommy, get up Mommy. Daddy is gone, Daddy is gone!"

We were forbidden to look aside, therefore the guard who accompanied me warned me. "You," he shouted, "look before you." I took a look at my shoes, torn and with holes, oozing with the mud which rose and fell with the rise and fall of my feet, splashing the mud all around me. Presently we heard the shrill and insistent whistle of the train. The Captain who was leading the procession turned around and shouted: "Step it up, March!" "Faster, faster," the guards kept pushing us. But you

cannot force a prisoner to step faster when he has been half starved for days, has suffered in body and spirit, has been flogged and has not walked for a long time. The weak among us began to lag behind causing confusion in the ranks.

"Faster, quick, make the train," the guards shouted, but still there were a few who could not keep the pace. And right here I saw one of the most revolting spectacles it has been my ill fortune to witness in all my life, compared to which the beatings and the tortures of the prisoners is very humane. To accelerate the pace of the laggard the guards now called on their killer dogs which I thought were used only in case of escapes. In broad daylight, right before the eyes of the public, they let the dogs loose on the citizens of the "socialistic" state, egging them on with, "Bite them, bite them."

The dogs were growling with joy, howling fiercely. They opened their huge mouths and sinking their sharp white teeth in the flesh of those poor, wasted and defenseless prisoners, their sides, their buttocks, their bare legs, were tearing them apart, pulling on their clothes, pouncing on their backs, and trying to reach their necks.

The prisoners were bellowing from terror with a voice which was not human, bouncing with the velocity of a bullet, and expending their last ounce of energy to reach the ranks, leaving behind parts of their clothes and bodies in the mouths of the dogs and staining the ground with the drops of blood trickling from their legs.

At the sight of the terrorized screams and frantic bouncings of the prisoners the guards guffawed with glee, patting the heads of their dogs gratefully for a job well done. Tired from the exertion, the dogs panted fiercely, their tongues hanging out, and finally calmed down.

But not all the prisoners could escape the dogs' teeth by running. There were a few who, completely exhausted from the

fatigue, collapsed and covered their heads with their hands while the dogs, squatted on their backs, pulled and pushed to make them rise to their feet while the guards finished the job by kicking the victims.

I was stunned. For the first time in my life I was seeing a heinous spectacle which I could not understand. I could not understand how man could sink to the level of the hyena. How he could become a monster! Our entire guard consisted of monsters.

Finally, our company, exhausted, scarcely able to stand on its feet, muddled, drenched, beaten up and torn by the dogs, made the station. This was the same station where I had got off nearly one and a half months before, my heart filled with a boundless desire to realize my fond aspirations and dreams of a reconstructed fatherland. At that time I was free. I was my own master. I could walk, sit, speak and laugh freely. But now I was a slave.

There was no train at the station. There was practically no one there except the Chekist Chumakov and his two aides one of whom had kicked me in the back. They were pacing the empty platform, talking and laughing leisurely. Their gait was proud and self assured, giving the impression that the station belonged to them, that they owned the village and the whole world. They exuded contentment, a full stomach, health, joy and happiness. On our side there was starvation, suffering, tears and boundless misery. They were our masters, and we their slaves. They were called "Comrades," but we "Counter-revolutionaries," or at best "prisoners."

Chumakov was almighty. With a wave of the hand he could return us to our cells, could unleash the dogs on us, or could keep us there under the rain for days and weeks. The only thing he could not do was to save us.

Seeing Chumakov, our Captain stopped us and ran to him to give his report.

"We are late, the train is gone, they

will take us back." I thought fearfully. But I was wrong. The train which carried men was gone, but we were not human beings. There would be a special train for the prisoners.

Chumakov listened to the Captain's report without as much as looking at us. He said something to the Captain provoking a chuckle from those around him. The Captain returned to us with a pleasant look, led us to an obscure corner behind the station building and ordered us to sit on the muddy ground. The guards formed a circle around us together with their dogs. I wished they had let us stand instead of sitting on that damp ground. Those of us who had bundles used them for seats, but, having nothing to sit on, I remained standing.

"Sit down," the Captain shouted at me. Surprised, I stared at him without making a move.

"Sit down," he again shouted and took his hand to his revolver. I read in his eyes the diabolical pleasure of shooting me down, but still I stood there motionless. I did not realize what was happening, what was threatening me, as if that revolver was not drawn for me, as if those commands were not intended for me. I simply stood there, staring at the Captain.

The revolver flicked out of its holster, slowly rose, and aimed directly at me. I saw the black of its barrel, the caps of six of its seven bullets, and yet I refused to sit down.

"Sit down, you fool," the prisoner seated at my foot whispered to me, cautiously tugging at my pants.

"Sit down," the Captain commanded for the last time, and I could clearly see as he released the trigger. As he was preparing to shoot, or not to shoot, the soldier who was standing not far from me, pressed the triangular bayonet of his gun on my shoulder and bore down heavily, steadily lowering me. I crouched on my legs.



"That's it," the soldier approved triumphantly.

"You are wrong. I should have shot him," the Captain said as he holstered his revolver.

I could hear them, and yet I could not understand what was happening around me. Only later did I realize that I had a great desire to be shot at that moment.

Our train arrived, consisting of ten freight wagons, filled with prisoners like us. We were consigned to the last car. Most of the cars had small windows immediately below the ceiling, firmly fastened with iron bars. Pale, tortured and hairy faces were peering out through the iron lattice work.

"Water, bread! Give us some water, Give us some bread," they pleaded in a voice which led one to think that these poor miserables had gone without bread and water for days. I looked to my left and for the first time saw a big crowd of women and children, huddled together behind the fence which protected the rail. They were the relatives of our prisoners who, having suddenly learned the fate of their loved ones, had rushed to the station. Some of them had brought along something to eat. Our prisoners were looking to the left, hoping to see some of their relatives, but the guards kept shouting, "keep going straight ahead, look ahead," pushing them the while with the butts of their rifles.

The cry and the wailing of the women and the children rose to heaven. The women were crying, calling the names of their loved ones, but the men, terrified, dared not look in their direction. For most of them, perhaps this was their last meeting. "How nice that I have no one to look for me," I said to myself.

Finally we reached our cars. Here, our

Captain delivered us to the Captain of the train's guards who was satisfied by merely counting our number, without reading our names. Inside the car, on right and left, as far as the two exits, there were two story shelves, leaving just enough space in the middle to serve for an aisle. We climbed up the shelves and each man stretched himself on his bunk. I thanked my stars for that bare, wooden bottom where I could stretch my legs, could lie on my back or on my side, without worrying that I would get wet. But my exhilaration was short lived, because our car became so crowded that there was no room for a pin. The lice and the insects completed the job.

When the last prisoner was in, the guard shut the door on us with a resounding crunch. We were left in complete darkness, because our car had no windows. The prisoners were silent, with the exception of those who had been bitten by the dogs or had been beaten up. Their groans and suppressed sobs disturbed the silence.

Before long the whistle blew, the train shot back with a crunching impact then started to move slowly forward. It was fleeting in the darkness, carrying us to a fate of privation, pillory, torture, and unbounded suffering. There was a sea of desolation, disillusion and futility in me. It seemed I had ceased to understand longer who I was, or what was happening to me. The young prisoner next to me was sobbing silently. I wanted to comfort him but I realized it was impossible. I had to exert a mountain of energy to pronounce one word. I was going through a deep crisis. I had been hurt deeply. I myself was in need of comforting.

*(To be continued)*

# THE MYTHOLOGY OF ARMENIA

## PART IV

PROF. MARDIROS ANANIKIAN

### CHAPTER VIII

#### Nature Worship and Nature Myths III. Water

If fire were a female principle, water was masculine, and as we have noticed, they were somehow very closely associated as sister and brother in the Armenian fire-worship. It is possible that this kinship was suggested by the trees and the luxuriant verdure growing on the banks of rivers and lakes. As we know, reeds grew even in the heavenly sea.

Many rivers and springs were sacred, and endowed with beneficent virtues. According to Tacitus,<sup>1</sup> the Armenians offered horses as a sacrifice to the Euphrates, and divined by its waves and foam. The sources of the Euphrates and Tigris received and still receive worship.<sup>2</sup> Sacred cities were built around the river Araxes and its tributaries. Even now there are many red springs with healing power, usually called "the springs of light," and the people always feel a certain veneration towards water in motion, which they fear to pollute. The people still drank of these ancient springs and burn candles and incense before them, for they have played them under the patronage of Christian saints.

The Transfiguration Sunday, which comes in June, was connected by the Ar-

menian Church with an old water festival. At this time people drench each other with water and the ecclesiastical procession throws water at the congregation during the Transfiguration Day rites. On this day the churches are richly decorated with roses and the popular name of the Festival is *Vartavar*, "Burning with Roses."

It is also reported that in various parts of Armenia, the *Vartavar* is preceded by a night of bonfires. Therefore it can be nothing else than the water festival which seems to have once gone hand in hand with the midsummer (St. John's, St. Peter's, etc.) fires in Europe, at which roses played a very conspicuous part.<sup>4</sup> It is barely possible that the Armenian name of the festival, "Burning with Roses," preserves some allusion to the original but now missing fire, and even the flowers were burnt in it or at least cast across the fire as in Europe. In Europe the midsummer water festival was observed also with bathings and visits to sacred springs. In parts of Germany straw wheels set on fire

<sup>3</sup> There are those who have explained *Vartavar* from the Sanscrit as meaning "sprinkling with water," and it can possibly mean also "increasing waters." However befitting, this Sanscrit etymology is far-fetched.

<sup>4</sup> For numerous references on this subject, see the General Index of Frazer's *Golden Bough*, under "Fire," "Water," etc. It would be worth while to inquire also whether the Roman *Rosalia* (*Rosales esces*) and the Slavic and Macedonian *Rousalia* are in any way related to the Armenian *Vartavar*. See G. F. Abbott, *Macedonian Folk-Lore*, Cambridge, 1903, pp. 40 ff. These Western festivals, however, come much earlier.

### CHAPTER VIII

<sup>1</sup> Annals, vi. 37.

<sup>2</sup> Lehmann, "Religionsgesch. aus Kaukasien und Armenien," in *ARW*, iii. (1900) 4 f.

were quenched in the river; and in Mar-seilles, the people drenched each other with water. There can be little doubt that the water was used in these various parts not only as a means of purification from guilt and disease, but also and principally as a rain-charm. Frazer, who, in his *Golden Bough*, has heaped together an enormous mass of material on the various elements and aspects of these festivals has thereby complicated the task of working out a unified and self-consistent interpretation.

The custom of throwing water at each other is reported by al-Biruni<sup>5</sup> of the Persians, in connection with their New Year's festival. As the Persian new year came in the spring, there can be little doubt that the festival aimed at the increase of the rain by sympathetic magic.<sup>6</sup> In fact, even now in certain places of Armenia the tillers returning from their first day of labor in the fields are sprinkled with water by those who lie in wait for them on the way. So it may be safely assured that in Armenia also in ancient times the Navasard brought with it the first water-festival of the year. In certain places like the region of Shirak, flying doves form a part of the Vartavar celebrations. Whether this has some reference to an old Astghik (Ishtar) festival, is difficult to say. It is quite possible that as in Europe, so also in ancient Armenia, love-making and other more objectionable rites, formed an important feature of these mid-summer celebrations.

The great center of the Armenian Navasard and of the water festival (Vartavar) was Bagavan, probably because both had the same character. The fact that Bagavan was also a center of fire-worship emphasizes once more the close association of

these two elements which we have already pointed out.

## CHAPTER IX

### Nature Worship and Nature Myths IV. Trees, Plants, and Mountains

We have old testimony to tree and plant worship in Armenia. There were first the poplars (*sausi*) of Armenia, by which a legendary *saus* (whose name and existence were probably derived from the venerated tree itself) divined. Then we have the words *Haurut*, *Maurut*, as names of flowers (*Hyacinthus racemosus* Dodonei). These however seem to be an echo of the Iranian Haurvatut and Ameretat ("health" and "immortality"), two Amesha-Spentas who were also the geni of plants and water. The oak and other trees are still held to be sacred, especially those near a spring, and upon these one may see hanging pieces of clothing from persons who wish to be cured of some disease. This practice is often explained as a substitution of a part for the whole, and it is very common also among the Semites in general and the Mohammedans in particular.<sup>1</sup>

Many mountains were sacred, while others, perhaps sacred by themselves in very ancient times, became the sites of famous temples. The towering Massis (Ararat) was called *Azat* (Yazata?), "venerable." It was a seat of dragons and fairies, but the main reason of its sacredness must be sought in its imposing grandeur, its volcanic character, or even its association with some deity like Marsyas-Masses by the Phrygo-Armenians.<sup>2</sup> This Phrygian god Marsyas-Masses was famous for his skill with the flute but especially for his widely known interest in rivers.

## CHAPTER IX

<sup>1</sup> Abeghian, p. 59 f. Lehmann, "Religionsgeschichte aus Kaukasien und Armenien," in *ARW* iii. (1900) 10 f.

<sup>2</sup> The name Massis for this snow-capped giant of Armenia seems to be unknown to the old Urartians. It may be an Armenian importation, if not a later Northern echo of the Massios, which was in Assyrian times the name of the

<sup>5</sup> Al-Biruni, *Chron.*, pp. 199, 203.

<sup>6</sup> The Armenians had other methods of fire-making.

He was the son of Hyagnis, probably a lightning god, and like the Norwegian Agne *was hung* from a tree by Apollo, who skinned him alive (Apuleius). In fact Marsyas was no more than a tribal variety of Hyagnis, and Hyagnis can be nothing else but the Phrygian form of Vahagn.

Mount Npat (Niphatus of Strabo), the source of the mighty Tigris, must have enjoyed some veneration as a deity, because the 26th day of each Armenian month was dedicated to it. It has been maintained that Npat was considered by Zoroastrians the seat of Apam-Napat, and important Indo-Iranian water deity.

Mt. Pashat or Palat was the seat of an Aramazd and Astghik temple and a center of fire-worship. Another unidentified mountain in Sophene was called the Throne of Anahit.

One may safely assume that the Armenians thought in an animistic way, and saw in these natural objects of worship some god or spirit who in Christian times easily assumed the name and character of a saint.

#### CHAPTER X Heroes

The loss of the ancient songs of Armenia is especially regrettable at this point, because they concerned themselves mostly with the purely national gods and heroes. The first native writers of Armenia history, having no access to the ancient Assyrian, Greek and Latin authors, drew upon the native source for their material. Yet the old legends were modified or toned down in accordance with euphemistic views and accommodated to Biblical stories and Greek chronicles, especially that of Eusebius of Caesarea. It is quite possible that the change had already begun in

great mountain in the plain of Diarbekir. According to Nicholas of Damascus (See Josephus, Ant. Jud., I. iii 6) this mountain was known also by the name of *Boris*, which Sandalagian compares with the sacred mountain *Hara-bere-zaiti* of the Avesta.

pagan times, when Iranian and Semitic gods made their conquest of Armenia.

#### I. Hayk

There can be little doubt that the epic songs mentioned Hayk first of all. Hayk was a handsome giant with finely proportioned limbs, curly hair, bright smiling eyes and a strong arm, who was ready to strike down all ambition, divine or human, which raised its haughty head and dreamt of absolute dominion. The bow and the triangular arrow were his inseparable companions. Haik was a true lover of independence. He it was, who, like Moses of old, led his people from the post-diluvian tyranny of Bel (Nimrod) in the plain of Shinar to the cold but free mountains of Armenia, where he subjugated the native population.<sup>1</sup> Bel at first plied him with messages of fair promise if he would return. But the hero met them with a proud and defiant answer. Soon after, as was expected, Cadmus, the grandson of Hayk, brought tidings of an invasion of Armenia by the innumerable forces of Bel. Hayk marched south with his small but brave army to meet the tyrant on the shores of the sea (on Van) "whose briny waters teem with tiny fish."<sup>2</sup> Here began the battle. Hayk arranged his warriors in a triangle on a plateau among mountains in the presence of the great multitude of invaders. The first shock was so terrible and costly in men that Bel, confused and frightened, began to withdraw. But Hayk's unerring triangular arrow, piercing his breast, issued forth from his back. The overthrow of their chief was a signal for

#### CHAPTER X

<sup>1</sup> Here, of course, the valuable tale of the epics has vanished before the Biblical conception of the spread of mankind, but a dim memory of the events that led to the separation of the Armenians from their mighty brethren of Thrace or Phrygia, as well as something of the story of the conquest of Urartu by the Armenians, seems to be reflected in the biblicalised form of the legend.

<sup>2</sup> Moses, i, 10, 11.

the mighty Babylonian forces to disperse.

Hayk is the eponymous hero of the Armenians according to their national name, Hay, used among themselves. From the same name they have called their country *Hayastan* or the Kingdom (Ashkharh, Iran, Khshartra) of the Hays. Adjectives derived from *Hayk* describe both gigantic strength and great beauty. Gregory of Narek calls even the beauty of the Holy Virgin, Hayk-like! The word *Hayk* itself was often used in the sense of a "giant."

Some have tried to give an astronomical interpretation to this legend. Pointing out the fact that *Hayk* is also the Armenian name for the constellation Orion, they have maintained that the triangular arrangement of *Hayk's* army reflects the triangle which the star *Adaher* in Orion forms with the two dogstars. However, any attempt to establish a parallelism between the Giant Orion and *Hayk* as we know him, is doomed to failure, for beyond a few minor or general points of resemblance, the two heroes have nothing in common. *Hayk* seems to have been also the older Armenian name of the Zoriacal sign *Libra*, and of the planet *Mars*,<sup>3</sup> while the cycle of *Sirius* was for the Armenians the cycle of *Hayk*.

The best explanation of *Hayk's* name and history seems to lie in the probable identity of *Hayk* (*Hayik*, "little *Hay*" just as *Armenak* means "little *Armenius*" with the Phrygian sky-god *Hyas* whom the Greeks called *Ues*). Both the Greeks and the Assyrians<sup>4</sup> know him as an independent Thracio-Phrygian deity. The Assyrians call him the god of *Moschi*.<sup>5</sup> In a period

where everything Thracian or Phrygian was being assimilated by *Dionysos* or was sinking into insignificance before his triumphant march through the Thracio-Phrygian world, *Hyas*, from a tribal deity, became an epithet of this god of vegetation and of wine. For us *Hyas* is no one else but the *Vayu* of the Vedas and the *Avesta*. So in the legend of *Hayk* we probably have the story of the battle between an Indo-European weather-god and the Mesopotamian *Bel*. It is very much more natural to derive a national name like *Hay* from a national deity's name, according to the well-known analogies of *Assur* and *Khaldi*, then to interpret it as *pati*, "chief."<sup>6</sup>

## II. Armenak

According to *Moses of Chorene*, *Armenak* is the name of the son of *Hayk*. He chose for his abode the mountain *Aragads* (now *Alagez*) and the adjacent country.

He is undoubtedly another eponymous hero of the Armenian race. *Armenius*, father of *Er*, mentioned by *Plato* in his *Republic*,<sup>7</sup> can be no other than this *Armenak* who, according to *Moses of Chorene* and the so-called *Sebeos* fragments, is the great grandfather of *Ara* (*Er*). The final syllable is a diminutive, just as the "k" in *Hayk*. Popular legend, which occupied itself a good deal with *Hayk*, seems to have neglected *Armenak* almost completely. It is quite possible that *Armenak* is the same as the Teutonic *Irmin* and the Vedic *Aryaman*, therefore originally a title of the sky-god. The many exploits ascribed to *Aram*, the father of *Ara*, may indeed, belong by right to *Armenak*.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Alishan, p. 126.

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Chapman calls my attention to the passage of *Sayce's* and *Sandalagian's* works on the *Urartian* inscriptions, where they find the names *Huas* or *Uas*. *Sandalagian* also explains it as *Hayk*. (*Inscriptions Cuneiformes Urartiques*, 1900, p. 437). See also the appendix on *Vahagn* in this work.

<sup>5</sup> A. H. Sayce, *The Cuneiform Inscriptions of*

*Van*, p. 719.

<sup>6</sup> This is the prevailing view among modern scholars. The word that was current in this sense in historical times was *azat* (from *yazata?*), "venerable." *Patrubani* sees in *Hayk* the Sanskrit *pāna* and the Vedic *pāya*, "keeper"; Armen. *hayim*, "I look."

<sup>7</sup> *Republic*, x. 134.

<sup>8</sup> *Patrubani* explains *Armenus* as *Aryo-Manab*.



### III. Shara

Shara is said to be the son of Armais. As he was uncommonly voracious his father gave him the rich land of Shirak to prey upon. He was also far-famed for his numerous progeny. The old Armenian proverb used to say to gluttons: "If thou has the throat (appetite) of Shara, we have not the graneries of Shirak." One may suspect that an ogre is hiding behind this ancient figure. At all events his name must have some affinity with the Arabic word *Sharah*, which means gluttony.<sup>9</sup>

### IV. Aram

Aram, a son of Harma, seems to be a duplicate of Armenak, although many scholars have identified him with Arame, a later king of Urartu, and with Aram, and eponymous hero of the Aramaic region. The Armenian national tradition makes him a conqueror of Brasham "whom the Syrians deified on account of his exploits," of a certain Nychar Mades (Nychar the Median), and of Paiapis Chalia, a Titan who ruled from the Pontus Euxinus to the Ocean (Mediterranean). Through this last victory Aram became the ruler of Pontus and Cappadocia upon which he imposed the Armenian language.

In this somewhat meager and confused tale we have probably an Armenian god Aram or Armenius in war against the Syrian god Ba'al Shamin, some Median god or hero called Nychar,<sup>10</sup> and a western Titan called Paiapis Chaghia, who no doubt represents in a corrupt form the Urartian deity Khaldi with the Phrygian (?) title of Paiapis. The legend about the Pontic

war probably originated in the desire to explain how the Armenians came to be found in Lesser Armenia, or it may be a distant and distorted echo of the Phrygo-Armenian struggles against the Hittite kingdoms of Asia Minor.

### V. Ara, the Beautiful

With Ara we are unmistakably on mythological ground. Unfortunately, this interesting hero has, like Hayk and Aram, greatly suffered at the hands of our ancient Hellenizers. The present form of the myth, a quasi-classical version of the original, is as follows: When Ninus, King of Assyria, died or fled to Crete from his wicked and voluptuous queen Semiramis, the latter having heard of the manly beauty of Ara, proposed to marry him or to hold him for a while as her lover. But Ara scornfully rejected her advances for the sake of his beloved wife Nvard. Incensed by this unexpected rebuff, the impetuous Semiramis came against Ara with a large force, not so much to punish him for his obstinacy as to capture him alive. Ara's army was routed and he fell dead during the bloody encounter. At the end of the day, his lifeless body having been found among the slain, Semiramis removed it to an upper room of his palace hoping that her gods (the dog-spirits called Aralezes) would restore him to life by licking his wounds. Although, according to the rationalizing Moses of Chorene, Ara did not rise from the dead, the circumstances which he mentions leave no doubt that the original myth made him come back to life and continue his rule over the Armenians in peace. For, according to this author,<sup>11</sup> when Ara's body began to decay, Semiramis dressed up one of her lovers as Ara and pretended that the gods had fulfilled her wishes. She also erected a statue to the gods in thankfulness for this favor and

"Aryan (Noble?)-minded." The Vedic Aryaman seems to mean "friend," "comrade."

<sup>9</sup> This is not impossible in itself as we find a host of Arabic words and even broken plurals in pre-Muhammedan Armenian.

<sup>10</sup> Nychar is perhaps the Assyrian Nakru, "enemy" or a thinned-down and very corrupt echo of the name of Hanciruka or Mata, mentioned in an inscription of Shamshi-Rammon of Assyria, 825-812 B.C. (Harper, Assn., and Bab. Liter., p. 48).

<sup>11</sup> Moses i. 15.

pacified Armenian minds by persuading them that Ara was alive.

Another version of the Ara story is to be found at the end of Plato's *Republic*,<sup>12</sup> where he tells us that a certain Pamphylian hero called Er, son of Armenius, "happening on a time to die in battle, when the dead were on the tenth day carried off, already corrupted, was taken up sounds; and being carried home as he was about to be laid on the funeral pile, he revived and being revived, he told what he saw of the other state." The long eschatological dissertation which follows is probably Thracian or Phrygian, as these people were especially noted for their speculations about the future life.

The Pamphylian's Er's parentage, as well as the Armenian version of the same story, taken together, make it highly probable that we have here an Armenian (or Phrygian), rather than Pamphylian<sup>13</sup> myth, although by some queer chance it may have reached Greece from a Pamphylia source. Semiramis may be a popular or learned admission to the myth. But it is quite reasonable to assume that the original story represented the battle as caused by a disappointed woman or goddess. An essential element, preserved by Plato, is the report about life beyond the grave. The Armenian version reminds us strongly of that part of the Gilgamesh epic in which Ishtar appears in the forests of the Cedars guarded by Khumbaba to allure Gilgamesh, a hero or demi-god, with attributes of a sun-god, into the role of Tammuz. We know how Gilgamesh refused her advances. Eabani, the companion of Gilgamesh, seems to be a first (primaeval) man who was turning his rugged face towards civilization through the love of a woman. He takes part in the wanderings of Gilgamesh, and fights with him against Ishtar

and the heavenly bull sent by Anu to avenge the insulted goddess. Apparently wounded in the struggle Eabani dies. Thereupon Gilgamesh wanders to the world of the dead in search of the plant of life. On his return *he meets with Eabani who has come back from the region of the dead to inform him of the condition of the departed and of the care with which the dead must be buried in order to make life in Aralu (Hades) bearable.*<sup>14</sup>

Possibly the original Ara story goes back to this Babylonian epic but fuses Gilgamesh and Eabani into one hero. Sayce suggests that Ara may be the Eri of the Vannic inscriptions and the latter may have been a sun-god.<sup>15</sup>

#### VI. Tigranes, the Dragon-Fighter

This story must also be interpreted mythologically, although it is connected with two historical characters. It is a dragon legend which does not contain the slightest fraction of historical fact, but was manifestly adapted to the story of Astyages in the first part of Herodotus. For the sake of brevity we shall not analyze it in detail, as its chief elements will be brought in the chapter on dragons. The rationalizing zeal of the later Armenian authors has evidently made use of the fact that *Azdahak*, "dra-

<sup>14</sup> See art. "Gilgamesh" in EBr 11; also F. Jeremiah's account of the myth in *Chantepie de la Saussaye, Lehrbuch*, 1. 331f. Frazer in *GB* part iv, *Adonis, Attis, and Osiris*, ch. 5, gives an interesting account of kings who, through self-cremation on a funeral pyre, sought to become deified. He tells also of a person who, having died, was brought back to life through the plant of life shown by a serpent (as in the well-known myth of Polydus and Glaucus, cf. Hyginus, *Fab.* 136, and for Folk-tale parallels, J. Bolte and G. Polivka, *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder-und Haus-Märchen de Bruder Grimm*, Leipzig, 1913, 1. 126 f.) Further, we learn through Herodotus (iv. 95.) that Zalmoxis, the Sabazios of the Getae in Thrace, taught about the life beyond the grave, and demonstrated his teaching by disappearing and appearing again.

<sup>15</sup> Sayce, *op. cit.*, p. 566. We may also point to the verbal resemblance between Er-Ara and the Bavarian Er, which seems to have been either a title of Tiu (Dyaus), or the name of an ancient god corresponding Tiu

<sup>12</sup> *Republic*, x. 134.

<sup>13</sup> Pamphylians were dressed up like the Phrygians but they were a mixed race.

gon," was also the name of a famous Median king in the times of Cyrus the Great.<sup>16</sup>

The legend was as follows: Tigranes (from the Tigrish, *arrow*, the old Iranian name of the Babylonian Nabu), King of Armenia, was a friend of Cyrus the Great. His immediate neighbor on the east, Azdahak of Media, was in great fear of both these young rulers. One night in a dream, he saw himself in a strange land near a lofty ice-clad mountain (the Massis). A tall, fair-eyed, red-cheeked woman, clothed in purple and wrapped in an azure veil was sitting on the summit of the higher peak, caught with the pains of travail. Suddenly she gave birth to three full-grown sons, one of whom, bridling a lion, rode westward. The second sat on a zebra and rode northward. But the third one, bridling a dragon, marched against Azdahak of Media and made an onslaught on the idols to which the old king (the dreamer himself) was offering sacrifice and incense. There ensued between the Armenian knight and Astyages a bloody fight with spears, which ended in the overthrow of Azdahak. In the morning, warned by his Magi of a grave and immen-

<sup>16</sup> For the real Tigranes of this time we may refer the reader to Xenophon, *Cyropaedia*, iii. 1. Azdahak of Media is known to Greek authors as Astyages, the maternal grandfather of Cyrus the Great.

nent danger from Tigranes, Azdahak decides to marry Tigranuhi, the sister of Tigranes, in order to use her as an instrument in the destruction of her brother. His plan succeeds up to the point of disclosing his intentions to Tigranuhi. Alarmed by these she immediately puts her brother on guard. Thereupon the indomitable Tigranes brings about an encounter with Azdahak in which he plunges his triangular spear head into the tyrant's bosom pulling out with it a part of his lungs.<sup>17</sup> Tigranuhi had already managed to come to her brother even before the battle. After this signal victory, Tigranes compels Azdahak's family to move to Armenia and settle around Massis. These are the children of the dragon, says the inveterate rationalizer, about whom the old songs tell fanciful stories, and Anush, the mother of the dragons, is no one but the first queen of Azdahak.<sup>18</sup>

(To be continued)

<sup>17</sup> According to classical authors the historical Astyages was not killed by Tigranes, but dethroned and taken captive by Cyrus.

<sup>18</sup> According to Herodotus (1. 74) the name of the first queen of Astyages was Aryenis. *Anush* is a Persian word which may be interpreted as "pleasant." But it also may be a shortened form from *anushiya*, "devoted." This latter sense is supported by such compound names in Armenian as connect *anush* with names of gods, e.g. Haykanush, Hranush, Vartanush, etc.



# THE ARMENIANS OF RUMANIA

## PART V

By H. J. SIROUNI

### CHAPTER VIII

#### The Brotherhood of the Braves

This is an interesting page in the history of the Rumanian Armenian colony which throws light on one aspect of its social life and projects a distinct trait of its character. On the other hand it explains why this particular colony lasted longer than the others. It is singular because the organizations which we shall discuss were youth unions, a sort of boy scouts, three hundred years before Baden-Powell. Instead of scouts, or boy scouts, the Armenian youths called themselves "braves," and their organization the "Fraternity of the Braves."

These fraternities of the braves which existed in Galitzia, Bukowina, Moldavia and Transylvania during the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries are a unique phenomenon in Armenian life with their longevity, their spirit, and the aims which they pursued, even worthy of international interest. They are small intimate cells of mutual help, mutual support, and love for the stranger, which brings honor to the parent people. Its basic spirit was founded on the vow to help the weak, the poor and the helpless, and the zeal for sharing their joys and sorrows, in centuries and environments where it was often difficult for the newcomers even to breathe.

Whether they were called the fraternity of the braves, or "Brastava," or "Boys' Unions," they were the same not only in spirit but in their organization, no mat-

ter where they were, or no matter who was their sponsor, whether Etchmiadzin or Rome.

It was not without a purpose that the word "brave" was chosen, and valor must have been the primary meaning of the organization. It was later that the word brave came to mean boy, lad, youth, because every Armenian youth was obliged to belong to the fraternity of the braves. The old Armenian settlers of Moldavia used to call their male children braves. Once I asked a Moldavian Armenian if he had any children and he replied: "I have one daughter and two braves." The Yearbook of Kamenetz (p. 111), in writing about the death of Ban Yacoup, son of Ban Thoros, in 1652, adds: "God have mercy on his brave soul," implying that the deceased was a mere lad.

#### The Braves of Poland

Armenian brave fraternities existed in Poland as early as the 17th century. Unfortunately we have no definite proof as to its origin, whether the Armenians brought it with them from Crimea or Ani, or whether the movement was the product of local conditions. This much is certain that the Armenians had such fraternities as early as the beginning of the 17th century. Bishop Nicol Thorossovich, who later brought the Armenians into the Catholic fold, was the founder of some of them.

The Armenian Yearbook of Kamenetz (Appendix VI, p. 143) says that, in 1675

Archbishop Nicol (Thorossoovich) with the permission of the Holy Synod appointed and ordained as his successor one Vardan Hovnanian who was bishop of Epiphan, and then went to Leopold from which place "he traveled in many directions, visiting the churches, and consolidating the brotherhood of St. Gregory the Illuminator and the Holy Mother of God." According to the same Yearbook (Appendix V, p. 129), on November 10, 1890, in Stanislavov Archbishop Vardan for the second time being confirmed with a new pastoral letter the Fraternity of the Braves which had been founded by Nicol Thorossoovich.

We are also informed that in 1728 Stepannos Stepanian Roshkay Vardapet went to Transylvania from Kamenitz to reorganize scout orders on the pattern of those which existed in Poland, as seen by his pastoral letters which authorized their founding (Kovrikian, "The Armenian Metropolis of Transylvania," p. 76).

#### In Suchova

The Cit of Suchova too had its boy scouts, or its "Brastava," where, like all Armenian centers of Moldavia, they were controlled by the same constitution and by laws of youth fraternities which were endorsed by the Catholicoses of All Armenians as a sort of national institution. In the archives of the Rumanian Academy there is a manuscript (No. 673) dated January, 1873, which is the constitution and by laws of Suchova scouts. (N. Yorgia, *Paralela Istorică*, p. 67). According to a pastoral letter of Hovsep Archbishop Arghouthiantz, February 20, 1790, Potosha, Catholicos Simeon, at the request of Gabrientz Ag-hacha Grigor, in his encyclical of June 14, 1780 gave permission for the functioning of the reorganized scouts clubs of Suchova whose by-laws had been endorsed by Catholicos Alexander Choughayetzi in the beginning of the 18th century.

#### In Moldavia

Scout organizations existed in the three principal cities of Moldavia — Potoshan, Yash and Roman, as early as the 17th century. In the church of Potoshan there is a constitution written in 1690 in Jourjov-San Miklosh in which Ogsentios Vardapet Vrzarescu, acting Prelate of Suchova, prescribes rules and regulations for the scout orders of the abovementioned three cities. We have no information in regard to the existence of scout orders prior to this constitution but it is obvious that such orders did exist and that Vrzarescu merely reorganized them.

This is the same Vrzarescu who was born in Potoshan, later founded the Armenian city of Kerla, and gradually drifted toward catholicism. In the constitution and by-laws which he edited he mentions the name of the Pope. In this constitution although Vrzarescu calls himself the Acting Prelate of the Monaster of Suchova at that time (1690) he already was an adherent of the Pope. Indeed, as early as 1684 he came to Transylvania from Rome as an apostolic delegate where he had spent 14 years and had been ordained priest (Joseph Benko: *Transylvania, Claudiopolis*, 1883, Vol. II, pp. 560-561). He waged a vigorous fight to lead the Armenians of Transylvania into the Catholic fold and in 1866 he succeeded in winning over to his side his staunch opponent Bishop Minas and the priests who followed him (Christophorus Lucaci: *Historia Armenorum Transilvaniae*. Wiennae, 1859, p. 68). He repeated this feat in 1868.

The following are the rules and regulations prescribed by the constitution of Vrzarescu to govern the boy scouts:

1. On the day of their confirmation as members the scouts must partake of the sacraments of confession and communion.

2. They must attend the holy mass every Sunday; the delinquent if he is a company



leader must pay a fine of two sheshtaks, if a plain scout, one sheshtak.

3. The scouts must be present at the burial and the digging of the grave of any man. He who fails is punishable by twice the fine which was mentioned above.

4. Each scout must pay an admission fee according to his ability.

5. On the occasion of his bethrothal, a scout must receive one Karmir (red piece of gold).

6. On his wedding the scout receives one florin, the same as the Prelate or the priests.

7. On the occasion of chapter mass each scout must donate one florin according to custom.

8. Each scout is obliged to attend the wedding of any man, together with his scoutmaster. He who fails to attend must pay a fine.

9. The scoutmaster must make wise investments of the brotherhood's funds. The brotherhood's revenues come from gifts donated on the occasion of the "Avetis," (Christmas), the "Hair Mer (Our Father)" chanted during Easter, weddings, funerals, et cetera. Each year the scoutmaster must give a financial account to the pastor of the church in the presence of the people and the brotherhood. He will be praised if his account is good, and censured if he has acted improvidently, making up the loss from his own pocket. The scoutmaster must direct his "braves" (scouts) with justice, without deceit, hatred or envy, but with meekness, and fraternal advice, winning them each according to his character and temperament. If any scout is disobedient, truculent, vain or possessed with other ill traits, the scoutmaster must judge him with the cooperation of the brotherhood, not when he is drunk, but when sober. The verdict must be enforced. If any one is caught at a scandalous act he must be chained until he repents. Those

parents or friends who interfere in the punishment of a guilty scout must in turn be liable to spiritual and physical punishment by the Prelate. Each scout must be peaceful and obedient to his seniors, his brotherhood, and to his scoutmaster.

The constitution ends with felicitations and best wishes, appoints one Stepan, son of Lousik, representative of Bochan (Potoshan), as scoutmaster of the scouts of Potoshan, Yash and Roman, and gives a list of 46 members who constitutes the brotherhood.

This constitution and by-laws, as we have stated above, was drafted in the days of Catholicos Eleazar of Etchmiadzin (1682-1691), on September 12 of the year 1139 of the Armenian calendar and 1690 of the European calendar, in the City of Jourjov-San Miklosh of Transylvania. And although Vrzarescu (Vrzarian) who draft-tution was confirmed later by various Armenian Monastery of Suchova and already had shown leanings toward Catholicism, nevertheless his constitution had to be endorsed by the Armenian Catholicos before it could be set in operation in Moldavia. As a matter of fact, a document left by Archbishop Hovsep Arghothiantz which we shall see later testifies that this constitution was confirmed later by various Armenian Catholicoses, such as Catholicos Alexander Djoughayetzi (1706-1714), and Catholicos Simeon (1763-1780).

It appears, however, that in the course of time these scout organizations in Moldavia suffered a lapse and needed the injection of fresh blood. Most of all they needed changes in their constitutions, a task which was destined for an emissary of Etchmiadzin, Archbishop Hovsep Arghothiantz, toward the end of the 18th century.

Hovsep Archbishop Arghouthiantz Yerkainabazouk (Long-armed), supreme nuncio of Etchmiadzin, founder of Nor-Nakhitchewan (New Nakhitchewan) and

visitor of Bessarabia and Moldavia Armenians under the rule of two emperors, on February 20, 1790, in Potishan renewed "the pastoral letter pertaining to the scouts of the Brastava at the request of the people of Potishan." This renewal or revival includes all the preceding pastoral letters of past Catholicos, their emissaries, and high church functionaries which had to do with the organization of the scouts.

The following are the rules governing the scouts as prescribed by the constitution and by-laws:

1. When a scout becomes engaged to a girl, all members of the club must go to the Monastery of Osgent to confess and partake of communion before they attend the betrothal feast. Those who fail must pay a fine of 250 Staks each.

2. When someone dies, whether rich or poor, all the scouts must attend the funeral carrying lit candles. He who is not present at the digging of the grave must pay a fine of 40 staks; he who reports at the sounding of the second bell need not pay any fine; he who is not present at the distribution of the candles must pay a fine of 30 staks. Scoutmasters who are delinquent in this respect pay a fine of two staks.

3. He who leaves a meeting without permission from the scoutmaster must pay a fine of three staks.

On Christmas Eve all the scouts must report to the home of the scoutmaster to sing carols, then, accompanied by the scoutmaster, they must serenade all the homes with Christmas carols, whether rich or poor. The people, in their turn, reward the carolers with gifts of money which is used for the edification and the illumination of the church. A delinquent scout must pay a fine of 300 staks.

5. The same custom is practiced on Easter. On Palm Munday the scouts must visit all the homes and chant the Armenian

"Hair Mer" (Our Father) for the souls of the dead. Those who fail to attend must pay a fine of 100 staks each.

6. Each scout, according to his ability, must make a gift of 50, 45, or 30 staks as spiritual dues which will be assigned to the burying of the poor dead and the rebuilding of the church.

7. Once a week all scouts must attend the holy mass for the souls of the dead "braves" and for the keeping from temptation of the living.

8. Each day, and especially on Sundays and holidays, all the scouts must attend church to listen to the reading of the Gospel and the celebration of the holy mass. The fine for absentism from the former is 15 staks, for the latter, 30 staks.

9. The brotherhood of the scouts must erect a monument in the church each year.

The following are the secular duties of the scout as prescribed by the constitution:

1. The scouts elect a scoutmaster from among themselves. The scoutmasters must be endorsed by the clergy.

2. The scoutmasters enforce the rules while the scouts obey them. If there is a dispute among the scoutmasters or the brotherhood, the keeper of the church together with the princes and the elders (the old men) pronounce the judgment. Those who do not submit to the verdict must pay a fine of 12 Okkas (one okka is approximately four pounds) of candles.

3. An assembly of scouts cannot sit in judgment over its scoutmaster without the presence of the church keeper.

4. The scoutmasters elect a body from among themselves who sit in judgment on important cases.

5. Parents are obliged to bring their 12 year old son to a session of the scouts, pay an admission fee, and render them a brother of the scouts and a beneficiary of

the blessing of Holy Etchmiadzin. Lads under twelve are not obliged to pay an admission fee.

6. The names of the initiated scouts, and the amount of their fees are recorded in a special book.

7. Each scout is duty-bound to obey his scoutmaster.

8. In the trial of a scout no one has any right to interfere, neither his father, his brother, his relative or his fellow scout. He who tries to interfere must pay a fine of 12 Marchils to the Monastery.

9. This encyclical constitution must be read in a meeting of the scouts once a year to refresh their memories.

10. When a scout becomes engaged to a girl he must first become reconciled with his brothers, must pay his dues before he can receive his license of marriage.

11. When a couple get married all the scouts and their scoutmasters must attend the wedding, must accompany the couple to the church for the nuptial ceremonies, then escort them to the home of the bridegroom and wait on the guests.

12. The scouts must obey the orders of their scoutmasters. The fine for disobedience is 3,000 staks.

The encyclical constitution ends with an anthem of all those who disobey its provisions.

This constitution drafted and endorsed by Hovsep Arghothiantz the Nuncio was later confirmed when he became a Catholicos. It is the last scout constitution endorsed by Etchmiadzin. Thereafter the organization gradually declined in Moldavia while Etchmiadzin relaxed in its vigilance over distant colonies, leaving them to their fate.

The Armenian scouts continued their existence in Armenian centers of Moldavia until the middle of the last century. Besides Yash, Potoshan and Roman, a scout brotherhood existed in the City of Bakeou,

according to the testimony of Grigor Koylav who made a study of the brotherhood until its end in 1852 (Aurora, 1906). Koylav published this study in the form of a brief volume entitled 'Statutele breslelor tinerilor botoseneni, ieseni si romascani, Jasi, 1996.'

### In San Miklosh

We know very little about scout activity in San Miklosh but we do have a precious document which attests to the existence of a brotherhood, a constitution and by laws written in 1690 and edited in San Miklosh, now preserved in the archives of the Armenian church of Potoshan.

### In Kerla

The Armenian city of Kerla which was founded in 1700 was inhabited by Armenians who immigrated from Moldavia. These brought with them their speech and customs. Kerla had trade unions or guilds from the first day of its founding. The tanners' guild, for example, was a sort of artisans union, founded in 1700 by Vrzarian. In 1718 there was a merchants guild likewise founded by Vrzarian.

There also was a Brastava, brotherhood of the scouts, which was reorganized in 1729 with the title of "Brotherhood of the Holy Trinity." The founder was Stepannos Roshka, August 20, 1729, at the request of the local youth, as recorded in Roshka's official document: "Our beloved children in Christ, the youth of our newly-built Armenian town, humbly beseeched us, and we undertook to define, ordain and draft the constitution of their brotherhood which existed long since, although without the confirmation and the prescribed rules of the church."

Unfortunately, we have no information in regard to the scout brotherhood which existed before 1729 to which Roshka refers. Somewhere in his pastoral letter Roshka states, however, that the brotherhood

was dedicated to the "Holy Martyrs of Eutratios."

According to the 1729 Brastava of Kerla the brotherhood will be under the patronage of the Holy Trinity on whose holiday each brother (scout) will confess and partake of holy communion; must pray each day; must pay an admission fee and annual dues; must confess and partake of holy communion of his admission to the brotherhood. The brotherhood shall have three officers: a Prefect, a Viceprefect, and a Marshalek (Marshall) who shall be elected three days before the holiday of the Trinity; those who are absent from meetings must pay a fine; the outgoing officers must give a financial account to the assembly; it is the Marshal's duty to carry the official wand in parades; there will also be elected four scouts two of whom shall attend on the sick and the other two to care for the altar; the Prefect is the treasurer and the keeper of the by-laws which must be read once a month to refresh memories; the brotherhood shall hold a session each Monday at the home of the Prefect; a scout who fails to pay his financial obligations must pay a fine of one pound of candles; the Brotherhood's funds must be invested with a scout, or through him with someone else with a collateral; each scout must invite the brotherhood to his wedding and must make a gift to its treasury; after marriage a scout is not allowed to leave the organization but he shall be free of active service. The brotherhood must provide for the edification and the illumination of the altar of the Holy Trinity Church, must maintain its own priest, the members must attend the mass, and each year the treasury of the brotherhood must make a gift of six nemetz zlotis to the scribe who teaches the needy pupils. The brotherhood must have in its keeping six torches which shall be carried by six scouts during

processions or parades. On Christmas Eve the scouts must make the rounds of the families, serenading with carols, led by their Prefect and the Marshal; when the Prelate of the diocese visits the city the scouts must meet him mounted on horse, and must do the same on his departure; in case of death, if the deceased is poor, the expenses of his burial shall be supplied by the brotherhood treasury; as hitherto practiced, the scouts must dig the grave of a dead brother scout or anyone else; the scouts are duty-bound to treat one another with mutual respect.

### In Elizabethoupolis

From the first day of their settlement in the last quarter of the 18th century the Armenians of Eilzabethoupolis had their guilds. Most of these no doubt they brought with them from Moldavia. It would be an error to think that it was Stepannos Roshka who, having come from Poland in 1729, laid the foundation of those guilds. They already were there. Roshka merely revamped them with new by-laws, bringing them closer to Catholicism.

In the constitution drafted on January 3, 1718 in Elizabethoupolis, we come across some articles which prove the existence of various brotherhoods. These articles deal with the same questions of weddings, burials, Christmas caroling, etc. which were practiced by the scouts. As in Kerla, so in Elizabethoupolis, Stepannos Roshka reorganized a "brotherhood of scouts" dedicated to St. Stephen. Father Kovrikian who has supplied a considerable amount of information about the organizations in Transylvania has omitted the recording of the guild constitutions of Elizabethoupolis, because they were similar to those of Kerla, all drafted by Stepannos Roshka.

*(To be continued)*

# ARMENIAN LIFE ABROAD

*A digest of recent happenings among the Armenian settlements in diaspora.*

## **United States:**

### **The Twentieth Anniversary of the Armenian Youth Federation of America**

Back in 1933 — on January 14th of that year — a group of young men and women met in Boston, Mass., to lay the groundwork of a nationwide youth organization for Armenian Americans dedicated to the cause of good citizenship, democracy and freedom. Originally named the "ARF Tzaghagrans," the organization these "founding fathers" established is now known as the "Armenian Youth Federation of America," and is recognized as the nation's most influential and largest organization for Armenian American youth.

January, 1953, marked the twentieth anniversary of the founding of that organization, and the opening of a third decade in the life of a youth group which has had incalculable influence on Armenian American life since its establishment.

In order to mark fittingly the attainment of the AYF's twentieth birthday, the Central Executive of the organization, at the end of the 1952 year, issued a call on all chapters to hold special functions commemorating the memorable moment. Already, chapters have responded and there have been a number of distinctive commemorative celebrations in the United States and Canada.

The series of twentieth anniversary functions were appropriately opened with twin banquets held in Greater Detroit and Greater Boston, January 18 and 25, respectively. Both functions were literally

jammed with local Armenians present to pay their hearty respects to the youth organization.

To coincide with the twentieth celebration, the AYF announced that the Twentieth Annual and National Convention would take place in Cleveland, Ohio, while the Annual National AYF Olympics Games would be held in Worcester, Mass. At the same time, in pursuance of a decision to further weld the organization together in the face of Communist threats and slanders, and in the interests of more unified action, the AYF Central dispatched Mr. Varoujan Azablar, AYF Executive Secretary, to the California area where he would execute an intensive series of visits in the Armenian communities of that state.

## **The Middle East:**

### **The Growing Struggle Against the Dissemination of Communism among Armenians, and the Matter of the Election of the Sis Catholicos**

If there is any one problem commanding the attention of people of Armenian parentage all over the world, that problem is the growing tumult in the Middle East around the election of a new Catholicos for the ancient See of Cilicia, a position vacated with the date of the last incumbent, Catholicos Garegin I.

At this writing (February 9); in direct contravention of ecclesiastic law, authorities who would nominally be in charge of calling an electoral consistory steadfastly



tedly refuse to activate the constitution of the church which flatly calls for such an election within six months after the death of a Cilician Catholicos. At the moment, Archbishop Khat illegally continues to administer the affairs of the second most important church post among Armenians. Middle Eastern Armenian patriotic leaders say flatly that the *locum tenens* is merely trying to perpetuate himself in office, and has leagued himself with all sorts of riff-raff in the effort.

The underlying problem in the election of a new Antelias Catholicos is the matter of the use of the Armenian Apostolic Church as an instrument of the dissemination of Communist propaganda channeled through captive Etchmiadzin, the Mother Seat of the church, through the prelaties and patriarchates overseas. Observers in the Middle East report that the Communist Armenians with their cohorts, the Ramgavars and Huntchaks, are burning midnight oil with Soviet representatives, planning to elect their candidate "at all cost." These conspirators know full well that they haven't a chance in the world of electing their man constitutionally and in untampered-with elections, and consequently they are resorting to the usual Red tactics of confusion, rumor, innuendo, threat and terror to achieve their aims. Meanwhile, the Middle Eastern communities are seething in the impasse. Tired of seeing the ancient Church of Armenia made a political football during the regime of Garegin I, patriotic Armenians are determined to scotch Communist influence in the church through the legal means assured them by the Armenian Church Constitution. They are stymied however by the inability to convoke the electoral consistory since Garegin dissolved or rendered ineffective most of the standing clerical and lay bodies

in the Middle East and administered the Armenian church under his jurisdiction at his whim and fancy, holding close ties with Etchmiadzin, and encouraging the promulgation of the captive Catholicos of All Armenians' political "kondaks" among his churches.

There is frank pessimism among many official Armenian quarters that a legal election for the Cilician Catholicos will take place. Communist tactics are such that the calling of such a gathering seems remote. Meanwhile, pro-Communist factions overseas among the Armenians continue to agitate the question, speaking out against the supposed "infamy" of the anti-Communist groups, and glibly passing over the basic and underlying factor of the problem — the dissemination of Communist propaganda through the Armenian church, and the will of the people to return the Armenian church in the Middle East to its past non-political status.

### The Armenian Schools

In early fall, the several Armenian schools in Lebanon, and neighboring Syria, were opened once again in the interest of educating young Armenians of the Middle East.

Notable among those schools resuming active work were the Armenian Jemarans (junior colleges) in Beirut and Aleppo, respectively — the Palanjanian Armenian Jemaran, in Beirut, and the Karen Jeppe Jemaran, in Aleppo.

A feature of the new curriculum at the Karen Jeppe school is the inauguration of the Junior Laboratory, a well-equipped research center donated by Mr. and Mrs. George Mardikian, of San Francisco. Karen Jeppe also boasts a new "gymnasium," the gift of the American Chermoug Compatriotic Society.

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CLASSIC BOOKS IN SERIAL FORM

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# GEVORG MARZPETOUNI

*A Historical Novel*

By MOURATZAN

Translated from the Armenian

## THE STORY THUS FAR

The time is the first quarter of the 10th century A.D., the period when Armenia is in conflict with the Arab invader. Ashot the Iron, the Armenian King, has just liberated his capital of Dovin and is busy clearing the rest of Armenia from the foreigner. His wife, Queen Sahakanoush, together with the families of the nobility, is spending the fall in the security of the Fortress of Garni. Some deep suspicion affecting her prestige, as Queen having to do with her husband's fidelity, however, is preying on her mind. She is going through a terrific emotional strain and yet she dares not confide in anyone, with the result that she suffers silently. Old Seda, her foster mother and Governess, not only surmises the Queen's suffering but she knows the real cause of her affliction. The Queen finally breaks down and Seda tells her the whole story. The King has been faithless to the Queen. He has resumed his love affair with his old flame, Princess Aspram, the wife of Tzlik Amram whom he had appointed Governor of Outik. To avenge the honor of his daughter, Prince Sevada has risen against the King who punishes him by blinding him and his son in both eyes. Meanwhile, the King's treachery has provoked another enemy, Tzlik Amram, the husband of Princess Aspram. Prince Sevada and Tzlik Amram join forces against the King. Prince Marzpetouni, a true patriot, is busy trying to reconcile the opposing forces.

## CHAPTER XI

**The Blind Eye Forgives;  
The Blind Heart Cannot.**

The words of Prince Sevada made a profound impression on Marzpetouni. Although, in the excitement of the moment he had threatened the Prince that the King would come with the Arab auxiliaries, drive out Tzlik Amram and would kill Sevada's son, Prince David, nevertheless, Sevada's last prediction filled his heart with dismay. He was as devout and godly as he was brave; he believed that God would hear the prayer of old blindmen, and would fulfill their entreaties either with blessing or curse. The thought filled him with a secret unknown doubt. Was it premonition, or the effect of superstition? He could not of course determine, but he knew that the King was wrong, and God would punish the guilty sooner or later. He thought the King might be defeated, and that the rebels might succeed in dispersing the Arab auxiliaries. That certainly would be a disgrace to the Armenian King who with his kinsmen, had come to do battle with the foreigners. This dishonor, of course, would be followed by fresh massacres and fresh desolations.

The Prince was terrified by the thought. But he sat there, silently waiting for what Sevada might say. He had decided not to antagonize or oppose him further, not to provoke his wounded soul, but to submit and to placate him. "I might be able to soften his hardened heart, to waken his benumbed conscience, and save the fatherland from the menace of his righteous indignation," he thought.

At this moment one of the servants came in, bringing with him a basin of water for the guest's washing. Marzpetouni asked the servant first to offer the water to Prince Sevada, because, being the younger

of the two, it was not proper that he should wash first.

Sevada, whose attention missed nothing, smiled at this. "I am surprised," he said, "that the King who grew up with you from his childhood learned nothing from you about good manners."

"But he possesses many other virtues which would lead one to be lenient toward his frailties," Marzpetouni observed gently.

After the ablutions, supper was served by two servants, loaded on two ornate silver trays, one of which was set before Marzpetouni, and the other before Sevada. One of the youthful servants knelt before Sevada to help him partake of the meal, while the other, standing, poured the wine from a silver decanter both for his master and the guest. But Marzpetouni, too deeply moved, hardly touched his food. Sevada noticed this from a remark of his servant and smiled. "Do you see, Prince?" he said, "the common people are wiser. A man never asks questions until he has fed his guest. That is what I told you one hour ago. But I made an exception of the common custom in view of the fact that we are not strangers. I see now that I was mistaken. If I had not asked the reason of your visit, if I had not answered your questions, your appetite would not have been ruined."

"That's true, Prince," Marzpetouni replied, "it is not good that we disregard the advice of our forefathers."

"I agree with you. The advice of our fathers is sacred; we should never forget them."

"But we are forgetting the most important of all. Our forefathers have a saying:

"Unity is the mother of all good; disunity is the parent of evil."

Sevada was silent for a moment, then he smiled and said: "You are scolding me, Lord Marzpetouni, and you have a right. But I beseech you to enjoy your repast, that will make me even more happy than all the benefits of unity which often cannot be distinguished from the real evil."

Recalling his decision not to antagonize Sevada, the Prince said no more and started to eat. Nevertheless, the sight of the servant feeding Prince Sevada was most depressing to him. He wished that he had never entered Quardman, just to avoid witnessing this spectacle. He had seen the Prince when he had his eyesight, pacing before him like a giant, with fiery eyes, with a proud look, and an imperious expression of his face. And now . . . He sat there huddled in the corner, a wasted figure, and pale. Only his soul stood defiant, unconquered by his physical affliction.

When supper was over Marzpetouni asked why Prince Grigor could not join them. "Grigor is with Amram," Sevada said. "My son David is leading the Aghvan regiments, while Grigor is leading the Quardmans."

"Leading the Quardmans?" Marzpetouni asked, surprised.

"Yes, he is leading the Quardmans. Are you surprised? You perhaps are wondering how the blind can lead the blind, is it not so? But my troops have other leaders. Grigor's presence is necessary for the army to inflame their spirit of revenge. No word of any commander can so well rekindle the valor of the soldiers as the blindness of my son. They love their master and they will never rest until they have avenged me and my son against the King."

Marzpetouni was surprised that Sevada should expose his heart so freely and openly before him and reveal his carefully

laid plans, and he was doing it without shrinking, without fear that he, Marzpetouni, as the King's loyal servant and ally, could obstruct the realization of his aims. This boldness on the part of Sevada dismayed Marzpetouni all the more.

"So then, you have seen to it that the revenge of the Quardmans shall never be extinguished, but the rebellion shall go on, ever expanding and devastating in its results," Marzpetouni observed in despair.

"Yes, Lord Marzpetouni. I have no alternative. You may curse me, if you wish, but mark this well that when the cup is full you cannot add a few drops more and expect it not to overflow."

Marzpetouni felt that the time had come when he should employ his weapons which only could placate the Prince's inexorable heart, namely, to plead with him, to appeal to his finer sensibilities. By using this weapon he did not necessarily beg the fatherland's salvation from the foreigners, but, to make an end of an internal turbulence, he did not desist from importuning his kinsman, because, by doing so, he would not be debasing or humiliating himself but would raise himself in the estimation of Sevada. So, he made his supreme appeal:

"If I should kneel at your feet, Prince Sevada," he pleaded, "if I should kiss your feet and beseech you to spare the blood of your brothers and sons, to prevent the slaughter which in one day will destroy countless families, will make orphans of myriads of infants, will make widows of women and young brides; if I should remind you of your sacred duty as an Armenian and as a Christian, not to requite evil with evil, and not to press a point of personal revenge at the cost of the fatherland's ruination, what would you do, Prince Sevada? Would you still remain unmoved to my entreaties, my tears?"

"Not one word on that subject, Lord Marzpetouni. Nature has created man one

way but we conceive it in an entirely different way. The rebellious heart does not obey the brain's command; in vain are the exhortations, our appeals to our sense of Christianity. There are no Christians in the world. Christ's commands are obeyed only by those who have not been hurt by ungrateful fellowmen, or if they have been wronged they are unable to retaliate in kind — an eye for an eye. But those who have the power to retaliate will do so, and that is more natural than the Christian teaching of forgiveness."

"And what shall we say of those who have the power to retaliate and yet forgive?"

"If there are such men, they are supermen, they are the disciples of Christ. But I know no such men."

"Why can't you be such a man, Prince Sevada? Do you think you will feel prouder when you vent your revenge by spreading massacre and ruin all around you? He who knows what is good and what is better and yet does the opposite is a criminal. The Lord of Quardman of course would not wish that any one of us should dare call him by that name."

"The Lord of Quardman, unfortunately, is a common man; nature has given him a heart like the others; he cannot feel that which his likes do not feel."

"No, the Lord of Quardman is not a knave or a churl who does not recognize virtue; he knows how great it is to forgive; he surely will forgive. I am begging this boon in behalf of the mothers and the women whose sons and husbands shall be sacrificed to your revenge."

"Lord Marzpetouni, you are disarming me. Your words oppress me deeply, because you are seated there before me while I listen to your living words. But when you are gone and I am all alone, when the bats once again accompany me in this hollow room, when the morning

sun brings me the same darkness as did the night, when I need the aid of my servants to take two steps, when I long for the whisper of my spouse which never comes, and when I think of your King's brutal command which took her to her grave, that worshipful woman, that devout mother . . . When I hear the sad songs of that hapless young bride, and her wailing bemoaning the black fate of her blind husband, when Grigor's boy, little Sevada, comes to ask me for the hundredth time: 'Grandpa, you are old, God blinded you, but why is my father blind?' . . . Tell me, Lord Marzpetouni, when all these storm my brain, when they disturb my spirit, and my heart incessantly cries out 'Revenge, Revenge to the scoundrell' what shall I do then?"

"What shall you do then?"

"Yes, tell me, I want to conquer myself."

"What did King Sembat do when, seeing his country was being ruined, he came down from the Castle of Kapouyt and surrendered to the enemy. What did he do when his excutioners tucked his handkerchief down his throat, when they clamped his jaws and twisted his neck in a rope, when they beat up his head and sat on his back, and when his heroic spirits refused to yield they tore him limb by limb and finally crucified him?"

Sevada was silent.

"He did nothing but said: 'Lord, receive this sacrifice which I bring to Thee for the sake of my nation. In return, I ask You to save my people from this calamity.' He said: 'It is better that one man should perish, rather than the whole nation.' And he willingly became a martyr. You too, Prince, admit that it was the evil Arab who blinded you, and you will be able to repeat the same words every time the memory of your beloved spouse, the cries of your young daughter-in-law, and the stutterings of little Sevada disturb your



peace. It was impossible to appease the wrath of the Arab beast, it was futile to try to restrain them, nothing could restrain their beastly passion except blood, but God has not granted such a soul to the Armenian Prince, therefore, he will listen to the voice of his conscience, he will listen to my entreaty, and believe that in me speaks the voice of the whole nation."

After a long pause, Sevada raised his head and asked: "What do you want me to do, Prince Gevorg?"

"Disengage your two sons from Amram, and recall the Aghvan and Quardman troops from Utik."

Sevada again bowed his head and sank into his meditations. For a moment there was a tense silence in the room. Prince Gevorg felt that his words had impressed Prince Sevada favorably and was anxiously awaiting his agreement. Finally Sevada spoke:

"You have persuaded me, Lord Marzpetouni. You have stirred the better instinct in me. I cannot let you excel me in patriotism. Let it be as you say. I will give up my revenge. But there is still one more obstacle to quell the rebellion which is aflame which is beyond my means. That job belongs to you."

"I accept the job gladly. I am not running away from any task. Just tell me, what is this obstacle?"

"I will persuade my sons and will recall the troops, but I cannot persuade Tzlik Amram because it was I who incited him to his enmity; how can I advise him to the contrary now?"

"I will take care of that," Marzpetouni replied.

"Very well. But know this, that I cannot stop until Amram is won over. I cannot separate my troops from his. I have promised to support him in every contingency. I cannot break my word. If you succeed in your mission, send me a messenger and I will at once give my sons the necessary

instructions to leave Outik with their troops. If you fail, then you will know that God would not let this cup pass from us, and that one of us must drink it to the dregs."

Prince Marzpetouni was overjoyed. He kissed the right hand of Sevada in expression of his gratitude. In his opinion, the greatest obstacle of all had been surmounted. Sevada, who was recognized by all as an impregnable rock, had been persuaded. It would be easy to win over Tzlik Amram who by nature was a kind hearted man. With these happy meditations Prince Marzpetouni retired for the night to his bed chamber, led by the Prince's chamberlain. The soft bed and the quiet of the night brought a refreshing stupor to his tired body and soon he closed his eyes in sweet slumber.

Early in the morning Prince Marzpetouni dressed and descended to the yard. Awakening one of the servants, he ordered him to saddle his horse. The season was cold and the sky overcast. The autumn frost had covered the ground, reminding of the imminent winter. The servant who had just got out of his warm bed was having difficulty in saddling the horse in the open cold. The moments were precious, and the Prince, exasperated, pushed the servant aside and finished the job. Then he reascended the steps and woke up the Prince's door keeper to find out if he could see the Prince. Hearing their conversation the chamberlain stepped out, and surprised seeing Prince Gevorg there, he asked: "What is your command, Prince?"

"If you could waken the Prince and tell him that I would like to see him before I leave."

The chamberlain stepped inside, and a few moments later he reappeared, announcing that the Prince was ready to see him. Marzpetouni followed him through two narrow aisles, entered Sevada's bedroom, and taking off his helmet, he approached the

bed. The room still was illuminated by the flicker of a small silver lamp. The Prince was seated in his bed in his night shirt.

"Why so early, dear Prince?" Sevada asked.

"I want to reach Amram's camp today. Time is precious. I must hurry."

"But do you know where he is camped?"

"When I was making the rounds of Outik they told me he had just passed through Asdghev and was camped somewhere near the Castle of Tavoush. I don't know where he is now. That is why I came to see you."

"Two days ago our troops were camped on the banks of Sakam; Amram still is near Tavoush. If they have received the news of the King's arrival, the two armies must have joined by now. You will meet them somewhere around there."

"Can't you tell me where the two armies will join?" the Prince asked with a smile.

"No, I have no right to divulge that to you. And you, Prince, will not demand it from me. You persuaded me and I gave you my assent to reconcile with the King. I did what I could. Now go and persuade Tzlik Amram; if you succeed, well and good; if not, war is inevitable, therefore it is impossible for me to divulge the site of the army."

"Very well, let it be as you say. Thank you for your assent. Now give me your blessing and I will go. That blessing is necessary for the success of my mission."

"God's blessings be on your mission. You are the agent of peace and reconciliation. Providence will surely crown your effort with success. But if it has preordained that the guilty should find his punishment . . ."

"I will do that which my duty and the Fatherland commands me; as to God's will, we can only bless it. May His will be done."

Saying it, the Prince approached Sevada, embraced and kissed him, and took his leave. In fifteen minutes he was with Vahram, the Keeper of the Castle.

Wrapped in his thick and long coat of goat skin, his large head encased in a steel headgear, the Keeper was pacing the floor of his watch tower, when Marzpetouni approached him.

"I knew that you would leave the Prince early, so I got up early to open the gates for you," the Keeper said approaching the Prince. He was curious to know if he had succeeded in keeping his incognito with Sevada. Had he obtained the secrets he was after?

The Prince told him briefly all that had happened, what he had discussed and learned from Sevada, concealing of course the part which pertained to domestic troubles and secret love affairs. The good-hearted Vahram was surprised that he, who had been so close to Sevada, had never learned the secrets, and that until that moment he did not know that the man who incited Tzlik Amram to his rebellious act was Sevada. The Prince wanted to take advantage of the situation in order to further win the Keeper's confidence.

"What do you think, friend?" he asked laughingly. "If Sevada had not known of you, do you think he would let you remain in the Keeper of his castle?"

"What? Does he know that I still am loyal to the King?"

"He knows every thing; but he knows you."

"How does he know me?"

"He knows that you cannot harm him."

"How does he know that I cannot harm him? Do I lack in courage? Or does he think my arms are weak because of my advancing age?"

"He even knows that you cannot defend the King if necessary," Marzpetouni added, deliberately arousing the Keeper's ego.

"Did he tell you this?" Vahram asked, deeply displeased.

"No, he said nothing explicitly."

"He said nothing explicitly? I get you. But you surmised it from his hints. Very

well, I will compel that man to respect me. Prince Gevorg, I am with you right now" . . . there was a note of decision in his voice . . .

"Go now and see if you can bring about a reconciliation; but if you fail, send me a messenger and the next day I will be with you. This sword of mine will open a path for the King, to reoccupy Outik, as well as Quardman." When he said this, he opened the folds of his tunic and planted a powerful hand on the hilt of his sword.

Marzpetouni was secretly overjoyed over his accomplishment in stirring up Vahram and getting from him this much of a promise. Indeed, the King needed the support of a man like Vahram at that moment. He belonged to that set of the braves who at first approach a danger cautiously, but once they close in, they never are afraid of it.

"Give me your hand and take the oath that you will respond to my call wherever I am, even unto death," Marzpetouni said, fixing the Keeper's eyes with his penetrating look.

Marzpetouni grasped the extended hand firmly and said:

"I thank you, Prince Vahram. Up to this moment I relied only on the person whom I could sacrifice for the sake of the Throne and the Fatherland. Now I can rely on two persons."

"Yes, Vahram Sepouh belongs to you just as much. Sacrifice him if need be, provided you sacrifice him on the altar of Armenia's salvation."

"I know no other altar, and lo, from this moment, I commit my hope and faith into your hands."

Saying it, the Prince embraced the Keeper, kissed him, gave him a few last minute instructions, and mounting his steed flew out of the fortress. The Prince's aide who had spent a restless night as a result of some unpleasant rumors circulating in the village, had hastened to the fortress early in the morning. He wanted to be on hand

in time lest his master's life be endangered by the rebellious prince. But to his great surprise he was overjoyed seeing the Prince descending the slopes of the castle even before he had crossed the stream.

"Where have you been, and how come you are so early, Yeznik?" the Prince asked his aide when the two joined.

"My Lord, if I could enter the fort in the dark I would have come last night to join you, but I knew Quardman is inaccessible to intruders," the aide apologized.

"What was the cause of your hurry?"

"I learned some new developments and I was afraid for your life."

"Worried about me? Thank God, I am still sound of body and limb, mounted on my black steed. Now tell me, what are those new things you learned in the village?"

"Unpleasant news. My host the priest would tell me nothing."

"Then what?"

"I left all my money in his house. Part of it I gave to him for the privilege of kissing his hand, another part I donated to his wife, and the remainder to his daughter for washing my feet."

"And was the daughter beautiful?"

"Oh my Master, you must be feeling really good to be joking with your Yeznik. To tell the truth, she was very beautiful, black-eyed, red-cheeked, and with long flowing hair."

"Why didn't you get engaged to her?"

"Ha! To bribe the priest? But I bribed him with something else. I promised him that I would ask you to move him to Dovin. The peasant aspires to be a priest in the capital."

"Wouldn't you be glad if I made you captain?"

"Why not? I can fight like a lion."

"Well, a priest can baptize, can officiate at weddings, can bury the dead. People are born and die in the capital as well as in the villages."

"That's true, my Lord."

"But what did you learn from the priest?"

"I learned that the Aghvans and the Quardmans too have rebelled against the King. It's all the work of Sevada. The Father told me that one day the Mayor of the village, at the behest of the Prince, invited all the peasants to the church yard and swore them to take up arms against the King. All of them took the oath. They have done the same thing in all the other villages and towns. In three days, the Father said, four thousand men have rallied to the banners of Prince David. With this army David marched on Outik. As to the people who were left behind, they have sworn to boycott the royal troops."

"I know all that; you spent your money for nothing," the Prince said. Then he asked: "What did you learn about the movements of the army? How far will the rebels go to meet the King, or where will the Quardmans join the Outiks?"

"I learned nothing about that, although I spent two hours at the tavern for that very purpose. I should tell you that I met a deserter who had fled from the Valley of Tavoush. He told me that several companies of Amram are lying in ambush in the bullrushes of Kour to waylay the King with their arrows when he crosses the river, because Amram fears the Arabs and will not risk a battle in the open."

"They will never succeed in that," the Prince observed lalmly. "The King's guards are Vanandians. Even the lightning will not pierce their armour, to say nothing of Outik arrows."

"But if the troops of Apkhaz arrive — said the deserter — then Amram will face the King in the open."

"How did the deserter know this secret of Amram?"

"He learned it when he was scouting the bulrush for Amram. The natives of Outik assured him that Prince Amram would take him to the land of Apkhaz together with

them. After delivering Outik to Gourgen, Amram would move to Apkhaz and settle there. This was enough for him to desert the cause of Amram. This deserter is a wonderful Armenian. 'If this Amram is going to move to Apkhaz, why should we fight his battles against our King?' he said to me."

At this, the Prince's face clouded. He was alarmed by the new information which his aided unconsciously had communicated to him. Until then he had hoped that the King's appearance with a powerful army would compel Amram to retire to his fortress, and thus the war might be avoided. But now, when he learned that Prince Gourgen, too, had a hand in the rebellion, he was exceedingly sad. Relying on such foreign aid, Amram could cause great harm to the fatherland.

His only recourse was a lesser degree of hope, that is, to rely on his vigor and his eloquence to appease the rebel. He knew no other way of preventing the impending calamity.

"My Lord, this old wolf of Apkhaz has given us plenty of trouble; when are we going to meet him his due punishment?" Yeznik broke the silence.

"Whenever God wills it," the Prince replied indifferently as he spurred his horse to a faster pace.

"But where are we going?" the servant asked, keeping pace with his master.

"We will try to make the camp of Amram today, every hour we lose may result in additional new dangers."

"But we have had no rest. I hardly think our horses can make it in one day, exhausted as they are."

"Why? How many leagues is the distance between here and Tavoush?"

"More than one hundred leagues. We can hardly cross the Valley of Sakem by evening."

"What about by morning?"

"Yes, we could be in Tavoush by sunrise."

"That will be good enough. Let's hurry," the Prince said laying the whip to his steed. The animal started to fly like the wind, followed closely by the servant.

By evening the travelers found themselves at the Valley of Sakam. Some villagers who were relaxing on the river bank informed them that the joint army of Princes David and Grigor had broken camp the same day, and Amram's army was at the confluence of the rivers Asdghev and Kour at the time. When they crossed the river and came out into the open plain, Yeznik wanted to know why Amram had extended his line of communications so far from his fortress.

"It means that the troops of Apkhaz are very close," the Prince said.

"As you see, the Quardmans too have advanced from here. The two armies are about to join."

"Then they must have heard about the King's coming."

"Of course. Why else should they join their armies? They could easily exhaust the supply of the neighboring regions in a few days."

"Master, it seems to me we are walking right into the battle, and not the reconciliation. Is it not so?" Yeznik was uneasy.

"That is known to God alone. Let us see what the morning will bring for us," the Prince said with apparent indifference, but inwardly he was deeply concerned. Some premonition was pressing heavily on his heart, and as if to rid himself of the oppressive thought he spurred on his horse at a furious pace.

The Prince and his aide spent the night in one of the villages of the Valley of Sevard where they learned that Tzlik Amram had placed his family and the families of the princes who joined him in the security of the Fortress of Tavoush, while

he had advanced as far as Asdghev in order to make his encounter with the King away from his castle. He had taken this precautionary measure, first, to spare the women folk from the terrors of the war, and secondly, to have more leeway in his operations, which meant that, if he was defeated he could withdraw to the mountains where he could reorganize his army, but if the King laid siege to his fort, he could attack him from the rear and thus save his castle. All these plans became perfectly clear to Marzpetouni once he learned that Amram had left his castle.

"We have nothing more to do at his castle. We shall be in Asdghev in the morning," the Prince said to his aide.

"We can cross the waters of Hassan before dawn," the aide assured him.

Thus the two retired for the night for a few hours' rest. The next morning, early with the sunrise, they arrived at the Plain of Asdghev. The entire plain, from the source of the river as far as the skirts of the mountain, was occupied with the tents of the allied rebels. The Outiks and the Sevardis had pitched their tents on the east side; one league away were the tents of the Quardmans and the Aghvans. All the tents were pitched on straight lines, forming larger regular squares, in the center of each of which stood the tent of a commander or a prince. But the camp was unprotected on all sides which meant that the army did not intend to stay there very long.

The allied troops of Apkhaz had just arrived and had pitched their tents promiscuously along the plain which leads to Kour. Seeing these vast preparations, Prince Marzpetouni exclaimed bitterly: "How well they are organized to destroy one another!"

"You never expected such an organiza-



tion, eh, Master?" Yeznik asked with a smile.

"Never! The scoundrels organize well only when they are fighting against their brothers, or when they want to ruin their own country."

"Do you intend to enter the camp?" the aide asked.

The Prince did not reply. Having halted his horse under the shadow of a solid tree, he was critically watching the camp, the extent, the movements around the tents, the maneuvers of a cavalry company, and a little way off the maneuvers of the lancers.

After a while, the Prince turned to his aide: "Do you see yonder large tent with a princely banner?"

"The banner with two colors?"

"Yes. That's the banner of Sepouh Amram. Go to that tent right through the army."

"Is it not better to approach it from the skirts of the plain?"

"No. The Sevordis are wild men, they are liable to drive an arrow through you. Drive at full speed right through the camp, without looking right or left. Drive straight at the Prince's tent and enter in. Do you know the Prince?"

"Of course I do. I have seen him many times."

"Good. Step inside and tell him I want to see him. Tell him it is urgent."

"Do you command me to give him the real reason should he ask me?"

"No. It is not your business to speak about the causes. Go now. Don't tarry."

"Yes Sir." And Yeznik drove his horse full speed straight at the camp.

The compartment indicated by the Prince was a large square, consisting of some forty tents, each deced of tents opposing another on a straight line. In the center of the square was located the Sepouhs large tent, signalized by the commander's banner which floated above it. The front

of the tent was adorned with the princely insignia, and the interior was decorated with costly red draperies. From the triple pillars which supported the tent, decorated with shining bronze links, hung beautiful and ornate pieces of arms, such as, silver-sheathed swords and cutlasses, ornamented shields and bucklers, arrow pouches, silver guilt bows. In a corner of the tent, leaning against the wall, were a large assembly of javelins and heavy spears.

Heavy armoured guards with iron head-gear, holding in their hands long javelins and small shields, kept watch in front of the tent. Inside the tent, Tzlik Amram was pacing the floor, alone and preoccupied with his thoughts. He was a tall and powerfully built man with a large and impressive face. His broad forehead covered with wrinkles, his sharp piercing eyes under thick and almost united brows, his large nose with the nostrils of a lion which dominated his long hairy face, and his rich gray beard which covered half of his bronze breastplate, gave him a serious and formidable appearance. He was in full armour, from head to foot. He wore a steel plated coat of armour, a shining breast plate, his arms encased in heavy bracelets, his feet shod with sandals and braced with heavy leggings, and girded with a heavy silver-sheathed sword. His steel helmet, topped by a shining eagle of bronze, decorated with a thick black crest of tassel, was laid on a small table.

Suddenly Sepouh heard an argument in front of his tent.

"Who is there?" he roared from inside, inquiring the cause of the commotion.

"A footman who wants to see you, my Lord, but refuses to disarm," the guard replied, approaching the entrance.

"Who is this stubborn man? Let him come in," Sepouh commanded.

The new-comer was Yeznik. He surrendered his long javelin to the guard, and step-

ping inside, stood at salute before the Prince.

"Who are you?" Amram asked in a proud tone.

"I am the aide of the Great Prince Gevorg of Marzpetounis," replied Yeznik.

Don't you know that you have no right to enter the Prince's tent with your sword and shield?"

"I have never parted with my arms, my Lord."

"Haven't you ever played the role of a messenger?"

"This is the first and the last time I shall ever play the role, if to do so I must surrender my arms," Yeznik replied somewhat pale.

Sepouh smiled. "What have you to tell me?" he asked.

"The Prince commanded me to tell you that he has come to your camp on important business. He wants to talk with my Lord Sepouh."

"You mean Prince Gevorg is here, right in my camp?"

"Yes, he is outside the camp, waiting for your word."

"Go tell him to come right over," the Sepouh commanded, then he called the guard and ordered him to send a company of guards to meet the Prince.

Instantly a company of armed guards mounted their horses, met Prince Marzpetouni outside the camp, and led him to the Sepouh's tent.

"I had expected to see any one in my tent except the Prince of the Marzpetounis. I never expected to see the King's loyal and trusted friend," Sepouh said warmly, offering him the while a small tripod stool to be seated.

"Fortunately I am always there where they least expect me," the Prince said smiling.

"Fortunately? What do you mean?"

"It means that I never call on our friends on an evil errand."

"For your friends, yes. But you are in the camp of your enemy."

"No. Marzpetouni has no Armenian enemies. He recognizes no such enemy."

"Are not the enemies of the King your enemies too?"

"There was a time when you were the King's friend; you again can be his friend."

"His friend? To hell with him. I will extend my hand of friendship to the devil, but to him? Never!" Sepouh interrupted the Prince vigorously.

Marzpetouni fell silent, and with a sort of doubtful look, started to watch the face of Sepouh which had turned pale from his sudden emotion.

"Had I known that I would excite you this much, I would never have cut such a long distance," the Prince observed calmly.

"The King is scarcely a day's distance away from us," Sepouh resumed, likewise calmly, "tomorrow perhaps we shall face each other. If you have come to reconcile us, I am sorry. You have undertaken a futile task."

"No one in Vostan could believe that Sepouh Amram could rebel against his King."

"I have not rebelled against my King," Sepouh interrupted, "you will recall how devoted I was to him. How many times I fought against the rebels, how many times I defended his person in the thick of the battle! I was the one who valiantly unfurled his banner on Shamshulteh. How many of them do you want me to recount?"

"And he did not fail to reward you. He made you Prince over Outik and the land of the Sevordis. He gave you the command of the northern army. You had no need of taking advantage of your

power, your ready troops. to unfurl the banner of rebellion, and to raise your sword against your benefactor and King."

"Never against my King. Don't say it. Say, against my personal enemy."

"Your personal enemy? How can the King be the personal enemy of his own officers?" the Prince observed, as if he had not understood Sepouh's words.

"Prince, if you know nothing about the real causes which have incited my enmity to the King, I have nothing more to say."

"I don't want you to tell me the whole story. I know the causes which have impelled our princes to rise against the King."

"You say you know the causes?" Sepouh interrupted. "Which is it? Ambition? Greed? Selfish interest? What do you think? Is it not one of these that has incited me against the King?"

"I don't know, and I said I don't want to know; but I want you to desist from your rebellious act and put your sword back in its sheath."

"Is that a threat, Prince?"

"No, just a request. A petition."

"I cannot understand it. Is Prince Marzpetouni begging, imploring Sepouh Amram? I don't think the Marzpetounis have ever had such humility. I wonder if a secret mystery lurks in your request."

"Listen, Sepouh Amram. The Marzpetouni princes were more proud than your ancestors, but their heirs prefer patriotism to pride. Do you think that is a strain on the ancestral honor?"

"Never! Blessed is he who can serve the fatherland with such devotion."

"Behold, it is this love of the fatherland which makes me humble myself, my pride, and my ancestral reputation. Can you despise such humility? Can you seek any vile secrets in such self effacement?"

"No."

"Then listen to me. Soften your hard heart and stop this senseless massacre

which will take place two days later."

"I cannot."

"You mean to tell me that thousands of Armenian mothers have brought children into the world with such pain and anguish, have brought them up with such toil and patience and suffering so that one day you princes should sacrifice them to your selfish passion?"

"But when you lead these very children against the Arabs, when they are decimated by the foreigner's swords, why don't you remember the pain and the anguish of those very mothers?"

"To fight against the enemies of the fatherland, to die for its freedom is a sacred duty. No one can escape from that duty; but fratricide is a crime which is cursed by God and men."

Amram, who had risen from his seat during the conversation, again sat down on the tripod stool and silently stared at the stack of javelins at the corner of the tent. A moment later he began to stroke the folds of his luxuriant soft beard and said: "Lord Marzpetouni, it is much easier to talk profitably than to act profitably. I abhor having to earn the title of a criminal but circumstances have made me that criminal. Henceforth I shall no longer care what the world thinks of me. I shall only give my account to one man — my inner man, my conscience."

"That conscience will never let you jeopardize the life of your brothers."

"Do not interrupt me; I know my own conscience much better than you do. But that is beside the point. Even if I suppressed my righteous indignation, even if I violate my conscience, again I cannot acquiesce in your wish because I am not the only one who has risen against the King. I have the princes of Quardman and Apkhaz and their allies to deal with. You of course have seen the countless tents on this plain, the princes who are gathered

here and all of whom have their scores to settle with the King. If I lower the banner of the Outiks it's all the same to them. None of them will follow me, neither the Sevordis, nor the Quardmans, nor the Aghvans, nor the Prince of Tayk, nor the crown prince of Apkhaz."

"What about Prince Ber? Is he here too?"

"Yes, he is here, the family foe of the Armenian King."

"And you have made an alliance with him."

"Yes, I have sworn to him, as I have sworn to the other allies, that I shall fight with them to my last breath."

"And if you break your alliance with them?"

"In that case I will compel them to raise their sword against me. Those are our conditions."

"Of all those whom you have mentioned, dear Amram, only the young prince of Apkhaz will be dissatisfied with the reconciliation, because he has come with the intention of destroying. You yourself told me that he is the family enemy of the King, and it is natural that he will be unwilling to return to his fatherland empty-handed. But the other princes will not oppose the project, once you become reconciled and prevent the massacre."

"And what about Prince Sevada, his two sons, the infuriated Quardmans who have come to avenge the blinded princes?"

"Prince Sevada already has forgiven the King."

"What? Prince Sevada forgives the King?" Amram exclaimed, leaping to his feet.

"Yes. I was with him. He has forgiven and he will recall his troops if you are magnanimous enough to lay down your sword."

At this Amram's eyes flashed with anger, he turned pale, and it seemed his breathing stopped just like the smoke of the suffocat-

ing flame in the furnace. He advanced a few steps, retraced his steps, and stopping before the Prince, again asked: "So that's it. So he has forgiven the King and will recall his troops if I do the same."

"Yes, he has completely forgiven. He respected my petition. He proved that he loves the fatherland."

Amram eased his hand, seized the Prince's arm and said softly: "They may hear us in here. Come to my private room."

Saying it, he led the way, and lifting the inner curtain, entered the second apartment of the tent. The Prince followed him.

"That Sevada, that proud Quardman who had sworn to punish his executioner, how did he become reconciled with the King, on what grounds, on what hope of benefit?" Amram insisted.

"Never for his own benefit. He did it to spare the blood of his compatriots."

"But did he tell you why I have drawn my sword?"

"He did. I know it all."

"He told you, and you know everything?" Amram almost choked with anger.

"Don't get excited."

"You talk as if it depended on my wish. Can you command the lion not to roar when he is being pierced by the ambusher's sword?"

"Patience is the strongest weapon."

"What? Is this the time to talk about patience, Prince Marzpetouni? You say Sevada has forgiven him. Why? Why did that old man kindle the fires of hell in my heart? Why did he disturb the tranquility of my soul? Why did he poison me if he was going to forgive today?"

"When a man's soul is blinded by his passion for revenge . . ."

"Not another word, Prince Marzpetouni. Let Sevada forgive, let his sons forgive, let the whole world forgive, but Sepouh Amram cannot forgive. Reconciliation? . . ."

With Ashot the Iron? Never! If I can, I will even join forces with the Devil to overthrow that unworthy king . . . If only you could enter the world of my spirit and see the agony and the torture which is raging there, you would be frightened, terrified . . ."

"It is precisely at a time like this that the hero, the true patriot can demonstrate to the world that his mother did not give birth to an ordinary son."

"The most ordinary, the vilest knave can endure such a dishonor. A great spirit, on the contrary, can never endure it."

"Sevada is not a small man. Ashot blinded him in his two eyes, blinded also his son, and yet he has forgotten this irreparable loss and has forgiven his poor son-in-law for the sake of the fatherland."

"Ashot blinded his eyes, what about what he did to my heart? The blind eye can forgive but the blind heart can never forgive."

"But . . ."

"Lord Marzpetouni, the man who knows how the King has insulted my name and yet advises me to make up with him, that man is my enemy. If you were not in my tent just now I would challenge you to a duel."

"In that case my mission is ended," Marzpetouni rose to his feet, saluted Amram, and came out of the tent deeply disturbed.

He had taken hardly a few steps when Sepouh raised the curtain and called after him: "Lord Marzpetouni."

The Prince turned back and asked him: "Have you anything further to say to me?"

"I haven't told you anything yet," Amram replied.

This pleased the Prince very much. A new ray of hope flashed through his mind. "Perhaps he was sorry for the cold reception he gave me; perhaps he will

accept my entreaty," he thought and cheerfully reentered the tent.

"What else have you to tell me?" he asked when he was inside.

"Be seated here a moment," Sepouh said, pointing to the bedstead. The Prince obeyed.

"Lord Marzpetouni," Sepouh proceeded, "you have come to see me as a messenger, therefore you must take him my full answer, whoever sent you."

"No one has sent me. The King, as you know, just returned from the land of the Arabs and I have not seen him since he was in Outik."

"I thought perhaps the Queen . . ."

"Nor the Queen, nor the Catholicos . . . I myself saw the ruin which was threatening our country. I ran everywhere, observed, everything, and finally I decided to implore the two of you, you and Sevada, to have pity, and to spare our suffering fatherland. Prince Sevada, I am thankful to say, listened to me, forgot his wrong and gave up his revenge. I firmly believe you too . . ."

"No, Lord Marzpetouni, don't believe it," Sepouh suddenly interrupted. "Do not believe that I will listen to you, that your words can move my heart, that Amram can think of the fatherland."

"Why then did you call me back? I already was leaving you with that conviction."

"I called you back so that I could open to you my heart and show you its infested wounds, so that you would tell the King, when you meet him, why Amram has bared his sword against him."

"He will not justify you."

"Do you think I expect him to justify me?"

"Why then should I explain to him the reasons which have led you to your action?"

"So that, should God grant me success,



and I destroy the King's power, ruin the land, put the cities to fire and bury his throne and crown under the ashes, he shall know that Amram has avenged the insult to his name."

"He shall know that, of course he shall realize it. But mark this well that the whole world will curse you for your unconscionable deed."

"Those curses shall not torture my soul any more than I am now being tortured by the insult of that ungrateful King. Not even blessings can heal those wounds which are devouring, consuming my whole existence."

"But if only you could reason with a cool mind, if your inexperienced youthful passion could give away to prudence and wisdom, if your heart could be rekindled with the love of the fatherland instead of your fatuous revenge, then I believe you would not want to earn the title of traitor over a mere woman."

Sepouh walked over to the Prince shaking from emotion, and fixing him with his flaming eyes, said:

"Over a mere woman, you say? Oh, how I wish we were somewhere else, to hear you say it there instead of in my tent! Believe me, Lord Marzpetouni, no matter how mighty and brave you are, I would pierce you through with this sword, no matter how well protected that breast might be. You dare call a mere woman that creature who was the queen of my home, the goddess of my heart until today?"

"Forgive me, dear Amram, I didn't mean to hurt you. Nor by saying 'a mere woman' I meant to detract from the merit of Princess Aspram."

"Silence, I beseech you. Don't mention her name, at least in my presence. Don't speak about her humiliation; I will go mad," Sepouh exclaimed, pale with emotion.

"I must beg your pardon a thousand

times for having entered your tent," Marzpetouni apologized humbly.

Sepouh did not reply. Furious with his emotion, he began to pace the floor, now raising his hand to his forehead, rubbing it, trying as it were to dispel the thoughts which crowded his mind. For a few moments there was a tense silence. Only the dull thud of Sepouh's steps could be heard in the tent. Fascinated, the Prince was following the steps of Amram, desperately searching for a way to prevent the frustration of his mission. He could plainly see that his words had no effect on Sepouh, and yet he did not despair. He was distressed all the more that, after having convinced the stubborn Sevada, he would have to return empty-handed from Tzlik Amram. He could not reconcile his mind with the thought that a man of intelligence and a sterling heart could sacrifice the fatherland's interest to his personal trivial whim, his revenge. For that reason he was waiting until Amram's anger cooled down and he could resume the conversation.

Finally Sepouh sat down on the edge of his bedstead, and as if completely exhausted from his emotion, he kept staring silently at the entrance of the tent.

"Sepouh Amram, what would you call the man who, to get warm for a few moments, would burn down his house?" the Prince suddenly asked, without waiting for the answer.

"I would call him a mad man," the latter replied, still staring.

"I think, for each of us, our real home, our shelter is the security of our fatherland. If we, for the sake of our personal and transitory pleasure, endanger the peace of that fatherland, we are like the man who burns down his house to warm his body for a few moments, without thinking that, when the fire is over, when the pillars are reduced to ashes, he will be homeless, without shelter, always persecuted by the

cold wind and the sun's burning rays.'

"That's true," Sepouh said, turning to the Prince. "But there is such a bleak cold which, when surrounds the man, burning the house down becomes a necessity. We are men, first of all, made of flesh and blood. Come, let me drive this sword in your side and see if the agony of death will surround you or not."

"It will surround me. But even in that agony my soul shall gladly part from the body when I think that I am dying for the fatherland."

"But when the dagger pierces your soul? When the soul itself is in agony?"

"If you have any heart and feeling, if there is a drop of red blood in your veins, it is impossible that your soul will not be pierced when you see that the fatherland has suffered at your hand, your brothers' blood is spilled, the throne has been endangered, and the enemy has come in through the path which you have carved, to ravage and ruin the fatherland."

"You know something, Lord Marzpetouni?"

"Tell me, I am listening."

"You are acquainted with Greek literature better than I. They tell me when you went to Byzantium with the King, at the Emperor's court they had marveled at your Grecology. Is that right?"

"That's true. But why do you ask me?"

"I will tell you why. Have you ever read Homer?"

"How not? I know many passages from Homer by heart."

"Then you know how Troy was destroyed. How countless Greek generals and thousands of soldiers were massacred under the walls."

"I know. It was all due to the faithfulness of a woman, Helen."

"No. You are wrong. It was because of a traitor named Paris."

"That's not the way I understand Homer."

"But the ancient Greeks understood it that way. Helen is a woman, they said, but a woman is nothing but weakness, who is susceptible to virtue and passion at the same time. It is the duty of that he man not to take advantage of a woman's weakness but to spare her, and protect her, especially when she needs protection. Paris did the exact opposite. He betrayed his host Menelaus, seduced his wife, and eloped with her to Troy. For this reason the Greek braves rose up in arms, marched on Troy in thousands, laid seige to Priam's capital for ten years, captured it and reduced it to ashes, and thus they avenged the insult of the traitor Paris who had abused the hospitality of the Greek King. Two thousand years before our time that's the way men avenged the family honor and that's the way they will do two thousand years hence. What do you think?"

"For the sake of one Helen, I would not spill the blood of even ten Greeks, to say nothing of thousands of soldiers, generals and kings."

"Ah! Then you are a great man. But Greece did not think as you do. She said: 'If today we leave Paris unpunished, tomorrow Hector will do the same thing. Therefore, we do well to deliver the first blow on the head of the first offender?'"

"And you justify the massacre of thousands of men for the sake of one man?"

"For the sake of honor."

"And you can do the same thing?"

"I shall do the same thing. I must do the same thing."

"And with a quiet mind you will gaze upon that battle field where Arab javelins shall pierce the heart of Armenian braves, where shining swords shall decapitate Armenian heads, where the Armenian soldier, to save the honor of his flag shall fight to the death. While the spilt blood, the rolling corpses, the curses of the dying, the moans of the wounded — will not all this

cut up your heart, especially as you think all this is happening because of one woman?"

"Listen, Lord Marzpetouni. You are talking like a monk, I am a soldier."

"Sepouh Amram, you are forgetting yourself," the Prince exclaimed jumping to his feet. "You should distinguish between the patriot and the monk."

"I beg your pardon, Lord Marzpetouni. I used the word 'monk' in the sense of the pacifier. Amram is not unfamiliar with the valor of the heir of the Marzpetounis."

The Prince apparently was satisfied with the apology and again sat on the bedstead.

"You said that the terrors of the war will soften my heart when I contemplate that it's all because of one woman," Amram resumed the conversation. "That is true, Prince. They will torment me if still a single spark of patriotism is left in me. But if that last spark already is extinguished, if my heart beats only for revenge?"

"In that case you are not worthy to be called a brave soldier," Marzpetouni observed, deeply hurt.

"I am not angry at you for saying that. I am obliged to respect my Lord Marzpetouni's rank and age. But I shall come back to Homer once more. Achilles not only was brave but he was a hero. Is that right, Prince?"

"Yes."

"Who is his peer among all the Greeks?"

"None."

"He was the only one, right?"

"Yes."

"And yet he sulked there in his ship for a long time and with an easy heart watched Hector's victories, he saw the Trojans massacre his kinsmen, burning the Greek ships, disgracing their corpses; he saw the proud Hellenes shrivel on the seashore while the Trojan sword triumphed

every where. He knew that his mere appearance on the battle field would inspire the Greeks with fresh hope and courage, would make an end of the slaughter, and yet he would not budge, would not listen to the importunities of the commanders, would not go into battle. Why? Why didn't the massacre of his brothers move him?"

The Prince was silent.

"The reason again was a similar insult," Amram continued. "King Agamemnon, the head of the Greek confederation, had taken away Achilles' mistress. Achilles could not endure the insult and he sheathed his sword, would no longer take part in the war, and for the sake of one woman thousands of Greeks were killed. And now you want Sepouh Amram to be greater and braver than the son of Thetis, the hero Achilles."

"Wouldn't you be greater and braver?"

"I would."

"Then forget your insult for the sake of the fatherland and you will be greater than Achilles."

"You interrupted me. I was about to say, I would but I cannot. It is nature which turns a man's heart into stone in such circumstances. I am not to be blamed."

"What then is your decision?"

"To fight. I know no other way of punishing the unworthy king. Ashot the Iron shall never return to his capital alive. I have decided, and that's the way it shall be."

"Are you not afraid that you might be the first victim?"

"It's all the same to me. Either he or I, one of us must die. The two shall never enjoy God's light together."

"But if you should survive, I presume you will gladly enjoy that light."

"No. There is no longer any joy for me, my joy has been embittered, all around me is hell. The pain which torments me,

Lord Marzpetouni, I would not wish it to my worst enemy. Mine is the most insufferable pain of all. It is God's curse, it is the eternal damnation. You know me. All the Armenians know me. They all call me Tzlik Amram, not because of my malignance or cruelty but for my prowess and valour. You have been with me in battles, you know how fearless I was, how awesome and terrible to my enemies. But when it comes to living with the Armenians, my own brothers, who is the man who is meeker than I, more gentle, more kind, and more affectionate than Tzlik Amram? Have you ever seen the slightest malice in me toward my kinsman, toward any man who bears the Armenian name? Of course not. But now I have become a ferocious beast, the hell of evil burns in my heart. I no longer distinguish between the Armenian and the foreigner. My eyes are looking for only one man, Ashot the Iron. My soul yearns for only one deed — revenge, ruthless, deathly revenge. And each cause which retards the hour of that revenge, I want to brush aside with fire and sword. And now, is it reconciliation which you offer me? Is it forgiveness that you seek? To forgive as Sevada forgave? And you are surprised that one who had been deprived of his sight could forget his hatred and forgive the criminal while I cannot. What can I do, how can I make you understand that my hurt is far different than the hurt of Sevada. Pluck out my eyes, take away from me my rule, my wealth, my estates, all my worldly goods, but return to me my honor, my Amram. Can you do it? Oh, how heavy, heavy is my burden!"

Amram, who all this while was standing, again fell on his bed, buried his head in his hands, and began to breathe heavily. There was a tense silence in the tent. Lord Marzpetouni was deep in thought. This lasted

for several moments. Suddenly they heard a horse's neighing outside the tent, a guard came in and announced that Prince Ber was coming to see the Sepouh.

The two conversants raised their heads at the same time. When the guard was gone Marzpetouni rose to his feet, and extending his hand to Amram, said in a despondent voice:

"Good bye, friend, it seems God was not pleased to spare our people at this time, that's why he hardened your heart. But I have paid my debt to you and my conscience no longer hurts me. I must now fulfil my debt to the nation and the King."

"Farewell. At this moment we are foes. I am not angry that you defend the King. I respect you even when, to defend him, you should drive your sword in my side. My only regret is that the noble heir of the Marzpetounis is not engaged in the defense of a worthier king."

"What can we do? It happens Ashot the Iron is on the throne just now, and I am the Throne's humble servant. Farewell."

Saying it, Prince Gevorg grasped the hand of Amram and with a heavy heart came out of the tent. Amram accompanied him to the entrance. Right here Marzpetouni came face to face with Prince Ber, the crown prince of Apkhaz. He was a slender, slightly built, tall and handsome youth, who having just dismounted his horse, was about to enter the tent. The Prince stared at the youth, measured him with a stern look from head to foot, and without greeting him made off.

"Like the buzzards, the wretches have caught the scent of corpses. Wait, we shall see you some day," Prince Gevorg hissed with a bitter smile as he put the spurs to his horse. Yeznik followed him.

(To be continued)

# BOOKS AND AUTHORS

H. Kurdian, Reviewing Editor

**THE ARMENIAN AMERICAN IN WORLD WAR II**, by James H. Tashjian, *Hairenik Association, Boston*, 511 pp., \$6.

Reviewed by DR. GEORGE P. RICE, Jr.  
Butler University

"Of brave men the whole earth is the sepulchre." These words of Pericles, spoken in 431 BC over the Athenians who had fallen in defence of their native state, can be applied with no greater propriety than to those Armenian Americans, few in numbers but indomitable in courage, who fought for the rights of free men in World War II as members of the Army or Navy of the United States. Until now the splendid record of their valor has remained within the files of the War Department and upon the pages of journals and newspapers. It is, therefore, of general interest to Americans, but especially to Armenian Americans, that this tremendous work of compilation and composition should be so successfully completed by the associate editor of the REVIEW, James H. Tashjian.

Armenians have taught men how to war for over two millennia. Peaceful rather than pugnacious, they have ever been endowed with a love of personal freedom and hatred of tyranny. Yet they have learned well the profession of arms and have exercised it successfully against Greek, Parthian, Roman, and Turk, for their homeland was once the highway for armies passing from Asia to Europe and back again. No lovers of war, they yet met the best in the ancient world in extending the empire of Tigranes to 30,000,000 of people and men of their race have set upon the throne of the Caesars and ruled the Eastern Roman Empire.

The volume under review reveals that the descendants of these proud peace-loving men have not lost their martial ardor; it reveals them small in numbers but brave and versatile in the art of war. This book then, is essentially a military history, detailing the contributions of Armenian American men and women in chronological sequence from Pearl Harbor to the signing of a peace treaty upon the steel decks of the Missouri.

Mr. Tashjian has spared neither time nor labor to make his history complete. He has traced each member of his race into whichever branch of the armed forces called him, noted his achievements, marked his medals, and with-

out exercising undue editorial prerogative, has allowed the individual to speak through his deeds, while the voices of all become a mighty chorus of liberty-loving achievements indicative of the whole people. The reviewer and some of his friends have spot-checked the volume for the records of individuals known to them. Not once has the item been wanting.

A just pride in ancestry is a quality to be cherished. Properly, it should rest upon a clearly proved record of accomplishment. In time of need one draws strength from the proved courage and endurance of those from whom he sprung. Hence, there is both practical and sociological significance in a book such as this. It permits comparative studies and suitable inferences. The data are dependable. Over 8000 items have been examined and considerable dependence has been placed upon official records of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps files. The volume is, moreover, illustrated copiously with photographs.

Here, then, is the record of a segment of the American nation, proud of its origins and equally proud of what it has become. To Mr. Tashjian must go our respect for the encyclopedic nature of the task he set himself to perform and our congratulations upon the content and organization of what he has produced. It is a volume with an intimate value for every Armenian American and should find a conspicuous place in university and public libraries.

## ON THE SAME WORK

Reviewed by REUBEN DARBINAN

This is a most important and valuable work in which our young author with laudable zeal has gathered, critically examined, classified, and has whipped into shape all the facts and the necessary information which give a detailed and accurate picture of the contribution which the Armenians made to the military effort of the United States during the last war.

There can be no question, of course, that all Armenian Americans, as well as all other American citizens, fulfilled their citizenship duty. What interests us is, to what extent, and how did they fulfill that duty? It is precisely this that James Tashjian has tried to show in this admirable and impressive work of his, a task which he has performed with commendable success.

Others, such as the Armenian General Benevolent Union, tried to do the same thing by



publishing an album which was a compendium of pictures and names with only brief biographical notes, incomplete and faulty. What James Tashjian has accomplished is something far more than an album; he has given a factual history of the Armenian American soldiery, embellished by many pictures, more than 400.

To give the reader an idea of the content of this more than 500 paged highly valuable work, we do not think it irrelevant to present here a few facts and figures.

As the book reveals, the Armenian American community numbering 220 to 250 thousand during the last war, gave to the American ground, sea and air forces 18,500 soldiers. The greater part of these did no more nor less than any other American soldier did, they simply fulfilled their citizenship duty. Therefore, James Tashjian has deemed it justly unnecessary to crowd his projected work with the names of all the Armenian soldiers who took part in the war nor with dull repetitious recitals.

During his two and a half years of research he has mailed more than 10,000 letters and from the 8,000 replies he received he has selected the stories of only 2,000 as the most characteristic and striking, all based on official sources and on information furnished by parents, relatives and friends.

The Armenian American casualties during the last war were exactly 426 whose names and biographies are recorded in this book, for the FIRST time. The same is true also of the wounded, with this exception that, while the information about the wounded in the Navy and Marine Corps is complete, the same cannot be said of the list and the history of the wounded in the army since no wounded lists have been published by the Army. Nevertheless, the story of a large number of the wounded has been recorded.

Of by far greater value, are of course, the stories of those Armenian soldiers who distinguished themselves in action meriting high citations. Worthy of special attention is the account of the heroic deeds of Marine Maghakian (p. 34), Pilot Marsoubian (p. 96), the Derian twins (p. 103), Marine Kizirian (p. 114), and Sergeant Poryazian.

Singularly rich and interesting is the first section where the reader will find a chronological record of the memorable deeds of the Armenian soldiers, who shed their blood on the various battlefields of World War II, from Pearl Harbor to the fights in the Pacific Islands, from North Africa to Sicily, in Italy and the Balkans, until the invasion of France and the final victory over Germany and Japan.

The second section of the book is devoted to typical stories from the various battle fronts,

anecdotes which illustrate the admirable qualities of the Armenian people.

In the third section the author has recorded the stories of many representative Armenian families who gave more than one soldier to the American army, two, three, four, five, and sometimes seven, mostly brothers.

The fourth section is dedicated to the story of those Armenian soldiers who made the supreme sacrifice for the victory of the American fatherland.

The fifth section is devoted to the recipients of the Purple Heart.

The sixth section describes those who were decorated for courage and resourcefulness beyond the call of duty as well as for distinguished service.

The seventh section is a record of the prisoners and the missing in action.

The eighth section gives the story of the Armenian WAC's and WAVES.

The ninth section is an account of the Armenian contribution to the American war effort in the drives for war bonds and saving stamps, and in defense work.

Finally there are the two appendices, the first of which gives the story of Armenian soldiers in Korea, naturally up to the time the book went to press. Appendix no. 2 is wholly devoted to the story of Vartan Aghababian who is the first Armenian to receive one of the two highest American military medals. It is interesting that this hero received fourteen wounds in World War I.

At the end of the book is a complete list of all the soldiers who are mentioned in the book.

It is needless to say that this costly work, the product of long and arduous labor, planned and executed with such care, published by the Hairenik Association on good paper and with exquisite covers, is worthy of dissemination.

I am sure every Armenian American family will find in this book something which is interesting and genuine. What Armenian family would not want to become acquainted with the heroic deeds of our young generation during the last war? What Armenian, who has the means, would not wish to place a copy of this book which bring honor to the Armenian people on the desk of his Armenian or non-Armenian friend or acquaintance?

I am confident that our seniors will not be grudge the small sacrifice of \$6 to spread this highly informative and instructive volume among our young generation, and by the same token, I am confident that our young people will be equally anxious and glad to take advantage of this wonderful opportunity of possessing a volume which is dedicated to the story of their valiant deeds.



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